Wales and the French Revolution

Welsh Poetry

of the French Revolution

1789–1805

Cathryn A. Charnell-White

University of Wales Press

WALES AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

General Editors: Mary-Ann Constantine and Dafydd Johnston

The image on a creamware and violet jug commemorating the death of Horatio Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar in 1805, by kind permission of the Royal Pavilion and Museums, Brighton & Hove.

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CATHRYN A. CHARNELL-WHITE

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I Alice a Jessica, am lonni calon Anti Cathryn

WALES AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

The French Revolution of 1789 was perhaps the defining event of the Romantic period in Europe. It unsettled not only the ordering of society but language and thought itself: its effects were profoundly cultural, and they were long-lasting. The last twenty years have radically altered our understanding of the impact of the Revolution and its aftermath on British culture. In literature, as critical attention has shifted from a handful of major poets to the non-canonical edges, we can now see how the works of women writers, self-educated authors, radical pamphleteers, prophets and loyalist propagandists both shaped and were shaped by the language and ideas of the period. Yet surprising gaps remain, and even recent studies of the 'British' reaction to the Revolution remain poorly informed about responses from the regions. In literary and historical discussions of the so-called 'four nations' of Britain, Wales has been virtually invisible; many researchers working in this period are unaware of the kinds of sources available for comparative study.

The Wales and the French Revolution Series is the product of a four-year project funded by the AHRC and the University of Wales at the Centre for Advanced Welsh and Celtic Studies. It makes available a wide range of Welsh material from the decades spanning the Revolution and the subsequent wars with France. Each volume, edited by an expert in the field, presents a collection of texts (including, where relevant, translations) from a particular genre with a critical essay situating the material in its historical and literary context. A great deal of material is published here for the first time, and all kinds of genres are explored. From ballads and pamphlets to personal letters and prize-winning poems, essays, journals, sermons, songs and satires, the range of texts covered by this series is a stimulating reflection of the political and cultural complexity of the time. We hope these volumes will encourage scholars and students of Welsh history and literature to rediscover this fascinating period, and will offer ample comparative scope for those working further afield.

Mary-Ann Constantine and Dafydd Johnston
General Editors

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Fig. 1 The text on a creamware and violet jug commemorating the death of Horatio Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar in 1805, by kind permission of the Royal Pavilion and Museums, Brighton & Hove 44

Preface

This anthology belongs to the series of edited texts produced by the 'Wales and the French Revolution' project. Based at the University of Wales Centre for Advanced Welsh and Celtic Studies, the project was funded by the AHRC and the University of Wales. The remit of the project has been to encourage comparative research. It is the present editor's sincere hope that the selection of representative Welsh texts, English translations, and Introduction and Notes in this volume will facilitate further research on Revolutionary debate and its cultural legacy, not only in Wales, but in Great Britain as a whole. The anthology includes material from manuscript sources at the National Library of Wales, Cardiff Central Library and the British Library. Print sources housed at the National Library of Wales and the Roderic Bowen Library at the University of Wales Trinity Saint David were consulted, but readers may also find some print sources available in digital format on Eighteenth-Century Collections Online and Google Books. I am grateful to the staff of the National Library of Wales for their helpfulness at every stage in the making of this volume, and to Dr Geraint Phillips in particular.

This volume could not have come to fruition without the collaboration of all the staff at the University of Wales Centre for Advanced Welsh and Celtic Studies. I am grateful to Dafydd Johnston, the director, for reading the typescript in its entirety, to Mary-Ann Constantine, the project leader, for her comments on the introduction, and to our editorial officer Gwen Gruffudd for copy-editing and proofreading the finished volume. The work has benefitted from the scholarship and generosity of my fellow-'revolutionaries', Elizabeth Edwards, Bethan Mair Jenkins, Ffion Mair Jones, Marion Löffler, Heather Williams, and the Advisory Panel, whose various contributions I have footnoted. I also benefitted from the metrical expertise of other colleagues at the Centre, namely Barry J. Lewis and Ann Parry Owen. Many others have

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October 2012 Cathryn A. Charnell-White

Acknowledgements

The Royal Pavilion and Museums, Brighton & Hove: Frontispiece, Fig. 1

Abbreviations

Afalau'r Awen	Edward Evan, *Afalau'r Awen: sef Caniadau, Moesol a Duwiol, yn cynnwys anerchiadau i fyw yn weddaidd . . . Gan Edward Evan, o Aberdare. At ba rai ychwanegwyd, Llyfr y Pregethwyr, ar fesur cywydd . . .*, ed. Rees Evans (2nd edn., Merthyr Tydfil, 1816)
ADCG	Anon., *Awdlau ar Destynau Cymdeithas y Gwyneddigion i'r Eisteddfodau yn B.A. 1789, 1790, 1791 . . .* (Llundain, 1791)
BBCS	*Bulletin of the Board of Celtic Studies*
BL Add	British Library Additional Manuscripts
BML (1798)	Mathew William, *Britannus Merlinus Liberatus: sef Amgylchiadau Tymhorol ac Wybrennol. Neu Almanac ac Ephemeris, am y flwyddyn . . . 1798* (Aberhonddu, [1797])
BWB	J. H. Davies (ed.), *A Bibliography of Welsh Ballads Printed in the Eighteenth Century* (Aberystwyth, 1911)
Card	Cardiff Central Library Manuscripts
CIM	Geraint H. Jenkins, Ffion Mair Jones and David Ceri Jones (eds.), *The Correspondence of Iolo Morganwg* (3 vols., Cardiff, 2008)
Coffadwriaeth	Morgan Rees [=Morgan John Rhys], *Coffadwriaeth o Farwolaeth y Parchedig Dafydd Jones, Dol-Goch, Gweinidog yr Efengyl, Gynt o Bont-y-Pool, Ac yn ddiweddar o Eglwys-y-Graig, Castell-Newydd Emlyn, Yr hwn a hunodd gyd â'i Dadau,* Ionawr *24, 1792. yn y 51 Mlwydd o'i Oed. A Gyfansoddwyd yn Paris, Ffraingc, Gan y Parchedig Morgan Rees* (2nd edn., Trefecca, 1792)
Corph y Gaingc (1810)	David Thomas, *Corph y Gaingc, neu, Ddifyrwch teuluaidd . . .* (Dolgellau, 1810)
Corph y Gaingc (1834)	David Thomas, *Corph y Gaingc, neu, Ddifyrwch teuluaidd . . .*, ed. Ellis Jones (Caernarfon, 1834)

Cwrtmawr	Manuscripts in the Cwrtmawr collection, housed at the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth
Eos Gwynedd	G. Caledfryn (ed.), *Eos Gwynedd: sef casgliad o Ganiadau, ar destynau Crefyddol, moesol, a Difyrol gan y diweddar Mr. John Thomas, Pentre'r Foelas . . .* (Llanrwst, [1845])
Gemwaith Awen	Jonathan Hughes, *Gemwaith Awen Beirdd Collen, neu, gasgliad o gynghanedd, sef, Carolau, Cerddi, Awdlau, Cywyddau, ac Englynion, o gasgliad Jonathan Hughes . . .*, [ed. Jonathan Hughes, jun.] (Croesoswallt, 1806)
Gorchestwaith (1790)	Anon. [?Edward Barnes] (ed.), *Gorchestwaith Beirdd Cymru, Yr Oes Bresennol, yn Eisteddfod y Bala . . .* (Llundain, 1790)
GPC	*Geiriadur Prifysgol Cymru* (4 vols., Caerdydd, 1950–2002)
GPWD	D. Silvan Evans (ed.), *Gwaith y Parch. Walter Davies (Gwallter Mechain)* (3 vols., Caerfyrddin, 1868)
JWBS	*Journal of the Welsh Bibliographical Society*
Llais Awen	John Davies (Brychan) (ed.), *Llais Awen Gwent a Morganwg* (Merthyr Tydfil, 1827)
LlGC	Llyfrgell Genedlaethol Cymru
Y Llinos	John Davies (Brychan) (ed.), *Y Llinos; sef, Casgliad o Ganiadau Newyddion, ar Destynau Moesawl a Diddan; Addas i Ddenu Bryd y Cantorion Cymreig, i ymhyfrydu yn Ngherddoriaeth yr Hen Gymry Gynt. O Gronfa Brychan, Tredegar* (Merthyr Tydfil, 1827)
NLW	National Library of Wales
PLP	Edward Williams, *Poems, Lyric and Pastoral* (2 vols., London, 1794)
TCHSG	*Transactions of the Caernarvonshire Historical Society*
Telyn Arian	John Thomas (Penffordd-wen), *Telyn Arian: sef Llyfr Barddoniaeth; yn cynnwys Carolau, Cerddi, Awdlau, ac Englynion, &c. Ar amryw Destynau, ac hefyd, Cerddi a phenillion, yn gymysgedig o Gymraeg a Saesonaeg, Ond y cwbl ar gynghayedd* [*sic*] *a mesurau a arferir yn Gymraeg* ([1806]; 3rd edn., Llanrwst, 1823)
Telyn Dewi (1824)	David Davis, *Telyn Dewi; sef Gwaith Prydyddawl y Parch. David Davis, o Gastell-Hywel, Ceredigion; yn*

	cynnwys amryw gyfansoddiadau o ei eiddo ei hun, a chyfieithiadau allan o waith rhai o'r prydyddion enwocaf yn y Iaith Saesonaeg; Addison, Young, Grey, Barbauld, Pope, &c. Ar Destynau Crefyddol, Hyfforddus, a Difyr (Llundain, 1824)
Telyn Dewi (1876)	David Davis, *Telyn Dewi; sef Gwaith Prydyddawl y Diweddar Barch. David Davis, gynt o Gastell-Hywel, Ceredigion* (2nd edn., Llanbedr, 1876)
THSC	*Transactions of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion*
VSP (1795)	John Harris, *Vox Stellarum & Planetaru[m], sef Lleferydd y Ser Gwibiog a Sefydlog: neu Almanac Gogledd a Deheudir Cymru. Am y flwyddyn . . . 1795* (Caerfyrddin, [1794])
VSP (1799)	John Harris, *Vox Stellarum & Planetarum: sef Lleferydd y Ser Gwibiog a Sefydlog; neu Almanac Gogledd a Deheudir Cymru. Am y flwyddyn . . . 1799* (Caerfyrddin, [1798])
WHR	*Welsh History Review*

Introduction

Welsh poetry and cultural identity

This anthology presents a selection of the poems with which Welsh writers participated, through the medium of Welsh, in the Revolution controversy in Britain 1789–1805. The poems span the period from the dawn of the Revolution itself, through the Revolutionary wars and threats of invasion, to the Peace of Lunéville (1801) and Amiens (1802), and the death of Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar (1805). Presenting them here as a discrete body of verse has implications for the way in which the Revolutionary debate and its legacy in Wales is read, as this anthology highlights points of contact between poems and poets that were not explicit, or even possible, in their original manuscript or printed contexts. The controversy was not merely a print war, and the poems in this anthology were gleaned from diverse manuscripts as well as printed sources: almanacs, periodicals, newspapers, anthologies, and single-authored volumes of poetry, where they coexisted with the usual bardic material. Welsh poets of the age of Revolution neither lived nor composed in a cultural vacuum: the Welsh-language poetry of the period demonstrates that they read almanacs, Welsh and English newspapers and periodicals, as well as pamphlets, sermons and books. They did not read passively either. Their poems, correspondence, commonplace books and diaries reveal the extent of their intellectual exchange: poets loaned and borrowed books; they transcribed salient pieces from a variety of printed and manuscript sources; they contributed poems and letters to the periodical press; they discussed ideas, sometimes giving them poetic form; they performed poems publically; they circulated poems in their private correspondence; and they translated English and French materials. All this activity was undertaken within the interconnected religious, poetic, and correspondence networks of 1790s Wales; networks which ensured that the various ideological repercussions of the French Revolution crossed literary, denominational, linguistic and geographical boundaries.

Not all the poems in this anthology are overtly political. Since it is claimed that both war and a common enemy confirm a sense of shared Britishness in the eighteenth century,[1] these poems also present the contribution of the French Revolution and Revolutionary wars to the discourse of national identity in Great Britain.[2] The fact that these poems were written in the Welsh language does not, alone, make a case for a specifically 'Welsh' response. What marks out the chorus of conservative and radical voices in this anthology as Welsh is the way in which they fulfil the prescribed role of poet and adhere to the genres and conventions of their native poetic traditions, both strict- and free-metre. Their status as poets was fundamental to the self-image, social persona, and national identity of most of the poets anthologized here, albeit to differing degrees, not least because bardic identity was so crucial to the construction of Welsh cultural identity in eighteenth-century Britain, both within Wales and without.[3] Bardic identity provided a ready cultural frame and a set of generic conventions which enabled poets to engage with current events – whether local, Welsh, British or European in significance – whilst simultaneously negotiating the fault-lines of Welshness and Britishness. Their responses to the French Revolution and the Revolutionary wars may be construed as peculiarly bardic, since, by and large, the poems anthologized here were performed or transmitted in what was (thanks to the intersection of poetic and correspondence networks) a relatively well-defined bardic sphere.[4] This introduction aims to give the reader a sense of the Welsh bardic sphere and discuss the principal themes arising from its Revolutionary debate.

The poems in this anthology are in both strict- and free-metre verse. Strict-metre verse is associated with the élite culture of Wales's medieval professional poetic guild which had a strong hereditary vein and was patronized by the Welsh aristocracy, from the indigenous princes of Wales (*c.*1137–1282) to the nobility (1282–*c.*1650). Dependant on a system of patronage, the poetic tradition was essentially one of panegyric and elegy. Rules surrounding membership were stringent, as was the rigorous apprenticeship: in addition to learning the complex rules of strict-metre poetry, as guardians of the cultural memory of the nation, poets were also expected to learn a wealth of mythological and historical knowledge, such as triads and the pedigrees of Wales's noble families.[5] Welsh strict-metre verse is characterized by *cynghanedd*, which literally means 'harmony': it is a complex metrical system of consonance or alliteration, and, in some instances, internal rhymes. The three primary strict-metre forms employed in this anthology are the *awdl* (plural *awdlau*), the *cywydd* (plural *cywyddau*) and the *englyn* (plural *englynion*). Their names are virtually untranslatable and so they must be described briefly. The *awdl*, the test-piece of an accomplished poet, has

always been the most prestigious of the strict metres in the native tradition. For strict-metre poets of the eighteenth-century cultural revival it denoted a long poem in *cynghanedd*, comprising a series of any combination of the traditional metres. The *awdl* was modernized and its continuing status was assured when the Gwyneddigion Society established it as the main poetic competition of the Eisteddfod movement (see nos. 34 and 41).[6] The *cywydd* is a poem of any length, consisting of seven-syllable lines in full *cynghanedd* throughout. Its main unit of meaning is the rhyming couplet, which must be formed by a combination of one stressed and one unstressed rhyme (see nos. 2, 9, 24, 37, 44). On account of its brevity and pithiness, the *englyn* is the most popular and enduring of all the strict-metre forms: four lines in length, with a single rhyme, the length of each line depends on the type of *englyn* employed.[7]

In the wake of the Acts of Union between England and Wales (1536, 1543), the Welsh language and the élite culture it supported gradually lost prestige amongst noble and ecclesiastical patrons for whom Anglicization offered opportunities and prosperity in the new administration. Undervalued and marginalized, the professional poetic guild had ceased to exist by the mid-seventeenth century, yet strict-metre verse survived amongst amateur country poets, and maintained much of its former élite status. This was consolidated during the eighteenth century when Welsh cultural revivalists and British Romantics alike embraced the figure of 'the bard'. The 'democratization' of Welsh-language poetry, a phrase coined by E. G. Millward, describes the shift in polarity when the Anglicization of aristocratic patrons effectively forced the decline of the professional craft and transferred it into amateur hands and into the realm of popular culture.[8] The shift from aristocratic to demotic also affected Welsh metrics: despite the enduring popularity of the epigrammatic *englyn*, the decline of strict-metre verse in the Early Modern Period coincided with the ascendancy of free-metre verse and song which was often composed to the popular tunes of the day, both Welsh and English in origin.[9] Thus, the genres of the professional medieval poetic guild were adopted by country poets for their own purposes, social occasions, and rites of passage. In time, this process gradually undermined the correlation between strict metre and high culture and status, and also the assumed relationship between free-metre verse and low status popular culture. In fact, many eighteenth-century Welsh poets were culturally amphibious: they participated in both high and low culture, and were proficient in both strict- and free-metre verse, even if they generally held the former in higher esteem. Jonathan Hughes (author of nos. 5–6) can be said to embody this very process. This country poet produced mainly panegyric and elegy, and he directed his poems not only at local gentry, but at local craftsmen and paupers whose

plight he sought to alleviate.[10] His vast body of free-metre carols is also thoroughly representative of the substantial religious strand of Welsh free-metre poetry and foregrounds two important considerations for readers of this anthology. Firstly, it demonstrates an exclusively Christian framework for understanding human nature and the vicissitudes of human society, including the French Revolution and the Revolutionary wars. Secondly, its heavy didacticism points to the conservative nature of the native poetic traditions: the poet's implied role (especially that of the balladeer) is often that of the conscience of his community, rebuking his audience for their anti-Christian behaviour and reminding them of their obligation to both God and his earthly representatives, the Church and the State.

The poet in eighteenth-century Wales was, despite his necessarily amateur status, revered in his community, and could gain repute beyond local boundaries by publishing his work in annual almanacs that were distributed throughout Wales, or in occasional anthologies published by enterprising individuals throughout the century.[11] But the poet, and the strict-metre poet in particular, owed his iconic status to the patriotic antiquarianism of the Welsh cultural revival of the eighteenth century, spear-headed by the founders of the London-based Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion (1751–87), the loyally Hanoverian and Whig Morris brothers of Anglesey: Lewis (1701–65), Richard (1703–79) and William (1705–63), and others.[12] The Society's bilingual constitution of 1751, printed in 1755, set out its mission statement to cultivate the Welsh language and encourage research into its antiquities,[13] although it failed to realize its ambitious objectives. It also functioned as a vital conduit to English antiquaries and writers such as Samuel Pegge and Thomas Gray, whose readings of Welsh literature and bardic culture owe much to their correspondence with Lewis Morris and his protégé Evan Evans (Ieuan Fardd / Ieuan Brydydd Hir; 1731–88). But as the link with Gray suggests, the Society's most lasting legacy was in reinstating the status of the Welsh poet, and in the elevation of one poet in particular as a literary paragon for Welsh strict-metre poetry: Goronwy Owen (Goronwy Ddu o Fôn; 1723–69) (see notes to no. 39). His poems are prevalent in commonplace books and manuscripts, as well as printed anthologies and almanacs throughout the eighteenth century, but Owen's neoclassical ideals were firmly established as a blueprint for bardic refinement when the Gwyneddigion Society sponsored the Eisteddfod and its poetic competitions from 1789 onwards. Furthermore, Goronwy Owen's promotion from the son of a tinker to man of the cloth and national poet showed that poetry could also be an agent of social mobility. Amongst the poets in this anthology, the stonemason Edward Williams, better known by his bardic name Iolo Morganwg, understood this,[14] as did David Thomas, a weaver whose bardic promise attracted the patronage of local clergy and

gentry who facilitated his transformation into a respectable schoolmaster. The best example, perhaps, of the 'Goronwy Owen effect' is the cooper from Montgomeryshire, Walter Davies. His poetic gifts brought him to the attention of Owen Jones (Owain Myfyr; 1741–1814) who sponsored Davies's education at the University of Oxford and also persuaded him to become an Anglican priest.[15]

The intervention of these middle class men and their coterie of Church of England curates, minor Welsh aristocrats, civil servants, and teachers may be interpreted as an attempt to gentrify Welsh strict-metre poetry. It was essentially a bid to counterbalance, if not counteract, the democratization of previous generations, as well as to validate the authentic Welsh literary tradition to an English literary audience. In order to establish a lasting literature in 'pithy and nervous Welsh',[16] they forged a distinctly Welsh form of neoclassicism.[17] They achieved this by absorbing the literary criticism and poetry of their contemporaries (Pope, Dryden and Addison) as well as the pagan authors of classical antiquity such as Longinus and Anacreon. English neoclassicism had turned to the ancient writers of Greece and Rome for their literary models, but the Morris circle adapted models from amongst the 'classics' or 'Ancients' of their own literary tradition in a way that proved mutually reinforcing for both Ancients and Moderns of Welsh literature:

> As for sheltering under Horace's wings, I mind it as nothing. He was a stranger to our methods, handed down to us by his masters, the druidical Bards who knew how to sing before Rome had a name. So never hereafter mention such moderns as Horace & Virgil, when you talk of British [=Welsh] Poetry. Llywarch Hen, Aneurin, and the followers of the Druids, are our men and Nature our Rule.[18]

The poet thus became a powerful symbol of the cultural self-identity of the Welsh. For those looking in on Wales, the poet (or rather 'the bard') also figured at the heart of Romantic Wales, as he did in Ireland and Scotland.[19] Perhaps the tension between the internal 'neoclassical' poetic reality and the external 'Romantic' bardic ideal was obvious to a bilingual poet such as Edward Williams. After all, his own Anglophone poetry is a curious blend of earlier neoclassical literary taste, Romanticism in its 'Celtic' guise, and his own brand of 'bardic Jacobinism',[20] in which the role of the reformist poet is thematized as a 'prophet, speaking truth to power'.[21] And despite the fact that he postured as Wales's last legitimate bard, Williams remained surprisingly true to Welsh neoclassicism in Bardism (his reworking of Wales's poetic tradition) and in his alternative metrical treatise, *Cyfrinach Beirdd Ynys Prydain* (The Secret of the Bards of the Isle of Britain; 1829).[22]

The majority of poets whose responses to the French Revolution have been edited and translated here composed self-consciously within this native tradition and bardic sphere. Most also adopted bardic pseudonyms and, in their day, several of the most prominent poets in this anthology were better known by their bardic rather than given names: Edward Williams (Iolo Morganwg), David Thomas (Dafydd Ddu Eryri), and Walter Davies (Gwallter Mechain). A bardic name, which usually echoes a homestead (Twm o'r Nant, Jac Glan-y-gors) or a poet's square mile (Gwilym Cadfan, Siôn Lleyn), is the most basic element of bardic identity, and such evocative names perhaps satisfied a deeper need in the psyche of Welshmen resident in London. A bardic name strengthened a sense of belonging, not only to a region, but to the interlocking contemporary local and national networks in Wales and London. Just as important was the way in which bardic names fostered a sense of participation in the Welsh poetic tradition; of being part of a lineage of poets and of having a shared vision of Wales and the Welsh language. A bardic name authenticated a poet, and for that reason the custom was popularized by both the Eisteddfod movement and the Gorsedd of Bards. Bardic identity is also important to the way in which the poets, strict-metre poets in particular, participated in popular politics, framing their responses to the Revolution and its legacy in traditional bardic genres. Poets continued the practice of composing occasional verse to local gentry, albeit less formally, and this, together with their concerns with the localized impact of the French Revolution – poems regarding economic dearth (nos. 7, 10, 16), the invasion at Fishguard,[23] and the fear experienced on the north-west coast of Wales in the wake of Bantry Bay (no. 55) – reveal just how deeply embedded in their local communities these poets were.

The bardic frame allows for greater latitude of Welsh responses to the French Revolution than one might expect. For despite the overwhelming conservatism of Wales's poetic tradition, bardic identity largely transcends political and denominational differences. This anthology therefore includes work by members of the Established Church, as well as Methodists, Baptists and Unitarians. It includes Tories and radicals too. However, the poets all identify themselves as bards performing a bardic role and, in most instances, a public duty. Edward Williams enshrined the Revolutionary principles of 'liberty, equality and fraternity' in his own radicalized version of the Welsh poetic tradition, Bardism, and such a retrospective projection of contemporary virtues ensured that Bardism proved mutually reinforcing for both Welsh national identity and the reform agenda which accompanied Revolutionary enthusiasm. Williams was a special case. The Marxist historian Gwyn A. Williams noted Bardism's essentially antagonistic structure: Wales versus England, south Wales versus north Wales, and Iolo versus the world.[24]

Following his lead, I made a case for coexisting, concentric 'bardic circles' in Bardism, which enabled Edward Williams to articulate and explore his competing loyalties. These bardic circles also provide a useful model which may also be applied to the Welsh poets and bards who responded to the French Revolution.[25] However, since Edward Williams's proto-nationalist vision is essentially resistant to the wholesale swallowing of Wales into the larger British state, Bardism's dynamic interplay between self-, regional and national identities does not include a bardic circle which acknowledges (or even celebrates) the Britishness of the Welsh. And so, if this paradigm is adapted for the French Revolution and its legacy, a further bardic circle is needed in order to accommodate the loyalist Welsh poets who far outnumber radicals such as Edward Williams. In a climate of war, fear of invasion, economic difficulties, and persecution of radicals and reformers, the greater part of the Welsh poets whose work is represented here used their bardic status to further the loyalist cause and assert a political British nationalism. Their dual Welsh and British allegiances play to the complex and vexed issue of 'Britishness' that has yet to be fully resolved, even in this age of 'four nations' or archipelagic historiography.[26] Wales is no peripheral or merely regional concern for the poets anthologized here. For them, the discursive 'bardic circles' in their responses to revolution are regional (their locality or home county), national (Wales), and supranational or state-orientated (Great Britain). These, together with the poets' own religious beliefs and political colours, appear in kaleidoscopic configurations in their poems, whilst maintaining a coherent 'bardic' whole.

Revolutionary debate

In Wales, as in other parts of Europe, proto-democratic activity prior to 1789 suggests that the French Revolution did not bring about an abrupt political awakening for Welsh writers and poets. A modest body of literature survives voicing arguments both for and against the American colonists during the American War of Independence (1775–83), and the twin concepts of liberty and oppression were discussed overtly by Welsh writers in the 1770s and 1780s in ballads and hymns,[27] a dramatic interlude,[28] and a pamphlet translated into Welsh.[29] Foremost amongst critics of social and political injustice was Thomas Edwards (Twm o'r Nant; 1739–1810) whose satirical, anti-establishment ballads and interludes rail at the wrongs suffered by his neighbours, and call to account aberrant priests, stewards, lawyers and politicians.[30] A controversial, anonymous Welsh interlude which incorporates Sir William Jones's dialogue, *The Principles of Government* (1782), is also

cautiously attributed to him.[31] Despite his reputation for outspokenness, Edwards, who warmed towards Methodism in his final years, was in the final analysis politically and culturally conservative: he attributed social iniquities to the fallen nature of mankind and always abided by the generic conventions of the ballad and interlude to pray for God's blessing on his king.[32] Thomas Edwards's work is not represented in this anthology, as his oeuvre does not contain explicitly Revolutionary or counter-Revolutionary material.[33] Poverty was often at the root of contemporary grievances such as his. William Jones of Llangadfan lamented the conditions in his native county of Merionethshire, 'y gilfach othrymedig yma' (this oppressed corner),[34] and in his correspondence he regularly employed a biblical metaphor for tyranny and subjugation: that of the chosen people (the downtrodden poor Welsh) suffering unjustly in Egypt (Wales/Britain) and fleeing to the land of promise (America). He described his neighbours 'withering like seedless bracken' under their 'Ægyptian taskmasters'.[35] In early December 1786 he had, on behalf of fellow-tenants, petitioned the landowner Sir Watkin Williams Wynn about the brutality of his agents, but by the 1790s social and economic conditions in the county were so appalling that America beckoned many, including William Jones himself.[36] Consequently, his *awdl* on liberty and oppression (no. 7) may be read within this immediate context of socio-economic hardship as well as his politically radical sympathies.

Recent historiography of the French Revolution has focussed on the ways in which it challenged and enriched political discourse in Britain, right down to the lexical level.[37] The same creative process of experimentation with vocabulary, followed by the legitimization and eventual fixing of the new terminology, also occurred in Welsh,[38] and is glimpsed in the body of texts anthologized here. The clearest example is their term for 'revolution'. 'Y Chwyldro Ffrengig' is the accepted term in Modern Welsh for the French Revolution, but in the early 1790s the Welsh expression for revolution itself had not yet stabilized, and Welsh poets of the age employ different terms for the same event: 'chwyldroad' (revolution; nos. 13, 52) and 'gwrthr[h]yfel' (rebellion; no. 4). (Compare with Edward Evan's use of '[d]iwygiad' (reformation; no. 1, line 6) for the Glorious Revolution.) Radicals and conservatives were equally involved in the process of experimentation and sometimes shared this new conceptual vocabulary: Morgan John Rhys, an evangelical Baptist and radical, and David Thomas, a resolute Church-and-king man, both use the composite 'trawslywodraeth' (oppressive government) in their poetry and other writings. On balance, perhaps, the radical poets in this anthology were more creative in their use of language. Edward Williams (nos. 17–25) is a good case in point: his word for a meeting or ceremony of bards, 'gorsedd', was synonymous with the more established word for

such a meeting, 'eisteddfod'. But Williams politicized the term and breathed new life into it by claiming that, for Wales's ancient bards and druids, 'gorsedd' had a radical, reformist resonance, being synonymous with 'convention', 'congress' and 'assembly'.[39] Williams even proposed his Gorsedd as an administrative framework for a potential Welsh colony in America.[40] See also Edward Charles's use of the words 'Asembli' and 'Cymanfa Giwdawdol' for National Assembly (no. 31, line 8). The former is no more than a Cambricization of 'Assembly', but the latter is a specific and interesting term which translates literally as 'Citizen's Assembly' and may well have been coined in the debates held by the London-Welsh societies.

News of the Revolution in France, Great Britain's enemy, was warmly received by most parties and denominations in Britain.[41] To the philosopher David Williams of Waunwaelod, Caerphilly in south Wales, a friend of the moderate Revolutionary politician Brissot and a correspondent of the Welsh bard Edward Williams, it was 'an event the most beneficial to humankind in all records of mankind'.[42] It was widely considered that, by diminishing the influence of the pope and the Roman Catholic Church in matters of state, the French people had done no more than imitate Britain's Glorious Revolution of 1688, when the Catholic King James II was deposed by his son-in-law, the Protestant William of Orange, thus firming the nation's Protestant foundations in the settlement of 1689 that established a constitutional monarchy whereby the monarch's power was restricted by the Houses of Commons and the Lords.[43] One of the first to see 1689 as the antecedent of 1789 was a Welshman living in London: Richard Price, of Ty'n Ton, Llangeinor in Glamorganshire, a Dissenting minister, moralist and keen political thinker who had also supported the American Revolution.[44] In *A Discourse on the Love of our Country* (1789), a lecture delivered to the London society established to celebrate the Glorious Revolution, he condensed the significance of the French Revolution as '. . . the dominion of kings changed for the dominion of laws, and the dominion of priests giving way to the dominion of reason and conscience'.[45] Price's *Discourse* provoked an impassioned rebuttal from Edmund Burke, whose *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790) favoured the stability of tradition and time-honoured institutions, and, in turn, stimulated a fierce pamphlet war which also involved Thomas Paine and Mary Wollstonecraft.[46] For thinkers such as these who saw the French Revolution, like the American Revolution before it, as a manifestation of a broader universal struggle, the subjugation of the government to the will of the people in France provided hope for further religious, political and constitutional reform in Britain. In this respect, they shaped the tone of Revolutionary debate in Wales, for the narrative arc of Welsh responses to the French Revolution mirrors that of Britain as

a whole – celebration, reaction and suppression – albeit nuanced by the internal dynamics of Welsh history and culture. The following discussion will focus on a series of vital concepts in the construction of Revolutionary debate in Wales: liberty and the rights of man, regicide, repression, and war and peace.

Liberty and the rights of man

Measuring the initial reception of the French Revolution in Wales begins with what became the defining event of the Revolution: the storming of the Bastille, 14 July 1789, an act which constituted a powerful metaphor for the people's hope of levelling the old order and of inaugurating a new one in its place. Welshmen living in London rejoiced in the news of the Revolution. In October 1789 Owen Jones wrote an animated and oft-quoted letter to Walter Davies, expressing the extent to which the Revolution engaged the members of the city's Gwyneddigion Society:

> Ie Rhydd-did mewn Gwlad ac Eglwys yw amcan y Gymdeithas, h.yw fod Dyn yn rhydd mewn perthynas i'w Grefydd i ddilyn ei gydwybod ac nid yn ddarostyngedig i'w dywys a'i gaethiwo gan arall. Rhydd-did yn y Wladwriaeth yw fod Dyn yn ddarostynegdig i Gyfreithiau y Deyrnas yn unig . . . sef cyfiawnder ac yn gyfunol â Breiniau a hawl pob Dyn yn y Wladwriaeth, sef bod ei Berson a'i Eiddo yn rhydd ac yn ddiogel oddiwrth bob cam a gormes heb y cyneddfau hyn ni byddai gyflwr Dyn fawr gwell nag anifail llog. Am y Breiniau hyn y mae y Ffreingc yn ymdrechu y pryd hyn ac y bu ein Hynaif dros gannoedd o flynyddau. Rhaid addef nad yw Deiliaid Lloegr gwbl ryddion ac ni byddant tra bo mewn grym y Cyfreithiau cas hyn sef Cyf. Hely y Cyllidau.[47]
>
> (Yes, the aim of the Society is Freedom in State and Church, i.e. that Man is free, in relation to his Religion, to follow his conscience rather than be subject and restricted by someone else. Liberty of the State means that Man is subject only to the Laws of the Kingdom . . . that is justice and, in accordance with the Rights and claim of every Man in the State, that his Person and Property are free and safe from every wrong and oppression; without these faculties a Man's condition would be no better than a beast of burden. The French are now striving for these Rights as did our Ancestors over hundreds of years. It must be conceded that the Subjects of England are not fully free and they will not be while these cruel Laws are implemented, that is the Law of Revenue Collection.)

This society had been established to patronize Welsh literature and culture and to disseminate Enlightenment ideals, and Owen Jones was its main

financial backer.[48] In September of 1789 the Society formally patronized the revitalized Eisteddfod movement for the first time, but its Revolutionary fervour was not publicly articulated until the event held at St Asaph in the following year, when 'Rhyddid' (Liberty) was set as the subject for both the essay competition and for the main poetic competition, an *awdl*. 'Gwirionedd' (Truth) was set as the subject for the Llanrwst eisteddfod of 1791. The medals for prize winners at St Asaph were designed by Augustin Dupré, first medallists and engraver general of the First French Republic. They featured the head of Liberty wearing a Phrygian cap and the medal for the winning essay was also engraved with the motto 'TRECH IAWN NA GORMES' (Right is mightier than Tyranny).[49] That David Thomas's successful *awdl* (no. 34) and Walter Davies's successful essay were published at the expense of Owen Jones is a further expression of his zeal for the Revolution at this time, as well as that of the Society in general. But if the metropolitan Gwyneddigion hoped to excite Wales's provincial poets to compose a revolutionary epic to mark the new Revolutionary age, the poets' Burkean responses did not quite meet their exiled compatriots' expectations.

Wary, perhaps, of the instability in France, and conscious, too, that the Eisteddfod was a public forum, the competitors cautiously phrased their responses to 'Liberty'. The *awdl*'s subject also allows us a view of the contested meaning of the concept by poets whose political and religious beliefs differed. Despite his reputation as an outspoken critic of oppressors, Thomas Edwards played safe with an abstruse, bombastically phrased *awdl* on liberty which elided the French Revolution entirely.[50] It is a formulaic exegesis of the Fall and Atonement: fallen mankind, having lost the liberty bestowed upon it by God at the Creation, is enslaved by sin and is offered a second chance at freedom through the Atonement. Edwards closes with a metaphor of liberty as the sunshine which shines forth from the Established Church. Although William Jones of Llangadfan's *awdl* on 'rhyddid a thrais' (liberty and oppression; no. 7) belongs to the same period, it seems not to have been submitted to the eisteddfod competition. He is as unrelenting on kings and tyrannical priests as Edward Williams, but, like Thomas Edwards, he sees liberty as a blessing bestowed only by God.

The author of the winning *awdl* (no. 34) was the staunch monarchist David Thomas. His *awdl* on liberty for this eisteddfod set a benchmark for other poets, and also established his own personal authority as a mentor and bardic teacher.[51] It is in the Welsh neoclassical style: its opening *invocatio* to the goddess of liberty echoes the classical poets of Greece and Rome, while literary allusions direct the reader's attention to the Ancients of the native Welsh bardic tradition: Aneirin, Gwalchmai, Dafydd Benfras and others (see notes to no. 34). Thomas gestured towards the Revolution in his *awdl* on

the fragility of life (Bala eisteddfod, September 1789): he mentions vague 'troubles' ('terfysgiadau') and notes that 'we are men [living] under changes' ('Dynion ydym dan newidiadau').[52] He is equally reticent in his *awdl* on liberty, and only acknowledges the Revolution indirectly as the inspiration for the competition (lines 59–64). Thomas traces the classical and 'Celtic' roots of liberty in order to assert that one of the hallmarks of a civilized society is its adherence to liberty and its natural concomitant peace (lines 27–30, 35–8, 65–8): it is both a product of divine providence (lines 261–4) and a force of enlightenment (lines 39–42). In this respect, it should be compared with Edward Williams's bardic *englynion* in which liberty is equated with education – 'Rhyddhau dyn yw rhoddi dysg' (a man is freed by giving him learning; no. 22, line 8; see also lines 21–4) – almost certainly in response to the élitism expressed by Burke in his infamous pronunciation about learning being 'trodden down under the hoofs of the swinish multitude'.[53] Thomas also charts the progress of liberty in Britain and Wales and, in a nod to the position first adopted by Richard Price, introduces it as a thoroughly British and Protestant virtue, although he never mentions the Glorious Revolution (no. 34, lines 69–72, 108–19, 162–5, 205–10). With its emphasis on the history of liberty, rather than its universal significance, Thomas's *awdl* is an expression of straightforward British loyalism and the development in France is but a pale imitation of the British original (lines 108–11).

Walter Davies tried much harder to appeal to the literary and political taste of the Gwyneddigion Society in his offering to the competition (no. 41). His *awdl*'s dramatic narrative frame echoes the classic prose work by Ellis Wynne, *Gweledigaetheu'r Bardd Cwsc* (Visions of the Sleeping Bard; 1703),[54] a series of satirical visions in which the naive sleeper's illusions about human nature are shattered. Competing under the pseudonym 'Bardd Cwsg' (Sleeping Bard), Davies too is concerned with history – and histrionics. In his *awdl* the poet dreams of liberty and journeys beyond Britain to the middle of a busy and noisy city, Paris, where he is an eye-witness to the grievances of the people. Davies concedes that the French have freed themselves from a tyrannical monarch (lines 159–66), yet, like Thomas, he claims the victory for Britain (lines 97–8, 101–10, 113–14). For Davies, Louis XVI's opposition to liberty is justification enough for the storming of the Bastille (see also no. 3, lines 13–16), an event whose significance is acknowledged by Davies, if not by his co-competitors at St Asaph (no. 41, lines 167–72).

Although Davies was writing in 1790, before the Terror and disillusionment which came in its wake, elements in his *awdl* suggest unease with the political and social implications of the Revolution. For example, he places the justification for the Revolution in the mouths of the inhabitants of Paris. Davies, a calculating operator, eager to please Owen Jones, would go up to Oxford

in 1791 and be a Church of England priest in the making. It would therefore not be entirely cynical to suggest that the direct speech in this instance is much more than a dramatic device: Davies effectively distances himself from their politics. In fact, his sublimated fear of the forbidding Parisian scene is written into the very structure of the poem, causing a dramatic rupture in the narrative as the 'miserable cry' ('eu hoergri') of the newly liberated citizens jolts the narrator from his slumber (lines 177–8). Upon waking, he thanks God that he is back on familiar territory; back in Wales where one of the comforts of British civilization is to be found: true liberty. Once reorientated and returned to reality, Davies's narrative voice is more assured: he depicts Great Britain as the cradle of liberty and a paradigm for the whole of Europe (lines 213–24). But even as he charts the progress of liberty throughout British history, the whole narrative drive of his *awdl* is focussed on strengthening the indebtedness of the French Revolution to the Glorious Revolution, and on conflating liberty and Protestantism (lines 402–6). Davies received only second place in the competition, but was no doubt consoled to win first prize for his essay on liberty.[55] Despite the 'radical' genesis of the *awdl* competition on 'Liberty', both Davies and Thomas present similar conservative, loyalist messages, as though they are also in competition for the title of most patriotic poet. The Revolution also showed how ancient liberties in Britain might be restored through the reformation of the settlement of 1689 and so the attitude presented in these eisteddfodic *awdlau* by Davies and Thomas should be compared with that of the Rational Dissenter, Edward Evan, who expressed frustration with the limited success of the 1689 settlement to effect religious freedom (no. 1, lines 9–12).

Not all Welshmen in London or Wales shared the restraint of these two conservatives, and those with a Dissenting background in particular appreciated the universalist implications of French liberty. For the Arian minister David Davis of Castellhywel, the Revolution in France, the 'freiniol fro' (privileged region; no. 13, line 32) and 'Frenhines y gwledydd' (queen of nations; line 22), heralds a new dawn in which kings and tyrants should rightly live in fear (lines 21–8). For Edward Williams it is the dawn of 'reason and justice' (no. 18, lines 15–16). Using a free-metre stanza traditionally associated with Glamorgan and evoking the ancient, as well as Romantic, prophetic role of the poet, Williams capitalizes on the same metaphor of sunshine and light in a satirical poem directed at George III:

> I am a poet prophesying
> that a brilliant dawn is about to break:
> when the sun shows its bold face
> then the owl will flee. (No. 17, lines 61–4.)

His exuberant sense of expectancy chimes with the strand of politicized apocalyptic zeal in Revolutionary debate,[56] and is suggestive of a date of composition close to 1789. The same is true of Williams's song, 'Breiniau dyn' (Rights of man; no. 18), which also belongs to this apocalyptic strand (see notes to no. 18): the roaring lion (line 9) evokes both the fierce defender of Britannia's liberty in patriotic iconography of the age as well as the living creature in Revelation 4: 6–9. Williams presents events in France as the fulfilment of the end (lines 43–63) and as a divine revelation of truth to mankind (lines 92–105) and, as such, he claims that France should be imitated in order to hasten the process of regeneration (lines 120–6).

Williams's Welsh song was effectively a reworking of an English original, and so the borrowed nature of its imagery may explain why the matrix of apocalyptic motifs in this song is not well-articulated enough to provide a clear exposition of Williams's own Millenarian position. In contrast, the work of the Baptist preacher Morgan John Rhys shows that he was clearly influenced by the apocalyptic writings of James Bicheno.[57] In a sermon against national fast-days delivered 28 February 1794 he cast a backward glance at the Revolution and identified the papacy with the Antichrist and the Revolution itself as the realization of biblical apocalyptic prophecy: 'Plentyn trawslywodraeth oedd y *bastille*, a mamaeth trawslywodraeth yw Pabyddiaeth; ac felly trwy dynnu lawr y *bastille* . . . hwy laddasant y fam a'r famaeth ar yr un waith' (The Bastille was the child of a tyrannical government, and popery its wet nurse; and so by pulling down the Bastille . . . they killed the mother and wet nurse at the same time).[58] His hymns echo with the same opinion, as does the elegy he wrote for his friend, the Baptist minister Dafydd Jones of Pontypool. Rhys was in France from the summer of 1791 to the spring of 1792, engaged in work of activism for the good of the Protestant Gospel – 'pregethu cyfraith rhyddid' (preaching the law of liberty; no. 40, line 167) – and he received the sad news of his friend's death in Paris (lines 161–76). In the elegy, he uses his presence in Paris to underpin a simple point: the French Revolution, like human life, is governed by God and fulfils the Millennial promise of Christ's Second Coming (lines 177–84; see also 185–92). Dissenters were not the only ones to see the Revolution in terms of the Book of Revelation: the hat-maker and schoolmaster John Williams of Dolgellau in Merionethshire identifies the pope and the Roman Catholic Church with the beast and whore of Revelation (no. 9, lines 37, 43, 57). As a contributor and reader of *Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg*, he may also have been influenced by the apocalyptic writings that appeared in that magazine.[59]

Paine's widely circulated *Rights of Man* (1791) not only contested Burke's analysis of the Revolution, but in it he trenchantly asserted the natural rights of man and the licence of each generation to be free from the established

institutions of their forebears. In the second part, published in the following year, he sketched out a republican model of government. Paine's work added impetus to the reform movement in Britain, and influenced the anti-monarchic pamphlets of John Jones (Jac Glan-y-gors; 1766–1821) which promoted the natural rights of man and brought the language of liberty to monoglot Welsh speakers; see notes to no. 59, lines 7, 22, 173). Paine also features widely in the writings and jottings of Edward Williams and was important to his sense of self-identity.[60] Williams was in London, guiding his English poems through the press, when the first part of Paine's *Rights of Man* was published and in January 1793 he expressed his enduring sympathy with Paine in a letter to his wife.[61] The title and content of Williams's song 'Breiniau dyn' (Rights of man; no. 18) intentionally echo Paine's polemical work and subvert the derogatory usage of Paine and his *Rights of Man* in English loyalist songs.[62] However, Mary-Ann Constantine and Elizabeth Edwards have demonstrated that Williams's song was also loosely modelled on a radical song first published in 1792 and republished in a collection of patriotic songs by Robert Thomson, *A Tribute to Liberty . . .* (1793).[63] Like 'A New Song', on which it is modelled, Edward Williams's song to the rights of man is written to the tune of 'God Save the King', a Jacobite song of support for the Stuart dynasty, appropriated by loyalists during the Jacobite rebellion of 1745, popular during the 1780s and 1790s, and reaching its apotheosis as national anthem in the early 1800s.[64] Militant rewritings of 'God Save the King' were not uncommon at this time and were, indeed, circulated clandestinely in Wales: a more or less verbatim transcription of Thomson's original English song that inspired Edward Williams survives in the commonplace book of a Welsh artisan and Dissenter, Evan Evans of Llanina, 1796,[65] along with two straight-laced versions of 'God Save the King',[66] and a radical rendition of 'La Carmagnol'.[67] But no. 18 is also a democratic and pacifist rewriting of the anthem: it inverts the plea for the military success and the protection of the monarch in the original, described by Williams as 'that war-song of British Savages'.[68] In an act of 'symbolic regicide',[69] it replaces the king with man's inalienable rights as the worthy focus of the devotion of the British people; it also transforms the song into an anthem of universalist rather than national sentiment. Williams also penned a relatively innocuous English rewriting of 'God Save the King',[70] but in this Welsh parody, the song constitutes not only a public declaration of his own political ideals, but also those that he ascribed to Bardism.[71]

A second version of Edward Williams's song on the rights of man is also anthologized here, 'Breiniau dyn ("Newgate Stanzas")' (Rights of man ('Newgate Stanzas'); no. 21). Both its authorship and its date are contentious, but since it represents the converging 'afterlives' of two talismanic radical

songs by Williams it has been included here. A quotation from the sixth and final stanza of Williams's English-language 'Newgate Stanzas' introduces the song, signposting its political credentials and giving a nod to Newgate prison's status as 'an epicenter of British Jacobin cultural resistances' in the mid-1790s.[72] Yet the new song is not outwardly indebted to the self-aggrandizing English song of 1795 in which Williams memorably identified himself as 'Bard of Liberty'.[73] Rather, the new song is a reworking of 'Breiniau dyn' (no. 18). It echoes the radical lexicon and strident style of the Welsh original while inverting its narrative stance: it is a satirical, ironic encouragement to tyrants and kings that has more punch, perhaps, than the straight reproof of oppressors on which it is based. The original (no. 18) is celebratory and euphoric in tone, while the reworking (no. 21) reflects bitterness and disillusionment, and so it is tempting to see in both poems the trajectory of British radicalism in the 1790s. No. 21 was published in 1829 in an anthology of mainly south Walian poetry by John Davies (Brychan; 1784?–1864), where it is attributed to 'Shon Chwareu Teg' (Johnny Fair Play).[74] It also survives in a nineteenth-century manuscript with the following postscript: 'Diwedd y gan, E. Lewis 1829' (End of the song, E. Lewis 1829).[75] Whether E. Lewis was the poet or scribe is unclear, but this rewriting (no. 21), along with the fact that 'Breiniau dyn' (no. 18) was reprinted in broadside format in 1841 during the Chartist uprisings,[76] is surely proof of the talismanic status of 'Breiniau dyn'. As such, no. 21 belongs to the historical legacy of the French Revolution as much as the literary legacy of both Edward Williams and Thomas Paine.

The Welsh-language material also reflects the way in which Paine became a focus for anti-radicalism in Revolutionary debate surrounding liberty. An effigy of Paine was burned in Cardiff in 1792/3,[77] and copies of *Rights of Man* were burned in loyalist rituals in Aberystwyth and Llandovery by local divisions of the Reevesite APLP association.[78] By 1792, France's monarchy had been abolished and a republic answerable to the sovereignty of the people had been established in its place, undermining the divine nature of monarchy and the legitimacy of hereditary systems and state religions throughout Europe. The rupture between Church and state in France caused particular alarm in Britain and explains much of the anti-Revolutionary backlash. These concerns were addressed by Burke, whose *Reflections* seemed prescient when political instability in France resulted in the Terror: the bloody massacres of September 1792 and the execution of the king and queen of France in January and October 1793 respectively. In February 1793 the French republic declared war on Britain. Britain's counter-Revolutionary response was largely driven by Burke's *Reflections* and the perceived threat posed to British liberty by Painite views. No. 54 by Dafydd Risiart warns

against the chaos in France as a result of the absence of a God-given monarchy (lines 13–16), and of the threat, not only to Great Britain, but to its Protestant religion (lines 17–20). Another of his poems, in which he was forced to acquit himself against the accusations of a Catholic sympathizer, was published in John Harris's almanac for 1796: his rebuttal is virulently anti-Catholic, denouncing papal indulgences, purgatory and transubstantiation. Keen to assert his loyalty to the Crown in spite of his religious dissent from the Established Church, he denounces radicalism in the form of Tom Paine: in verses 8–10 he interprets the French Revolution as God's instrument, and maintains that Paine, too, is subject to God's will and if indeed Paine (or rather, his influence) breaks the yoke of Catholicism, he will be judged, like any other man, at the Last Judgement. The thrust of verse 10 is that Paine is as bad as any Roman Catholic:

> Gwaith nid rhai tirion daear, broffeswr claear, clyw,
> Gaiff ddial gwaed y seintiau fu'n diodde tros eu Duw;
> Ond Ef trwy ragderfyniad sy'n trefnu yn ddi-wad,
> Cynddrwg rhai â hwythau ryw brydiau wneud eu brad.[79]
>
> (For it is not the meek of the world, hark lukewarm Christian,
> who will avenge the blood of the saints who suffered for their God;
> but He arranges inexorably through pre-ordination
> ones as bad as themselves to betray them sometimes.)

Paine's reputation as a bogey-man also motivated loyalists in north Wales. In Bersham and Brymbo in Denbighshire, rumours were rife in 1792 that a Methodist had been corrupting local workmen with Paine's *Rights of Man*.[80] Perhaps aware of this event nearby, John Thomas of Penffordd-wen composed a *plygain* carol condemning Paine. Alive perhaps to the supposed connection between atheism and immorality, he accompanied his Welsh carol with a bilingual explanatory introduction: 'The following tune was made in the time of Thomas Paine, who intended to make an insurrection in the government, by exhorting the people to be disobedient: and against that I called the following tune "obedience", "or obedience to the government".'[81] Despite this worthy claim, the carol itself is a conventional thanksgiving for the Fall and the Atonement, replete with an impassioned exhortation for his audience to embrace true faith. In Caernarfonshire, the loyallest of loyalists, David Thomas, was amused that the Welsh rumour mill – he suspected Thomas Edwards – associated him with Paine and in a letter to William Owen Pughe in London in June of 1793 he related how some believed that he had endangered his health by studying too hard:

> . . . dacw'r ystori yn Eifionydd fy mod wedi myned yn benwan: yr ystori yn un man o Gymru fy mod yn cyfieithu gwaith Paine, mewn lle arall, gwaith Mr Burke; aneirif chwedlau, y naill yn wrthwyneb i'r llall![82]
>
> (. . . there is the story in Eifionydd that I have become weak-minded: the story in one part of Wales is that I am translating the work of Paine, and in another place, the work of Mr Burke; innumerable tales, all conflicting!)

These confused rumours probably relate to the song that David Thomas wrote at the behest of his genteel patron, Paul Panton, sen. (no. 36). Panton, along with other élites in Britain, no doubt considered a popular audience most at risk from infection by Paine's ideas and subsidized counter-Revolutionary culture. Earlier that year, Thomas had explained to Walter Davies that he had written this song in imitation of an English original to counteract 'the recent uproar that was in the kingdom' ('y cythrwfl diweddar a fu yn y deyrnas'),[83] and the way in which Thomas's song yokes French Jacobinism and British radicalism is typical of such 'vulgar conservatism'.[84] The song is also Burkean in its appeal for order, as indicated by its sub-title: 'An exhortation to obey the government; advice to content oneself; warnings against harbouring false principles and anarchic thoughts; caution against violent and unruly acts'. Thomas's song against Tom Paine appeared alongside his strict-metre *awdlau* in *Corph y Gaingc* (1810), collated by David Thomas himself, and was also included in subsequent posthumous editions. Thomas clearly did not consider it too vulgar, ephemeral or outdated for his much-prized selected works which would shape his literary reputation.

Paine's infamy also coloured the way in which the work of John Jones (Jac Glan-y-gors) was received by fellow-Welshmen. For example, John Llwyd of Corwen, Merionethshire, penned fourty-six stanzas of repetitive and personal attacks on Jones and his Welsh-language Painite pamphlet, *Seren Tan Gwmmwl* (Clouded Star; 1795). In August 1799 he sent the poem to Edward Charles (Siamas Wynedd; 1757–1828), a native of Merionethshire, a draper's assistant in London and member of the Gwyneddigion Society, whose copy of the poem defines Llwyd simply as 'a friend' (no. 59). Llwyd seems oblivious to the fact that, despite the opposing views they held on the validity of the Revolutionary cause and the soundness of Paine's ideology, Edward Charles and John Jones were close friends, whose enduring camaraderie serves as a good example of the way in which club membership transcended the ideological differences of its members. Jones's radical credentials are based mainly on his controversial pamphlets, *Seren Tan Gwmmwl* and *Toriad y Dydd* (The Break of Day; 1797), but curiously, despite his propensity for cutting social satire, he failed to write poetry which was as provocative as

his prose.[85] Llwyd's opposition to the views of both John Jones and Paine is based on the belief in the Bible's infallibility as revealed truth (lines 45–8). He composed this poem after reading Edward Charles's critique of *Seren Tan Gwmmwl* in the first issue of *Y Geirgrawn*, published in 1796,[86] and indeed, he echoes the arguments elaborated by Edward Charles and responds directly to the printed material (see notes to no. 59, lines 108 and 124). However, line 174 implies that Llwyd's continuation of the debate was stimulated by the publication of Jones's *Toriad y Dydd*. That John Llwyd sent his poem to Edward Charles reveals the influence exerted, and respect commanded, by the London Welsh. It also reveals the way in which ideas and texts moved between public and private spheres, facilitated by existing bardic networks within Wales and networks of correspondence between Wales and the London Welsh.

Regicide

In the Welsh poetry anthologized here, regicide is as much a focus for Revolutionary sympathizers as for counter-Revolutionaries. Two direct responses to the execution of Louis XVI on 21 January 1793 survive. In May 1793 Edward Charles published a series of *englynion* elegizing the French king in *Cylchgrawn Cymraeg* (no. 31). Sighing 'Oh Louis!' repeatedly, the pathos of these *englynion* is typical of the sentimentality that dominated narratives of Louis XVI's death.[87] They serve as an excellent example of the burgeoning loyalism of this phase in Revolutionary debate: Edward Charles reduces the regicide in France to little more than national insanity and immorality born of French atheism. Since Charles uses the terms for the French National Assembly (lines 7–8 and 29) which were probably coined during political debate at one of the London-Welsh societies, this elegy may also have its genesis in one such meeting. The second poem on the subject by a Glamorganshire man, 'Mr Lewis' of Pen-llin (no. 4), is equally emotive yet lacks Edward Charles's self-conscious language of sentiment. It was sent to the Revd John Walters, sen., lexicographer and rector at Llandough, near Cowbridge, and it survives amongst his private papers at the National Library of Wales.[88] Shortly after the French king's death, the anniversary of the death of Charles I was celebrated and sermons were preached in Anglican churches throughout Britain on texts such as Proverbs 24: 21 and 1 Peter 2: 13.[89] In light of the religious doctrine and biblical references which frame this poem, it may well be a response to one such loyalist sermon by the Revd John Walters. Interestingly, Lewis uses the word 'gwrthr(h)yfel' (rebellion) to describe the Revolution. This could be valuable linguistic evidence for the way in which an appropriate lexicon for the French Revolution began to settle in the

Welsh language. Alternatively, it may simply reflect his revulsion at the transgressive nature of the Revolution and its outcome. A Burkean appeal to the stability of tradition is interlaced with religiosity as Lewis defines the Revolution and the execution of the French monarchs as despised novelties which are contrary to God's will: the regicide exemplifies the inevitable disorder of privileging human reason above divine providence. The motifs of the infidelism and madness of the French are repeated with cumulative effect throughout the poem (lines 93–4, 99–100, 111–16). As a member of the minor gentry, Edward Lewis perhaps had more reason than most to fear the influence of the French Revolution.

At the opposite end of the political scale, Edward Williams chose a playfully democratic subject for the bards at a Gorsedd meeting held on Primrose Hill, London, in September 1792: 'The Resurrection of Rhita Gawr', a mythical giant from Welsh Arthurian legend who killed kings in order to make a cloak for himself with their beards.[90] David Samwell, who had refused to doff his cap to George III at Hyde Park in 1774,[91] responded with an English poem dated 20 October 1792 whose lines echo with 'Hail Liberty!',[92] but Williams produced only a rough sketch.[93] After the execution of Louis XVI in 1793, and the Treason Trials of 1794 in which imagining the king's death became a treasonable offence,[94] Rhita Gawr could no longer be safely deployed as a democratic totem. But, despite the implicit danger, Williams resurrected the regicidal giant again in a Gorsedd meeting in Glamorgan in 1797:

> The proceedings at this Gorsedd were of a very novel character, for the bards busied themselves with inventing a coat of arms for Napoleon Buonoparte. The arms they selected were those borne according to them by Rhita Gawr, namely 'Tri Thrwsa mawrion farfau Brenhinoedd eurlliw [the Three most Oppresive big-bearded golden Kings] . . . Nid llai na deuddeg ynad heddwch ynghyd a chant o filwyr ysbyddaid o Bont-faen [No less than twelve justices of the peace and a hundred soldiers from Cowbridge] (Cowbridge Volunteers) a ddaethant i wilied arnom, rhag ein bod mewn unrhyw beth yn wrthfrenhinawl [came to watch over us, lest we were in any way anti-royal] . . .[95]

Undeterred, he tried to resurrect Rhita once more in a Gorsedd held in 1798.[96] In addition to the symbolic regicide implicit in no. 18, fantasies of regicide are also central to understanding Edward Williams's rambling anti-war and anti-monarchy address to George III,[97] as well as numerous satirical poems to the king, whom he nicknamed 'Siôr y Crinwas' (George the Miser). George III's personal qualities of uxoriousness, abstemiousness and piety did much to bolster the popularity of the monarchy during his reign,[98] but Williams's stinging stanzas in no. 17 owe less to the image of an Enlightened,

self-styled patriot king and more to contemporary satires that emerged in the wake of the American Revolution.[99] The king was mercilessly caricatured by James Gillray in his cartoons and by John Wolcot (Peter Pindar) in the *Louisiad* (1785–95). Edward Williams was certainly aware of the work of Peter Pindar, and Pindar's work may have been the model for 'Siôr y Crinwas' (George the Miser).[100] In a six-line English poem, despite 'poverty bardic', he vows to 'Write Peter Pindarics as long as I live'.[101] His most risky satire on the king was, undoubtedly, 'Beddwers Siôr y Crinwas' (George the Miser's Epitaph) in which he demonizes 'George the Murderer' ('Siôr Lofrudd') and the 'Bloody Miser, whose heart is deceitful' ('Crinwas gwaedlyd, geulyd galon').[102] But as the false or ironic elegy is an authentic bardic subgenre; had Williams been prosecuted for the figurative treason of imagining George III's death, he could have tried to build a truly bardic case in his own defence.

Repression

Repression of radicals and reformers is also a theme in Revolutionary debate in Wales. The unprecedented success of Paine's work, together with the growing working-class demographic of the reform movement in Britain during the early 1790s, impelled Pitt's government to prosecute Paine for libel in 1792 (see no. 36 and note to no. 21, line 88). Persecution of native radicals, considered 'the enemy within', came to a head with the notorious Treason Trials of 1794, in which members of the London Corresponding Society and the Society for Constitutional Reform (Thomas Hardy, Horne Tooke and John Thelwall) were accused of undermining the sovereignty of the king and of planning a French-style republican revolution. Support for the defendants was expressed by John Jones in *Seren Tan Gwmmwl*,[103] while his friend Edward Charles composed a loyalist poem in response to the trials (no. 32). The force of Charles's rhetoric is conformist and patriotic. Echoing the binary opposition of fallible human reason versus infallible divine authority witnessed in poem no. 4, its main thrust is that the 'democrats' are a threat to king and country: they are unenlightened traitors and vipers. The negative connotations of the epithet 'democrat' during this period are exemplified by the way in which Charles (consistent with his message in his poem on the death of Louis XVI, no. 31) underlines the novelty of democratic principles which he identifies with France and, ultimately, with the Devil (no. 32, lines 21, 23). His poem also reflects the panic generated by allegations in the loyalist press, and refuted in the proceedings of the trials, that reformers had been amassing a considerable armoury of knives and pike-shafts (line 35).[104] The men vilified by Edward Charles in his poem were heralded as 'Assertors of Truth' by Edward Williams in an English

song composed specifically for a celebration of the release of the defendants held at the Crown and Anchor tavern, 5 February 1795. *Trial by Jury* (1795) was subsequently published as a broadside.[105] While the defendants themselves were duly exonerated, the radical reform movement had been dealt a heavy blow by the events and was forced underground.

Some of the poets in this anthology experienced persecution at first hand, and the repressive climate accounts for the silence that befell Welsh radical writers of promise such as Morgan John Rhys, John Jones, Thomas Evans, and David Davies of Holywell,[106] as well as the 'single-poem poets' anthologized here (nos. 51, 52, 57). Government officers confiscated the papers of the Caradogion Society, the society established by London Welshmen in 1790 specifically as a debating society,[107] and government spies also monitored the correspondence of William Jones of Llangadfan (see biographical notes pp. 407–9) and Edward Williams.[108] Williams, resident in London during the early 1790s, also witnessed the rough justice of John Reeves's 'rascally mobs' that sought out radicals and demanded that they be prosecuted.[109] David Davis of Castellhywel's first biographer – at pains to stress his subject's 'British principles' ('Ei egwyddorion oeddynt yn Frytanaidd') – related an anecdote in which the loyalty of the Nonconformist preacher was vindicated by a local priest.[110] Davis himself articulated his frustration with the conservative backlash in a poem 'To the priests and their fast-days', not anthologized here, with a play on an earthy colloquial proverb, 'codi pais ar ôl piso' (to lift one's petticoat or coat after pissing):

Bradwyr, nid brodyr i Brydain, – feibion
Trwy fabwys i'r Butain:
Rhwydd y rhoem lu'n rhodd o'r rhain,
Heb eu rhifo, i bab Rhufain.

Fel rhyw Dwrc, mae Bwrc yn barco – cenedl
Rhag cynnig byth gyffro;
Wedi'n gwlad fynd dan ei glo,
Heb bais, ni faidd neb biso.[111]

(They are traitors, not brothers to Britain, they are
the adopted sons of the Whore [of Babylon]:
we would freely give a numberless host of these
as a gift to the pope of Rome.

Like some Turk, Burke flays the nation
lest it should ever agitate;
after our country is locked down,
without a petticoat, no-one will dare to piss.)

Pitt, in turn, is criticized in two sardonic *englynion* to the 'Right Dishonourable William Pitt' (no. 43) by the Unitarian Thomas Evans. Unlike the conservative, church-going panegyrists who had praised Pitt at the Corwen eisteddfod (May 1789),[112] Thomas Evans's *englynion* to Pitt belong to the private sphere and were certainly not intended for public consumption. His friend Edward Williams enjoyed the *englynion* so much that he copied them into his own manuscript.[113] Morgan John Rhys not only lived in fear, but was feared by others: members of the Methodist community at Trefeca, where Rhys printed his elegy to Dafydd Jones (no. 40), were concerned that they would be contaminated by Rhys's presence there.[114] Morgan John Rhys had expressed his desire to emigrate to America on many occassions, but was, according to tradition, forced to leave suddenly, to escape 'political tempest', after receiving prior warning in Carmarthen that government spies were about to close in on him.[115]

Despite being forced into underground or clandestine activity, some radical poets persisted and developed creative means of disguising and circulating subversive texts during the late 1790s. Anonymity offered relative safety to some (no. 51) but others opted for pseudonyms; such as the translator of the 'Marseillaise' into Welsh who used the pseudonym, 'Gwilym' (William).[116] Edward Williams attempted to cover his tracks with several pseudonyms: he attributed his 'Hymn to George the Miser' (no. 17) to 'Bleddyn Bach ap y Gwir' (Little Wolf-cub, son of the Truth),[117] and a song on the oppression suffered by the Welsh to 'Siencyn Llygad Rhawlin' (Jenkin Rolling Eye). He also placed the latter poem at a safe historical remove, dating it to 1695 rather than 1795.[118] Other poets adopted a similar strategy and used the past to illumine the present. Edward Evan of Aberdare chose to disguise his historical context rather than his identity and his posthumously published collected poems, *Afalau'r Awen* (Apples of the Muse; 1816), include a translation of William Cowper's poem on the execution of Charles I, in which the British monarch could easily be replaced with Louis XVI in order to fulfil the egalitarian sentiment implicit in the trope of 'death the leveller'.[119] As Gwyneth Lewis has shown, the Welsh language itself provided some refuge for writers, and playful 'translations' of Welsh words and phrases allowed bilingual poets to practice dissimulation.[120] Edward Williams voiced his fear of censure in his satirical verses to the king (no. 17, lines 53–6); however, the relative safety of an 'alien' tongue such as Welsh did nothing to calm Thomas Evans's nervousness of Edward Williams's anticlerical sentiments. Williams copied his *englynion* satirizing priests (no. 23) into Thomas Evans's personal manuscript, 'Y Gell Gymysg' (A Miscellaneous Repository).[121] In the process, he standardized some of his Glamorganshire colloquialisms, but a more circumspect Evans, who in 1802 began a two-

year jail sentence for sedition,[122] ameliorated some of his friend's bravado with alternative readings: he replaced 'A chesbyst i'r 'ffeiradon' (and a curse upon the priests; line 92) with 'A'u haeddiant i'r 'ffeiradon' (and their just deserts to the priests) and also replaced 'A chrogi'r holl 'ffeiradon' (and hanging all the priests; line 96) with 'Diswyddo'r holl 'ffeiradon' (to depose all the priests).

War and peace

The interlocking discourse of war and peace is the final theme in Revolutionary debate in Wales. 'A young girl's lament for the company of her lover who was a soldier . . .' (no. 33), is the only 'female voice' in this anthology. This tongue-in-cheek poem by John Thomas of Penffordd-wen is a good example of the apotropeic impulse sometimes discerned in poetry of the period 1789–1805 which made light of the horrors and fears of war in order to subdue them. John Thomas also composed a jaunty narrative poem about a lord and a duke who disguised themselves as commoners in order to experience at first hand the hardship of sailors who had been press-ganged.[123] The light-heartedness of such poems as these forms a counterpoint to more fervent responses to the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, which include examples by John Thomas of Penffordd-wen himself. His more staid responses include a *plygain* carol, discussed above, written when the furore surrounding Thomas Paine's writings was at its height and his later collection, *Nabl Arian* . . . (Silver Psaltring . . .; 1827), reflects a general ennui with war and its concomitant economic and social tribulations.

War entrenched existing loyalism and exerted further pressure on Nonconformists and Dissenters to prove their fidelity to the Crown (if not to the Church). Choruses to songs and ballads resound with exhortations of loyalty to George III and the Established Church, and throughout the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars songs and ballads emerge in praise of local militia and volunteer corps as well as British military heroes.[124] This anthology contains no warmongering poems, as such, although war is considered a necessary evil and a direct result of the French Revolution (nos. 3, 53). The addresses to soldiers (nos. 5, 12) demonstrate the unifying effect of war and the French enemy on the British populace, as well as the way in which Protestantism was also established as 'a unifying and distinguishing bond' (see also nos. 10, 28–30, 33, 36–9, 54–5, 58).[125] It is considered a soldier's patriotic duty to keep the French at bay and to preserve the Protestant nation and, in turn, it is a poet's patriotic duty to praise him. The desire for military success is expressed in providential terms in a manner that breathes new life into an old theme in Welsh patriotism: that of Wales (Britain) as

the chosen people and the faithful nation that God will reward (see nos. 3, 5–6, 11, 29, 47, 51, 53–5, 58). The French fleet's unsuccessful attempt to land at Bantry Bay, Ireland, in December 1796 provides a pertinent example.

War happened 'at a distance' and was mediated to a domestic audience,[126] but the greater immediacy of invasion brought the experiences home to many Britons. Two Welsh poems celebrate Bantry Bay: an anonymous poem (no. 55) and a corrupt text by Robert Morris, known as 'Robin Ddu Ystudwy' (possibly also Robin Ddu Eifionydd), that is not anthologized. Both poets were natives of the Llŷn Peninsula in north Wales, a region whose maritime links with Ireland generated panic when it learned of the proximity of an enemy fleet. For Morris the event is an example of deliverance through God's hand: 'Doedd dim ond lled un llaw rhwng Brydain a chael braw / Daeth awdurdod oddi uchod i dreiddio'r Ffrancod draw' (Britain came within a hand's breadth of terror / authority from above came to thrust the French away).[127] His British patriotism is somewhat confused: he celebrates British deliverance but, as if to concede that England is the senior partner in the union of Great Britain, he insists that the British were undeserving of God's mercy because of England's 'clamouring for war like Babel' ('Yn gweiddi am ryfel megis Babel') in the first place.[128] The reality of invasion on Welsh soil was experienced some months later, in February 1797, when a French fleet landed at Fishguard in south-west Wales, stimulating a dozen or so ballads which also narrate the tensions which ruptured the local community along denominational lines in the aftermath of the crisis.[129]

War is criticized by loyalists and radicals alike. Opposing war without also seeming to undermine the government posed a conundrum for supporters and opponents of the French Revolution who channelled their criticism in various ways: Dafydd Risiart denounces war for its disruptive influence on daily life (no. 53), Rowland Jones sees it in religious terms as God's punishment on a sinful populace (no. 56), and both Evan Prichard (no. 49, and Ioan Siencyn (no. 3) denounce its physical horrors.[130] Ioan Siencyn also reveals details of events and protagonists which he may have gleaned from newspapers, journals and ballads. He had clearly read at least one issue of *Cylchgrawn Cymmraeg* (III (August 1793), 234), as he copied David Davis of Castellhywel's satirical *englynion* to Dumouriez (1739–1823) into his own manuscript compilation.[131] As he did during the Forty-Five, Siencyn demonizes the French and exhorts his audience to ensure that Catholicism does not gain a foothold in Britain. With his Dissenting background, his loyalism (no. 3, lines 45–56) is surely born of anti-Catholicism rather than anti-Jacobinism: for him, the only redeeming feature of Revolutionary France is that it liberated the people from the cruel yoke of Catholicism (lines 9–12). War also intensified grievances about taxes and tithes from poets of all parties

and religious affiliations. For example, W. Davis, in a satire on Roman Catholic fast-days, reveals himself to be an opponent of the war with France, not only for the destruction and carnage that war brings in its wake, but also because of the additional taxes which are raised in order to finance it (no. 51; see also nos. 7, 35, 45, 59).

The observance of fast-days is considered a predominantly Roman Catholic practice, as W. Davis demonstrates in his anti-Catholic tirade (no. 52), as well as David Davis's *englyn* which censures the king of Spain for this practice (see p. 27 below). The national fast-days held during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars were intended as an exercise in morale-building, and civic and national cohesion. This anthology contains both loyal and subversive responses to fast-days. Loyalist examples are fairly uniform: true to the unifying nationalistic intent of fast-days, they urge that the inhabitants of Britain fast and pray before God to ensure clemency for the nation as a whole (nos. 10, 29, 37, 46). Unsurprisingly, the radical poems on fast-days are notable for the absence of a plea for loyalty to Britain and the king. It seems that fast-days were somewhat of a preoccupation for Thomas Evans, who, in his commonplace book, copied a quotation dated 1798 which, presumably, encapsulates his own opposition to fast-days, not specifically as a Rational Dissenter, but as a Christian:

> On Fast-days by B[enjamin] Flower.
>
> Consistent Christians, who *call no man master upon earth*, pay no more attention to the orders, *in religion*, of even such a pious Monarch as we have, than to the orders of a Pope.
>
> The services of Fast-days, are generally, mixtures of hypocrisy & falsehood. The Ministers of the Established Church have frequently & justly been charged with the most prominent sins that are now drawing down national judgements.
>
> And while they with the nation in general, are unreformed, insensible, & impenitent, their fasts are equally abominable in the sight of God, with the Jewish Fasts of old: and therefore, so far from its being criminal *not* to attend them, the criminality lies on the side of those who countenance such repeated abominations . . .[132]

Evans's own poetic anticlerical satire (no. 44) may have been composed about the same time. Evans translated into Welsh a militant hymn for a fast-day,[133] sung in Sheffield in 1794 at a meeting of the Friends of Peace and Reform.[134] The same hymn was also translated by Edward Evan of Aberdare,[135] and David Davis of Castellhywel.[136] Davis subverted the premise of fast-days in original poems too: no. 15 in this collection also uses the occasion to condemn war as both contrary to God's plan and as a bloody

and uncivilized force. Turning the purpose of the fast-day on its head, Davis's alternative hymn asks that those oppressors who advocate war should be destroyed (lines 33–6) and pleads for peace in Europe (lines 36–40).[137] The remainder of the hymn turns to focus on peace, yet its discourse is radically charged with echoes of biblical descriptions of the heavenly kingdom where all will worship the one and only 'wise King' (lines 45–8) and no more be punished merely for obeying the Gospel (lines 49–52). His careful yet strident negotiation of the fast-day message and the overriding spiritual exhortation which is the main feature of other poems by Davis (no. 16) are consonant with his first biographer's claim that Davis tended not to preach on overtly controversial issues.[138] But Davis was less circumspect in a series of *englynion* 'to the priests and their national fast-days',[139] and in his *englyn* to the king of Spain who ordered his priests to pray for nine days in order to bring success to the nation in the war against France:

> Mae'n ofer disgwyl am nefawl – gymorth
> I gamwedd uffernawl;
> Er dweud paderau didawl,
> Ni cheir Duw i ochr y Diawl.[140]

> (It is useless to expect heavenly help
> for a hellish transgression;
> despite reciting continuous prayers,
> God will not side with the Devil.)

Davis remained particularly well informed of domestic and foreign political developments (see notes to no. 13) and would have been aware of the fact that Spain, under Charles IV, had been part of the First Coalition against Revolutionary France, withdrawing and reviving the Franco-Spanish axis in 1796. Nonetheless, British political interests have no bearing on his religious and moral condemnation of the monarch of an enemy state.

For many of the poets in this collection, the desire for peace is born of weariness with the cost of the long war in terms of loss of life as well as the economic cost in terms of dearth and additional taxation. Peace promises relief: Robert Davies marked the Peace of Amiens, yet the celebration is muted as he considers the maimed returning soldiers and the plight of war widows and orphans (no. 48). While these, too, were considerations for the more radically inclined Edward Williams, Thomas Evans and David Davis, their exchange of poems on peace was born of an ideological commitment to pacifism.[141] First in the series of poems is Edward Williams's 'Cywydd gorymbil ar heddwch' (A *cywydd* invoking peace; no. 24), composed for

a Gorsedd meeting in north Wales in 1799. In places it is a hostile condemnation of war as the instrument of monarchical 'Nimrodian' tyranny (lines 31–42). In Williams's Bardism, the bard was a 'herald of peace', and his presence caused warring armies to desist from battle.[142] Thus, in two long sections which address a soldier (lines 43–148, 169–82), he is able to denounce the mere poets who praise the soldier and his deeds: by doing so they taint themselves with the blood of the innocent and, counting himself amongst the 'bards who curse you' (line 170), he will not collude 'in flattery's self-loving song' (line 94). He frames his argument as 'truth and its battle against kings' (line 193) and echoes his bardic motto 'the truth against the world' ('y gwir yn erbyn y byd'):

> I am a prophet in my passion and strength,
> I have great intentions for my beautiful song . . .
> will proclaim the pure cry of truth and its might;
> truth and its battle against kings . . .
> My poet's motto, the word that suits me,
> is the just word of truth. (Lines 183–4, 192–3, 203–4.)

While Williams's poem is rhetorical and angry, Evans's complementary *cywydd* on peace is more politically engaged and includes a narrative of the difficulties faced by reformers whom he held in esteem (no. 44, lines 145–68). He also expressed a desire for peace in a series of *englynion* 'I Ben-arweinydd byddin Lloegr' (To the Commander of England's army),[143] and in a series of free-metre stanzas written about 1799, 'Penillion ar heddwch a rhyfel' (Verses on peace and war).[144] The *englynion* by Davis of Castellhywel (no. 16) form a riposte to Evans's *cywydd* on peace (no. 44). Food shortages and corn riots, as well as war, form the back-drop of this poem and Davis's insistence on prioritizing food over liberty (no. 16, lines 5–12) reveals a no-nonsense pragmatism in the face of the political idealism and radical rhetoric expressed in the long *cywyddau* of both Thomas Evans and Edward Williams, and should be compared with the equally pragmatic and spiritual encouragement of Edward Evan (nos. 1 and 2).

The cultural inheritance of the French Revolution

With the exception of a handful of individuals, the response of the Welsh poets to the French Revolution and its aftermath was overwhelmingly conservative, mirroring a general ground-swell of loyalism in Britain as a whole. It may also be considered a reflection of the inherent conservatism

of the vernacular Welsh poetic tradition, for much of the popular and élite poetry of the period reflects the same solidarity with the British state, albeit without the self-conscious rhetoric. Loyalism is implicit in the choruses of ballads, carols and other songs, and the generic convention of closing free-metre poems with a pledge of devotion to Church and king was employed almost unthinkingly by the majority of popular poets throughout the eighteenth century. The following chorus from an anonymous summer carol for 1747, close on the heels of the Jacobite rising of 1745, is typical:

> Duw cadw'n Eglwys grymus gre, a'n cyfreithiau'n llawn eu l[le],
> A George yr ail o dan y ne, ein brenin goreu bri,
> A Ffredric, dwysog enwog iawn, a Diwc Wiliam, ddinam ddawn,
> A phawb sy'n bur, ein Llywydd Llawn, dod gariad cyflawn cu.[145]
>
> (God save the strong powerful Church, and keep our laws in place,
> and save George II, our best king under heaven
> and save Frederick, most famous prince, and Duke William, of blameless talent,
> and save everyone who is pure, our Good Lord, bring dear full love.)

These patriotic features arose not only from a series of crises – the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745, the Seven Years' War (1756–63), and the American and French revolutions – but from the didactic bent of the free-metre forms. They may also be considered a vestige of the traditional role of the poet as remembrancer and voice of the nation, adapted over time to mediate political, religious and moral truths within his community. Some of the patriarchs whose work is anthologized here – Edward Evan, Ioan Siencyn and Jonathan Hughes – embody in their work the interplay between the innate conservatism of the Welsh tradition and specific national crises. More importantly, they provide a long view of the fault-lines between the regional, national and state identities articulated during these times of crisis.

A prolific composer of carols, Jonathan Hughes had no truck with generic conventions. Siwan M. Rosser suggests that he studiously avoided versifying the year of composition into the final stanzas of his poems in order not to detract from the ostensibly spiritual exhortation in his verse.[146] Similarly, he rarely offered a conventional prayer to king and country in the final stanza of his carols and these frequent omissions earned him the reproof of Thomas Edwards, to whom Hughes replied emphatically, 'Cyduna â thi mewn seingar si, / I roi i'n brenin fri'n ei fraint' (I join in with you in a sonorous sound, / to give our king the honour due to his privilege).[147] Using the Terror as a paradigm, K. M. Baker has argued that 'traditional forms of social action' acquire different meanings in new contexts or when the political situation

is redefined.[148] This process may be discerned in the way in which past political trauma is recapitulated in poems that engage in Revolutionary debate. Ioan Siencyn provides a particularly pertinent example of this process at work. A song he had composed for the Forty-Five was reprinted verbatim in John Harris's almanac for 1796: 'Hen Gân, am y gwrthryfel a gododd y Pretender yn Scotland, yn y flwyddyn 1745' (An Old Song, about the rebellion that the Pretender raised in Scotland, in the year 1745).[149] The fact that it had never been published before was a valuable selling point, but neither Ioan Siencyn nor John Harris explained why a song regarding the Jacobite cause should be resurrected. In a period when monarchy and its supposed authority were once again vexed issues, the song's contemporary relevance was surely self-evident to the readers of Harris's almanac. For Ioan Siencyn, the French threat of the 1790s harked back to the Jacobite rebellion of 1745:

Mae Ffrainc yn chwerw iawn yn chwarae
A'i dwylo'n llawn cleddyfau llym;
Am ddwyn ymaith ein llywodraeth
A rhoi pabyddiaeth yn ei grym:
Danfonodd yma babist salw,
Addolwr brwnt y ddelw bren,
I geisio'n eger goron Lloeger,
Trwy fawr bŵer, ar ei ben.

. . .

Ceisio mae'r pabistiaid gwaedlyd
Losgi'n Biblau ni gyd yn garn
A merthyru, athrist weithred,
Y Protestaniaid union farn.
Llenwi gwlad ac eglwys wedyn
Ag anwybodaeth gethin, gas:
Cadw dynion mor dywylled
A'r anifeiliaid yn y ma's.[150]

(France plays very bitterly,
and her hands grasp sharp swords
intent on taking away our government
and putting papism in power:
France sent an ugly papist here
(vile worshipper of the wooden image)
daringly to try through great might
to wear the English crown on his head

. . .

> The bloodthirsty papists are trying
> to burn all our Bibles to a cinder,
> and martyr (wretched act)
> the Protestants of true opinion;
> then [they'd] fill country and church
> with ugly, cruel ignorance,
> [and] keep men in as much darkness
> as the beasts of the field.)

As we have seen, the anti-Gallican and anti-Catholic rhetoric he expresses here resurfaced in the years following the French Revolution in his own work (see no. 3) and that of others (nos. 3–6, 9, 12, 31–2, 36, 52, 54–5, 58), as did the loyalist rallying of Church and king which is an essential feature of Ioan Siencyn's parting shot in this poem of 1745.[151] Such was the importance of earlier conflicts in the cultural memory of the nation that John Roberts (Siôn Lleyn), who was not born until four years after the Forty-Five, also reprised it in his eisteddfod *awdl* of 1804 on the defence of the realm.[152]

These appeals to history draw attention to the continuity in the loyalist calls of Welsh poets during the Forty-Five, the Seven Years' War, and the French Revolution. They suggest a series of patriotic waves that swell and surge with each crisis, and under whose momentum a shared sense of British nationhood gathered increasing power. This closing discussion on the cultural legacy of the French Revolution will demonstrate the ways in which the crises, or focal points, discussed in the previous section on Revolutionary debate had a bolstering effect on British national identity in Welsh cultural and literary life. It is a pattern that is illustrated in bardic culture; specifically in the burgeoning Eisteddfod movement of the 1790s and 1800s and in the subjects that were set in its poetic competitions. Welsh poetry of the period in question, and these various eisteddfodic productions in particular, reveal that Welsh poets neither espoused Britishness wholesale nor uncritically, and their texts reflect the complex and contradictory nature of eighteenth-century negotiations of Welsh and British identities.

Welshness and Britishness in post-Revolutionary eisteddfodau and Gorsedd meetings

As a public forum, and a showcase for the craft of mainly strict-metre poetry, worthy eisteddfodic subjects tended to reflect the political climate of the day and satisfied the sensibilities of local patrons and the small group of provincial clerics who were responsible for local arrangements on behalf of

the London-based Gwyneddigion. The list of subjects for the impromptu *englynion* at the Corwen eisteddfod of May 1789 is a case in point. It reveals the regional, national and state dynamic of the Eisteddfod, as well as its combined antiquarian and topical concerns: the king's return to health; the queen; the Prince of Wales; William Pitt; Robert Vaughan (1768–1848), the heir of Nannau;[153] Corwen bridge; Owain Glyndŵr (Owen Glendower); and the Gwyneddigion Society.[154] By addressing members of the royal family and local élite, the organizers of the Corwen eisteddfod simply followed the rubric of the Elizabethan eisteddfodau held at Caerwys, Flintshire, in 1523 and 1567 under the patronage of the Mostyn family.[155] More ambitious and grand subjects were chosen for the main competitions, the *awdl* and *cywydd*. These subjects reflect a desire to maintain the relevance of bardic culture and its dual role of memory and interpretation. Pertinent subjects in the eisteddfodau sponsored by the Gwyneddigion Society include the life of man (Bala, September 1789), liberty (St Asaph 1791), truth (Denbigh 1792), and 'The Love of our Country through the resurrection of the ancient Eisteddfod and customs of Wales' (Caerwys 1798). Other competitions, in the form of *cywyddau* and *englynion*, included subjects such as the massacre of the bards (Denbigh 1792),[156] and war (Dolgellau 1794; see nos. 26, 49). For those who could not attend the Caerwys eisteddfod of 1798, two alternative bardic meetings in London and Glamorgan were proclaimed to coincide with it, in which the poets were to be judged on 'the best Translation into Welsh, of Gray's Ode – The Bard'.[157]

The less formalized local eisteddfodau did not demonstrate the same level of engagement with current events and tended towards more abstract subjects such as 'hope' and 'contentment'. They did, however, follow the example of the parent movement by upholding a thoroughly loyalist atmosphere, as in the Penmorfa eisteddfod held at Whitsun in 1795 with the official blessing of the Gwyneddigion Society, although not its financial support.[158] 'War' dominated the main competition of the *awdl*, in which three poets competed: John Hughes of Montgomeryshire (who later became one of the most recognized Methodist preachers of his generation); Robert Morris of Llanystumdwy (author of no. 47), and Robert Davies (author of no. 48). The opening addresses to the poets and patrons of the Penmorfa eisteddfod reveal as much about the patriotic atmosphere of the proceedings as the poems themselves. For example, an address by Evan Prichard to the poets concentrates on the primary reason for holding the eisteddfod: the poetic craft and competition.[159] But in the wake of the Treason Trials of the previous year and Pitt's so-called reign of terror a *cywydd* addressing the assembled poets by John Roberts of Tŷ Du, Llanuwchllyn, reveals an awareness that the poets' loyalist credentials should be asserted in such a public meeting:

Cadwed Duw Tad a'i rad rin
Ein breiniau ni a'n brenin,
A'r llywodraeth helaeth hon,
Bryd dinam, rhag brad dynion.[160]

(May God the Father and His blessed virtue keep
our rights and our king,
and his magnanimous government
(of faultless nature) from the betrayal of men.)

Addresses became a ritualized element of the eisteddfodau, and so the sentiments expressed in John Roberts's *cywydd* should also be understood as a facet of the interaction between poet and patron. In a series of *englynion* in praise of the local patrons of this eisteddfod, Roberts issued a kindly reminder of their beneficent role and social obligation to support the poor.[161] The set subjects of the eisteddfodau also reflect the oppressive political climate to the extent that there was a hiatus in eisteddfodic and Gorsedd activity in 1795 and also during the Napoleonic wars.[162]

From 1818 onwards, the Eisteddfod movement became a truly national institution in Wales: the Provincial Eisteddfod movement (Eisteddfodau Taleithiol).[163] Buoyed perhaps by its recognized national status, and in the afterglow of victory over Napoleon, loyalism to the British state gained momentum in the Provincial Eisteddfodau. This is reflected in royal patronage and in the subjects chosen for poetic competitions, as well as the medals presented to prize winners.[164] The eisteddfod at Carmarthen in 1819 could boast that it was convened under the joint patronage of the Lord of Dynevor and George III.[165] The main poetic prize was for an elegy to Sir Thomas Picton (1758–1815), a renowned local figure in south Wales and a popular British hero,[166] who had been killed in the battle of Waterloo in 1815.[167] The set subjects of the Provincial Eisteddfodau tend towards panegyric and elegy of assorted royals and local gentry, such as Princess Charlotte (St Asaph 1818 and Carmarthen 1819) and Prince Frederick (Brecon 1821).[168] Historical subjects ripe for reinterpretation in a new British light include the accession of the Tudor family of Penmynydd to the British throne (Caernarfon 1821),[169] the victory at Trafalgar (Brecon 1826),[170] Garmon's battlefield (Mold 1823) and the birth of Edward II (Ruthin 1823).

Geraint Bowen, historian of the Gorsedd, noted that the subjects of the Provincial Eisteddfodau revealed the eagerness of eisteddfodic patrons to direct poetic competitions towards glorifying the aristocratic and ecclesiastical élite.[171] This is consonant with the changing nature of British sentiment which, in the first half of the eighteenth century, centred on consolidating

the popularity of the Hanoverian monarchy, but took on a more imperial form at the turn of the nineteenth century.[172] With the veneration of the likes of Princess Charlotte and Thomas Picton thus began a trajectory of increasing Britishness and imperialism in the Eisteddfod movement throughout the reign of George IV; a trajectory that was sustained by the numerous Cambrian Societies which proliferated in Wales, largely under the stewardship of clerics of the Established Church.[173] For example, a poem on the union between Wales and England which was set by the Nant Padarn Cambrian Society in 1826,[174] and an undated Welsh translation of the anthem of the British state, 'God Save the King', by Evan Prichard (author of nos. 49–50). However, far from expressing a servile British nationalism, Roberts inflects his translation with national and regional dimensions in the form of an additional rousing verse to be sung by the Cambrian Society of Sarn Mellteyrn, Caernarfonshire. For him, the cultivation of the Welsh language is, alongside guarding truth and patriotism, one of the objectives of the Society:

Bo'r hardd gymdeithas hon
Er lles mewn undeb llon,
    Yn gyson gôr;
Yn gyrru'r gau o'n gŵydd,
A thrin ein mamiaith rwydd,
A gwir ddymuno llwydd
    (Fo'u swydd) i Sior.[175]

(May this fair society
in glad unity be a faithful choir
for goodness;
driving the false from our midst,
cultivating our fluent mother tongue,
and truly wishing success
(be that their purpose) to George.)

Prichard's articulation of the British solidarity of this regional Welsh Society marks the Welsh language not as the language of Otherness but as a legitimate medium of Britishness. Prichard penned yet another verse for the heir of the Nannau estate in Merionethshire in which Robert Vaughan figures as an embodiment of identical Welsh and British virtues:

Diffyned Dy law gref
Dŷ Nannau dan y nef,
    Dydi yw'n Iôr.

Gwna i'r etifedd fod
Yn union yn ei nod,
Yn ddrych eglurwych glod
A syndod Siôr.[176]

(May Your [=God] strong arm
defend on earth the House of Nannau,
You are our Lord.
Make the heir
true in his purpose,and a mirror to George's bright and excellent fame
and wonder.)

Here we come to a striking geographical and political feature of the period's bardic poetry. While the conservative poets of north Wales sang Welsh translations of 'God Save the King' and 'Rule Britannia',[177] the Unitarian Edward Williams and his followers in south Wales sang about the rights of man and liberty, which he also extended to slaves.[178] Some of Williams's most radical poems were composed for Gorsedd meetings, such as the poems to Rhita Gawr (1792, 1797 and 1798).[179] 'Breiniau dyn' (Rights of man; no. 18; 1798), and 'Cywydd gorymbil ar heddwch' (A *cywydd* invoking peace; no. 24; 1799). As the Napoleonic wars drew to an end, the following subjects were set at a meeting of the revived Gorsedd at Pontypridd in 1814: the restoration of peace, universal peace, burying the sword. Williams's Gorsedd of the Bards of the Island of Britain operated as an antidote to the cautious conservatism of the mainstream Eisteddfod movement and its increasing tendency to ingratiate itself with aristocratic patrons and the British state. His resistance is clearly witnessed in the Gorsedd meeting that he convened on Dinorwig hill in north Wales in 1799. There, in an attempt to win David Thomas and his disciples over to Bardism, Williams sang his *cywydd* invoking peace in the presence of David Thomas, Evan Prichard and Griffith Williams (Gutyn Peris).[180] It is not clear whether he sang the shorter or longer version of the *cywydd* on this occasion, but even the shorter version would have exasperated David Thomas (see notes to no. 24). Williams's distaste for war as the 'savage exploits' of murderous kings (no. 24, lines 31–42), along with his Painite anticipation of a peaceful future entailing 'the end of kings' (line 196), would hardly have gone unnoticed by Thomas, the anti-Painite propagandist (no. 36), and his friends; all of whom, at some stage or another, composed panegyric and elegy to the kings and soldiers so reviled in Williams's *cywydd*. On this occasion Thomas sang a suitably bardic offering on the 'Restoration and Memory of the customs of the Ancient Welsh', while Evan Prichard contributed with an ostensibly religious piece

on pride and oppression.[181] These, and the decidedly loyalist panegyric of the quarryman Griffith Williams – 'Hir hoedl a llwyddiant i'r Brenin Siôr III' (Long life and prosperity to King George III)[182] – further emphasize the gaping political chasm between Edward Williams and these north Walian poets. David Thomas was impressed with the neodruidic claims of the man he described as 'a hearty Welshman and a generous Briton with waves of Druidic blood in his veins'.[183] This enthusiasm may have blinded him to Williams's references to 'harsh' and murderous kings (lines 31–42, 157) and his indictment of soldiers as madmen, sowing grief throughout the world (lines 61–2). This Gorsedd meeting demonstrates how both radicalism and loyalism coexist within the same bardic culture. Nonetheless, Edward Williams's resistance to a British hegemony was atypical of its time, as we see in the way in which Welsh poets marshalled the Welsh nation and its heroes for pro-British purposes.

The Eisteddfod may be considered a barometer of mainstream opinion, or even a microcosm of the way in which British national identity established itself in Welsh culture in general and bardic loyalism in particular. As we have seen, the poetic patriarchs in this anthology form a useful control group for charting the provenance and contours of conservatism and Britishness in the period prior to the French Revolution. At the other end of the scale, Robert Davies was only twenty years old at the time of the French Revolution and had not yet left the provinces for London, but he, too, was long-lived, and his attitude to politics and Britishness throughout his life, like that of the equally long-lived Walter Davies, provides a view of the further consolidation of Britishness and conservatism that was the legacy of the Revolutionary wars and subsequent Napoleonic wars. However, Britishness was not necessarily strengthened at the expense of Welshness. In terms of vocabulary, 'England' and 'Britain' are often used interchangeably, as were 'Welsh' and 'British',[184] yet, there is often no political relevance to the poet's choice of name for Great Britain; it is more often than not a pragmatic decision based on satisfying metrical needs (see, for example, no. 26, line 12; no. 28, line 21). Identities, too, like terminology could be interchangeable and entirely contingent on context, whether eisteddfodic in origin or not.

The *awdlau* of David Thomas and Walter Davies were discussed in the previous section on Revolutionary debate, but their articulation of liberty also feeds into British nationalist discourse, highlighting its inherent regional, national and imperial inflections. David Thomas claimed Protestant and Hanoverian Great Britain as a paragon of civility (no. 34, lines 120–3), but despite the simplistic institutional loyalism of his *awdl*, regional and national concerns are also inherent in his account of liberty, not to mention an element of bolstering the Gwyneddigion Society's collective ego. The

interrelationship of Gwynedd and Great Britain becomes evident as his *awdl* builds to a climax: after following the course of the goddess of liberty on a whistle-stop tour through Europe, Asia and Africa (lines 166–79), the narrator bard returns to Gwynedd (lines 211–22), which he depicts as a paragon of British loyalism. In a topographical section of the poem, the narrator is moved by the beauty of Gwynedd – a mirroring of the trope of British bounty and prosperity – and desires God's blessing on the entire kingdom (lines 241–50). Great Britain is not a homogenous mass for Thomas, for in these lines he acknowledges each constituent part of post-1707 Britain – England, Scotland and Wales – and also attests the legitimacy of the Welsh bards to express British loyalism within the eisteddfodic bardic sphere governed by the Gwyneddigion Society. We see the poet at the centre, in a pattern of expanding circles of loyalism, and just as national identity is an extension of regionalism,[185] British nationalism is here an extension of Welsh patriotism.

While David Thomas's celebration of Britishness is very much 'of the moment', Walter Davies's negotiation of the subject takes a long view. As a future vicar in the Established Church, he is also much more of a British apologist than Thomas. The 'heroic words' (no. 41, line 84) of the representative Frenchman who justifies the Revolution and crushing of the Bastille vindicate British heroism (lines 87–172). Echoing British arrogance during the first stages of the French Revolution, Davies recalls the long history of Anglo-French conflict, specifically the Hundred Years' War, in order to portray the Revolution as yet another historic British triumph over the French. The Welsh heroes he invokes here were part of the combined Anglo-Welsh forces renowned for their valour in strategic battles such as Crécy and Agincourt (lines 119–34). On the surface, this seems to point to an integrationist model of Britishness, as Davies accurately cites the heroic deeds of Hywel y Fwyall and Dafydd Gam to illustrate the collaborative nature of Anglo-Welsh relations in the past. But it is a past, as he sees it, in which the colonized Welsh nonetheless retained their individuality – Dafydd Gam remains 'Wales's heroic eagle' (line 132) – and so Davies's model is more accurately one of an inclusive British polity.

Davies idealizes Great Britain: it is the cradle of liberty and a paradigm for all Europe (lines 213–24). His assertion of liberty as a British virtue gives way to an effusive paean to the virtues of Britain, 'heaven on earth, land of peace' (line 214), replete with a note of imperial triumphalism: Britain is the 'queen in the bosom of the seas, / praise and fame of her soldiers' (lines 217–18), as well as 'the scourge of France' (line 220). There follows a summary of Welsh history in which Davies attempts to locate Wales within the glorious British state. Glossing over Wales's early history and struggles

for liberty against 'savage' Romans (lines 304–5) and 'barbaric' Saxons (lines 306–7), Davies explains that divine providence finally granted true liberty to the Welsh in the guise of Henry Tudor and the Tudor Acts of Union (1537–43), ratified under Henry VIII, who, in turn, brought Protestantism to the realm (lines 332–5).[186] Rather than representing a final loss of Welsh sovereignty, for Davies, like Evan Evans before him,[187] the Tudor Union of England and Wales, achieved when the 'Welshman' Henry VII came to the English throne after the battle of Bosworth (1485), represents a victorious restoration of the sovereignty of Britain to the Welsh. Unlike the defensive Evans, it is for Davies a union in which Welsh cultural and linguistic difference is confidently retained. There is nothing new in the way in which Davies binds the twin blessings of Tudor monarchs and Protestantism for Wales and Britain.[188] The Acts of Union were hailed by Welsh antiquaries of the seventeenth century as the greatest blessing bestowed upon the Welsh, and their interpretation, underpinned by the Protestant, Humanist venture of translating the Scriptures into Welsh (lines 375, 384), endured until the turn of the twentieth century.[189] Walter Davies in his *awdl* evokes the Tudor Acts of Union, not only for unionist purposes but in order to establish, in the wake of the French Revolution, the Protestant pedigree of British liberty which was secured by the Glorious Revolution of 1688. In fact, this more glorious precursor of France's Revolution is the climax towards which the narrative drive of Davies's *awdl* on liberty builds.

Bolstering the trope of Britain as the land of liberty is part of the enduring legacy of the French Revolution and Revolutionary debate, as is the need to defend British liberty.[190] Davies used liberty in his Unionist narrative, and it proved just as appealing to many of his fellow-poets. The same national (Welsh) and state narrative of Great Britain as the island of liberty was reiterated in later eisteddfodic *awdlau*, notably 'Cariad i'n Gwlad' (The Love of our Country; 1798) and 'Ynys Prydain a'i hamddiffyniad rhag cenedl estron' (The Island of Britain and its defence against a foreign nation; 1804).[191] In their extant *awdlau* on 'The love of our Country', Robert Davies (the winning poet), Charles Jones, Robert Jones, and Thomas Jones all locate Wales in a British narrative and also attest that their poems had their genesis in a loyalist response to war.[192] While the lack of the feminine is obvious in the make-up of this anthology in general, Britannia as a female embodiment of the sovereignty of the nation is dutifully represented. Jonathan Hughes uses the powerful image of the woman in danger of defilement by the armies of the French and grieving for her defender, Horatio Nelson (no. 6, lines 13–16). Furthermore, maintaining Britannia's liberty provides the patriotic stimulus for his address to the lads of Gwynedd (no. 5, line 75). Welsh-language poets also made a concerted effort to locate prominent Welsh

figures within the British pantheon of heroes who had ensured British liberty;[193] a process that gained further momentum throughout the Napoleonic wars, as in Richard Jones's eisteddfodic *awdl*, written in the aftermath of Waterloo, 'Haeddedigol Goffadwriaeth am Hynafiaid y Cymry a ymdrechasant ymhlaid Rhyddid' (Deserving Remembrance of the Ancestors of the Welsh who fought for Liberty; Llangefni eisteddfod 1816).[194]

Heroes

As part of the legacy of the French Revolution and the Revolutionary wars to national unity, Welsh heroes were presented by Welsh poets as incarnations of Britishness. No matter who is the direct object of their praise – George III, Watkin Williams Wynn, Horatio Nelson, local militia or volunteers – Great Britain is the constant subtext of the poetry. But there are also regional and national (Welsh) dimensions to the poets' loyalty to Great Britain. Safer perhaps than openly and publicly upholding the likes of Paine, in Bardism and its concomitant bardic poems Edward Williams marshalled heroes of the remote past, such as Rhita Gawr, Dyfnwal Moelmud, Hu Gadarn, Catwg Ddoeth and King Arthur, to project very modern qualities of pacifism and egalitarianism.[195] But he is very much alone in this, as the heroes portrayed in the largely loyalist poetry of the Revolutionary age are mostly contemporary and martial ones. The reciprocity of regional, national and state identity, embodied in public figures, is seen most clearly, but not exclusively, in a militaristic context. It is witnessed in strict- and free-metre panegyric and elegy to Welsh gentry, as in Ioan Siencyn's elegy to Colonel Sir Hugh Owen of Orialton, MP for Pembrokeshire who died in 1786. The poet states that all Protestants who uphold liberty in Church and state will mourn for Owen. His praiseworthiness rests not only on his own status in the British parliament – 'hen biler defnyddiol, rhinweddol ei wedd' (an old, useful, virtuous pillar) – but in his pedigree as both a Welsh and British benefactor and defender of Britain's Protestant inheritance: his grandfather and namesake is lauded for his role in the Glorious Revolution, 'I'n cadw rhag trawster pabistiaid' (to keep us from the oppression of papists).[196] So, too, Evan Prichard's poems to the minor gentry of north Wales. Prichard does not respond directly to war, yet it looms large in the bardic loyalism of his free-metre coming-of-age poem to Robert Carreg in 1798, composed to the tune 'God Save the King',[197] and in his elegy to John Gruffydd of Cefn Amwlch (d. 4 December 1794), a patriotic Welshman who loved his king and who also fostered the poor of Llŷn and Arfon, and for whom the whole of Britain allegedly mourns.[198]

The celebratory poems of John Thomas of Penffordd-wen (author of no. 33) are more representative of this process of idolizing martial heroes. Thomas praised both a plebeian hero and a knight of the realm for their military prowess. The sailor Evan Jones of Liverpool had served for nine years on a warship, including time in Egypt, probably in Nelson's fleet at the battle of Aboukir Bay 1798:

> . . . Fe gadd wrth fentro gormod,
> Gan arfau dur y Ffrancod,
> Mewn cryndod, lawer craith;
> Drwy waed fe safai'n wiw,
> A'i lun yn goch ei liw,
> Oer ofid, yn y rhyfel, tra rhyfedd, trwy bob trafel
> Ei fron gadd aml friw.[199]
>
> (Because he was too bold, he received
> many scars
> from the steel weapons of the French;
> through blood he stood fast
> (his face stained red),
> awful affliction, in the war (most awful), through every travail,
> he received many wounds to his chest.)

By praising the extraordinary bravery of this ordinary man, whose scarred body is a physical reminder to the community of the horrors of war, John Thomas not only brings the effects of a distant war home to rural Wales but also demonstrates that a fine Welshman may project the very best of Britishness. At the opposite end of the social spectrum, the title of John Thomas's poem to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn (1772–1840) clearly signposts his loyalist message: 'Cân o glod i Syr W. W. Wynn, Barwn, a'i wŷr, y rhai a aethant allan o'u gwlad i dir Ffrainc, i wynebu ac i ddarostwng ein gelynion, er amddiffyn ein rhyddid, ein Teyrnas a'n cyfreithiau, &c. I'w chanu ar '*Sir Watkin's March*' (A song of praise to Sir W. W. Wynn, Baron, and his men, who left their country for French soil, to face and subdue our enemies, in order to defend our liberty, our Kingdom and our laws, &c. To be sung on '*Sir Watkin's March*'). Initially, however, the poet identifies Wynn as a Welshman and locates him in his immediate regional context:

> Y gwych Syr Watcyn, foddus fyddin,
> Sydd ruddin, brigyn bro,
> Yn gwneud ei ran i gadw'r ynys,
> Ŵr trefnus, ar bob tro;

Gan fentro ei fywyd, hyfryd un,
A gwario'i dda, gywira' ddyn
I gadw'i lannerch rhag gelynion
A lladron o bob llun . . .[200]

(The great Sir Watkin (well-ordered army)
is the moral fibre and scion of the region,
doing his part to defend the island,
a disciplined man at all times,
risking his life (lovely one)
and spending his fortune (most loyal man)
to save his land from enemies
and all sorts of thieves . . .)

The Jacobite sympathies of his grandfather and namesake are clearly ancient history,[201] for Thomas asserts that there is no-one in Britain more willing for his country's success than this good Welshman. Conflating the Catholic threat of France and Ireland, that Wynn was one of the 'Bloody Britons' in Ireland is a source of both Welsh (national) and British (state) pride: 'Gwnâi bwyo a ffrwyno Ffrainc: / Bu'n ddolur i Wyddelod' (He battered and bridled France: / he caused pain to Irishmen).[202] Peace was as important a thread in the discourse of military success as valour:

Drwy serch daw eto i'w sir,
'R ôl taro a chadw'n tir,
Er maint y ffrwst, a thrwst, a thristwch,
Cawn heddwch cyn bo hir:
Ni saif y Ffrencyn meddal
Fawr [g]well na Gwyddel gwag;
Pan ddelo Cymro i'w dir i daro,
Rhaid plygu a theimlo plag:
Plant Cymru a bery'n bur drwy dân ac arfau dur
Syr Watcyn efo ei wŷr.[203]

(Through love, he will again come to his county,
after striking [the enemy] and saving our land,
despite the haste, uproar, and sadness,
we will soon have peace:
the weak Frenchy will not endure
any better than the worthless Irishman;
when a Welshman comes to their lands to strike

they must yield and feel the affliction:
Wales's children will remain pure through the fire and weapons of steel of
Sir Watkin with his men.)

The poems discussed so far do not feature in this anthology, but they have been cited as vital context for the British sentiment articulated in the anthologized elegies to Horatio Nelson (1758–1805), nos. 6, 28, 29, 39. Both Wynn and Nelson are hailed as paragons of Britishness, yet there are slightly different processes at work in the poems to both men. Wynn was a major figure in Wales: his grandfather was dubbed 'the Prince of Wales' by Horace Walpole.[204] But his position in the pantheon of the British state was more modest and London's caricaturists capitalized on his Welshness as a mark of difference.[205] The poems of John Thomas and other Welsh poets to Sir Watkin portray him as a very Welsh embodiment of British virtues, suggestive of a contributionist approach to Britishness. Nelson, on the other hand, was a thoroughly British hero and the elegies anthologized here reflect an approach that is more integrationist. David Thomas, who introduces his elegy to Nelson with a couplet from the work of Goronwy Owen – 'Mawr ryddid Cymru heddiw: / Llawen ei chân, llonwych yw' (Wales's liberty is today great: / her song is joyful, she is happy and excellent; no. 39) – reveals the extent to which Wales was sometimes identified with Britain as a whole and the way in which Nelson was used for loyalist purposes and national unity in popular song throughout Great Britain.[206]

Despite hailing Nelson as a national hero – 'rhyfelwr cynta'r oes' (foremost warrior of the age) and 'arglwydd mawr y môr' (great lord of the sea) – John Jones's song on Trafalgar and the death of Nelson is low-key. His sympathy lies with war widows, and Trafalgar is not, for him, a glorious victory but an example of the cruelty of war:

. . . Peth mawr na fedrai dynion fyw
Yn ara deg trwy eiriau Duw,
Nid ydyw rhyfel o bob rhyw
    I'n clyw ond clwy;
Rhown gweddïau, gorau gwaith,
Er mwyn dedwyddwch cnawdol daith,
Am heddwch heb ymrafael maith
    O ryfel mwy.[207]

(. . . It is a sore thing that men could not live
steadily through God's words,
all war is nothing
but a plague to our ears;

let us pray (the best task)
for a contented earthly journey,
and for peace without any further quarrel
of war.)

Jones's pragmatic pacifism echoes the anti-war sentiments expressed in Welsh-language poetry throughout the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars by conservatives and radicals alike. In contrast, the poems to Nelson in this collection reflect the growing cult of celebrity which surrounded him.[208] He was also celebrated in the 1808 issue of the periodical *Trysorfa Gwybodaeth. Neu Eurgrawn Cymraeg*, which included a brief biographical sketch, an account of his naval victories in Egypt, Copenhagen and Trafalgar, and his final words as well as his funeral. It even included a translation of Nelson's last letter to his wife.[209] These commemorative pieces are all peppered with biblical allusions that refer to providential history and imply that the British nation, like the Israelites, is favoured by God.

Not content with voicing British sentiment, David Thomas reminds his Welsh audience of their own British alignment: 'the heart of a true Welshman / will be like a gravestone for Nelson!' (no. 39, lines 57–64). Such was John Roberts's admiration of Nelson that he composed two elegies for him. 'Ystyriaethau ar farwolaeth y clodadwy Fôr-lywydd Nelson' (Reflections on the death of the praiseworthy Admiral Nelson) is not anthologized here, but it too, like no. 29 by Roberts and no. 39 by David Thomas, represents Nelson's glorification as a national British hero.[210] Nelson's celebrity status was bolstered by material culture that harnessed the power of images such as Britannia and the British Lion in what was a process of the commodification of culture and national identity. A thoroughly multimedia phenomenon from the outset, celebrity culture was sustained by both material and discursive apparatus.[211] Numerous earthenware cups and jugs were produced to commemorate his naval successes and to propagate the naval might of Great Britain.[212] John Roberts's poem (no. 29) highlights the cultural transfer along linguistic and generic lines that is a feature of bilingual cultures such as that in late eighteenth-century Wales. It is also a feature of the active participation of audiences in the construction of celebrity culture, 'appropriating celebrity texts for their own purposes and producing texts of their own in response'.[213] Roberts's postscript to the elegy anthologized here acknowledges his debt to one such vessel that both fed and reflected the growing cult of Nelson's memory, and also fostered a shared sense of British identity (see frontispiece and Fig. 1). It is an earthenware jug made in Newcastle about 1805, printed in violet with the figure of Britannia weeping over a portrait of Nelson, and inscribed with the following lines which provide the basic rubric for Roberts's Welsh elegy:

Behold the Portrait of my darling Son,
Who fought and conquer'd ere his Race was run;
Great was his Mind, his Soul serenely brave;
BRITANNIA weeps! let all bedew his Grave
With briny Tears, let none be void of Grief;
For me no Pleasure hence, my Sorrow's past Relief;
Unless his Mantle dropt by NEPTUNE'S Care,
On some heroic Shoulder fit to wear
A Garb prophetic of its worth and Fame
Should emulate in daring Deeds great NELSON'S Glorious Name.[214]

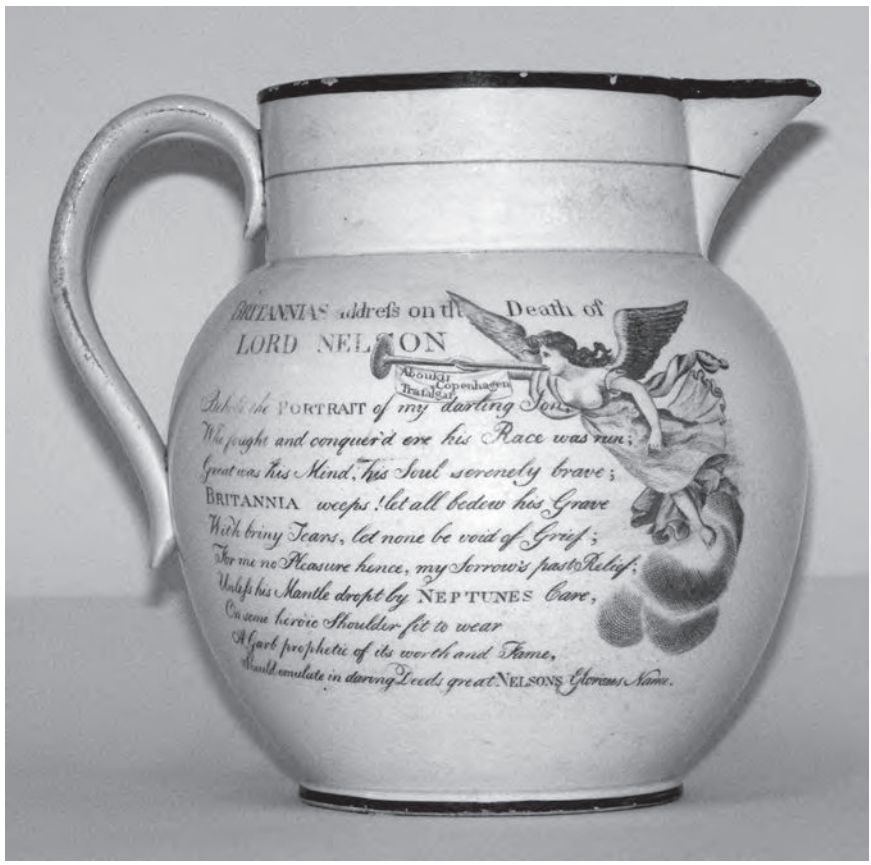
Death of
LORD NEL ON
Aboukir
Copenhagen
Trafalgar
Behold the PORTRAIT of my darling Son
Who fought and conquer'd ere his Race was run;
Great was his Mind, his Soul serenely brave;
BRITANNIA weeps! let all bedew his Grave
With briny Tears, let none be void of Grief;
For me no Pleasure hence, my Sorrow's past Relief;
Unless his Mantle dropt by NEPTUNES Care,
On some heroic Shoulder fit to wear
A Garb prophetic of its worth and Fame,
Should emulate in daring Deeds great NELSONS Glorious Name.

Figure 1. The text on a creamware and violet jug commemorating the death of Horatio Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar in 1805, by kind permission of the Royal Pavilion and Museums, Brighton & Hove.

Jonathan Hughes died 25 November 1805 and according to his grandson, Joseph Hughes, his loyalist elegy to Nelson (no. 6) was the last poem that he composed.[215] As such, it may be viewed as Hughes's fulfilment as poet of British bardic loyalism, as much as the apotheosis of Nelson as a British hero.

Praising and commemorating heroes was part of the poet's traditional role as a nation's remembrancer and is summarized in a line by one of the earliest Welsh poets, Aneirin, 'beirdd byd barnant wŷr o galon' (poets of the world appraise brave men). Aneirin's poem was discovered in the eighteenth century by Evan Evans, whose own poem *The Love of Our Country* (1772) includes a roll-call of Welsh champions:

> What theme more noble could the Muse have thought,
> Than those who bravely for this COUNTRY fought?[216]

In her analysis of Evans's poem, Sarah Prescott argues that he 'frames his patriotism in terms of a rhetorical question, as if to anticipate the need to defend his subject: Wales'.[217] No such anxiety prevails in the Welsh-language poetry of Revolutionary debate and legacy, for the simple reason that the representative heroes depicted in this anthology are decidedly contemporary and of the age. The Welsh poetic apologists of the British state therefore needed no such questioning in their poems. The only historical subjects feature in Walter Davies's *awdl* on liberty (no. 41), in which past Welsh heroes are reconfigured to affirm a precedent for unity and concord between Wales and England. Arguably then, what we see in the Welsh poetry of the French Revolution and Revolutionary wars is the beginning of a shift in emphasis: from locating patriotism in a glorious (bardic) past to recent military and naval victories (albeit within a historical framework); from English/Saxon Other to French Other; from Cambria to Britannia as focus of patriotism; and from the defensiveness of Evan Evans to the assertive celebration of Walter Davies. But is the forward-looking confidence of Jonathan Hughes, John Roberts, David Thomas, Walter Davies and others indicative of the acquiescence of an integrated, colonized people, or of trust in an inclusive British state founded on mutual respect and esteem of constituent parts?

On the whole, the Welsh-language poets of this collection loosely fit the integrationist thesis of Britishness expounded by Linda Colley in *Britons: Forging the Nation 1707–1837*: that is, of acquiescent loyalty to the British state, to Church and Crown.[218] Even as bardic culture and its genres was marshalled in support of the British project, bardic culture, animated by the Welsh language, marks the Welsh poets in this anthology, and the Wales that they depict, as distinct from England. They seem to integrate on their

own terms, and viewed Wales's interaction with the wider British state as a symbiotic relationship. Yes, in the main, they acquiesce to Church and king, but these Welsh poets were not quiescent to the Anglocentric pull of Britishness: by retaining the Welsh language and the bardic culture it supported they effectively maintained the cultural and linguistic difference of Wales and the Welsh, and demonstrated that resistance to linguistic and cultural Anglicization need not necessarily equate with being un-British.[219] It is true that many of the poets in this anthology could speak English, to different degrees (William Jones, Jonathan Hughes, David Davis, Edward Williams, John Thomas of Pentrefoelas, Walter Davies and Robert Davies), in an age when ninety per cent of the Welsh populace were monoglot Welsh speakers.[220] Some wrote Anglophone poetry (William Jones, Edward Williams, David Thomas and John Thomas of Penffordd-wen), Edward Williams gave his seal of approval to the English language as a legitimate bardic language in a London Gorsedd in September 1792,[221] and some poets included macaronic elements in their poetry.[222] In fact, the Welsh language was not deemed 'un-British' until the British Empire was at its height and Anglicization ('a glue of integration')[223] was deemed indispensable for the success of this imperial agenda. In the educational report published in 1847, a moment of national crisis still referred to as 'the treason of the blue books' (brad y llyfrau gleision), the Welsh language was inaccurately blamed for the perceived immorality, irreligion and illiteracy of the Welsh populace.[224]

As a body of verse and representation of responses to revolution, these poems are not straight-forwardly loyalist or British: they are riddled with inconsistencies and contradictions, and a great deal of political, denominational and individual variation is also in evidence. To some extent political differences were religious or regional in origin, as the radical voices heard in this anthology tend to hail from Arian and Arminian communities in south Wales (David Davis, Thomas Evans and Edward Williams). Religious affiliation had its own pull in terms of Britishness, and while Nonconformists were not true to the Established Church, they were certainly anxious to prove their loyalty to the State: the Methodists John Roberts and Evan Prichard are cases in point. Edward Williams represents an argument for a case by case evaluation: a Unitarian, he is, unlike any other poet in this collection, openly resistant and thoroughly antagonistic to the colonization of Wales.[225] He occasionally employed the nomenclature 'Cambro-British', but his emphasis was resolutely Welsh and he generally preferred the more pointed term 'Ancient Britons'; a term that simultaneously asserted the Welsh as a cultural nation apart, and undermined contemporary discourse of a monolithic 'British' state comprising loyal 'Britons'. The precocious liberalism he claimed for the 'Ancient Britons' and their early adoption of liberty might

also be construed as a claim that it is the Welsh who are the true 'Britons'. In the work of the poets whose responses to revolution are anthologized here, regional, national and state or imperial identities are part of a continuum in which a Welsh bard was no less a Welshman for also being a good Briton, and certainly no less a Briton for also being Welsh.

Notes

1 Linda Colley, *Britons: Forging the Nation 1707–1837* (reprint, London, 1994).

2 For the responses of other 'Celtic' peripheries, see Bob Harris, *The Scottish People and the French Revolution* (London, 2008); Hugh Gough and David Dickinson (eds.), *Ireland and the French Revolution* (Dublin, 1990); H. T. Dickinson (ed.), *Ireland in the Age of Revolution*, 1760–1805, I (3 vols., London, 2012).

3 Sarah Prescott, *Eighteenth-Century Writing from Wales* (Cardiff, 2008); Bethan Mair Jenkins, 'Concepts of Prydeindod (Britishness) in 18th century Anglo-Welsh writing: with special reference to the works of Lewis Morris, Evan Evans and Edward Williams' (unpublished University of Oxford D.Phil. thesis, 2011); Shawna Lichtenwalner, *Claiming Cambria: Invoking the Welsh in the Romantic Era* (Newark, 2008); Andrew Davies, '"Redirecting the Attention of History": Antiquarian and Historical Fictions of Wales from the Romantic Period', in Damian Walford Davies and Lynda Pratt (eds.), *Wales and the Romantic Imagination* (Cardiff, 2007), pp. 104–21; Colin Kidd, 'Wales, the Enlightenment and the New British History', *WHR*, 25, no. 2 (2010), 209–30; Howard D. Weinbrot, *Britannia's Issue: The Rise of British Literature from Dryden to Ossian* (Cambridge, 1993); Katie Trumpener, *Bardic Nationalism: The Romantic Novel and the British Empire* (Princeton, 1997).

4 Cathryn A. Charnell-White, 'Networking the Nation: The Bardic and Correspondence Networks of Wales and London in the 1790s', in Mary-Ann Constantine and Dafydd Johnston (eds.), *'Footsteps of Liberty and Revolt': Essays on Wales and the French Revolution* (Cardiff, forthcoming).

5 A. O. H. Jarman and Gwilym Rees Hughes (eds.), *A Guide to Welsh Literature*, 2 (Llandybïe 1984).

6 E. G. Millward, *Yr Arwrgerdd Gymraeg: Ei Thwf a'i Thranc* (Caerdydd, 1998), pp. 78–9.

7 Most common is the *englyn unodl union* (e.g. nos. 3, 22, 26, 32, 42, 43, 49, 50). Other forms of *englynion* are employed in the *awdlau* in this anthology, e.g. *englyn cwca* (no. 7, lines 9–12; no. 34, lines 1–4; no. 41, lines 390–3, 398–401).

8 E. G. Millward, 'Gwerineiddio Llenyddiaeth Gymraeg', in R. Geraint Gruffydd (gol.), *Bardos: Penodau ar y Traddodiad Barddol Cymreig a Cheltaidd* (Caerdydd, 1982), pp. 95–110.

9 For the relationship between music and free-metre verse, see Phyllis Kinney, *Welsh Traditional Music* (Cardiff, 2011). For the development of the ballad form, see Ffion Mair Jones, *Welsh Ballads of the French Revolution 1793–1815* (Cardiff, 2012).

[10] Siwan M. Rosser (ed.), *Bardd Pengwern: Detholiad o Gerddi Jonathan Hughes, Llangollen (1721–1805)* (Barddas, 2007), pp. 32–3; *eadem*, 'Jonathan Hughes a Gwerineiddio Llenyddiaeth y Ddeunawfed Ganrif', *Y Traethodydd*, 156 (2001), 235–44.

[11] Dafydd Jones (ed.), *Blodeu-gerdd Cymry* (Mwythig, 1759); *idem* (ed.), *Cydymaith Diddan* (Caer Lleon, 1766); Hugh Hughes, *Diddanwch i'w Feddianydd* (Dublin, 1773); William Jones (ed.), *Llu o Ganiadau* (Croesoswallt, 1798).

[12] R. T. Jenkins and Helen M. Ramage, *A History of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion and of the Gwyneddigion and Cymreigyddion Societies (1751–1951)* (London, 1951); Emrys Jones, 'The Age of Societies', in *idem* (ed.), *The Welsh in London 1500–2000* (Cardiff, 2001), pp. 54–87; Gerald Morgan, 'The Morris Brothers', in Branwen Jarvis (ed.), *A Guide to Welsh Literature c.1700–1800* (Cardiff, 2000), pp. 64–80.

[13] Anon., *Constitutions of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion in London, begun in London in the month of September 1751* (London, 1755); Anon., *Gosodedigaethau Anrhydeddus Gymdeithas y Cymmrodorion* (Llundain, 1755).

[14] Cathryn A. Charnell-White, *Bardic Circles: National, Regional and Personal Identity in the Bardic Vision of Iolo Morganwg* (Cardiff, 2007), pp. 9–12.

[15] Geraint Phillips, *Dyn Heb ei Gyffelyb yn y Byd: Owain Myfyr a'i Gysylltiadau Llenyddol* (Caerdydd, 2010), pp. 132–3, 245.

[16] J. H. Davies (ed.), *The Letters of Goronwy Owen (1723–1769)* (Cardiff, 1924), p. 140.

[17] Saunders Lewis, *A School of Welsh Augustans* (Wrexham, 1924); Branwen Jarvis, 'Goronwy Owen: Neoclassical Poet and Critic', in *eadem* (ed.), *A Guide to Welsh Literature c.1700–1800*, pp. 81–103; Ffion Llywelyn Jenkins, 'Celticism and Pre-Romanticism: Evan Evans', in ibid., pp. 104–25.

[18] Lewis Morris to Evan Evans, 13 November 1756, in Hugh Owen (ed.), *Additional Letters of the Morrises of Anglesey (1735–1786)* (London, 1947), p. 291.

[19] Murray Pittock, *Scottish and Irish Romanticism* (Oxford, 2008).

[20] Damian Walford Davies, *Presences that Disturb: Models of Romantic Identity in the Literature and Culture of the 1790s* (Cardiff, 2002); *idem*, '"At Defiance", Iolo, Godwin, Coleridge, Wordsworth', in Geraint H. Jenkins (ed.), *A Rattleskull Genius: The Many Faces of Iolo Morganwg* (Cardiff, 2005), pp. 147–72; Jon Mee, '"Images of Truth New Born": Iolo, William Blake and the Literary Radicalism of the 1790s', in ibid., pp. 173–93.

[21] Michael Scrivener, *Poetry and Reform: Periodical Verse from the English Democratic Press 1792–1824* (Detroit, 1992), p. 25.

[22] Charnell-White, *Bardic Circles*, pp. 15–18, 34–7, *passim*.

[23] Jones, *Welsh Ballads of the French Revolution*, pp. 158–63, 170–6, 178–84, 196–220, 222–33.

[24] Gwyn A. Williams, 'Romanticism in Wales', in Roy Porter and Mikuláš Teich (eds.), *Romanticism in National Context* (Cambridge, 1988), p. 30.

[25] Charnell-White, *Bardic Circles*, *passim*.

[26] For a literary perspective, see John Kerrigan, *Archipelagic English: Literature, History and Politics 1603–1707* (Oxford, 2008); Philip Schwyzer and Simon Mealor (eds.), *Archipelagic Identities: Literature and Identity in the Atlantic Archipelago, 1550–1800*

(Aldershot, 2004); Philip Schwyzer, *Literature, Nationalism and Memory in Early Modern England and Wales* (Cambridge, 2004); Murray Pittock, *Inventing and Resisting Britain: Cultural Identities in Britain and Ireland, 1685–1789* (Basingstoke, 1997).

27 J. J. Evans, *Morgan John Rhys a'i Amserau* (Caerdydd, 1935), p. 7.

28 Ellis Roberts, *Y Ddau Gyfamod* (Trefriw, 1777).

29 D. M., *Dechreuad, Cynnydd, a Chyflwr Presenol, y Dadl rhwng Pobl America a'r Llywodraeth Wedi ei gyfiaethu o'r Saesneg er budd i'r Cymru* (Trefriw, 1776).

30 Dafydd Glyn Jones (ed.), *Canu Twm o'r Nant* (Bangor, 2010); *idem*, 'The Interludes', in Jarvis (ed.), *A Guide to Welsh Literature c.1700–1800*, pp. 210–55, pp. 239–54 in particular.

31 Anon., *Barn, ar Egwyddorion y llywodraeth, mewn ymddiddan rhwng pendefig a hwsmon, a gyhoeddwyd gan y Parchedig William Dafis Shipley . . .* (Ynghaerludd, [1785?]). See Emyr Wyn Jones, *Yr Anterliwt Goll* (Aberystwyth, 1984). For the legal difficulties this interlude caused Bishop Shipley, see J. H. Davies, 'A Welsh Political Squib of 1784', *JWBS*, III, no. 1 (1935), 17–21; Michael J. Franklin, *'Orientalist Jones': Sir William Jones, Poet, Lawyer, and Linguist, 1746–1794* (Oxford, 2011).

32 Jones, 'The Interludes', pp. 241, 249, 250–1.

33 The Revolution and Revolutionary wars do, however, provide vital context for several of his poems, including 'Cerdd i Berson Paris', in Jones (ed.), *Canu Twm o'r Nant*, pp. 201–16, 308–10, and 'Carol Plygain, i'w ganu ar y mesur "Tempest of War"' (A Plygain Carol, to be sung on the tune 'Tempest of War'), in William Edwards, *Cell Callestr: Neu Gasgliad o Ganiadau . . .* (Trefriw, 1815), pp. 45–7. See also his response to the 1795 corn riots at Denbigh, G. M. Ashton (ed.), *Hunangofiant a Llythyrau Twm o'r Nant* (Caerdydd, 1948), pp. 18–19. See D. J. V. Jones, 'The Corn Riots in Wales, 1793–1801', *WHR*, 2, no. 4 (1965), 323–50.

34 NLW 13221E, p. 301, William Jones to William Owen Pughe, undated. For abject poverty on the Llŷn Peninsula in the late 1790s, see NLW 444B, p. 45.

35 NLW 1806E, pp. 782–4, 786. See also NLW 13221E, pp. 311–12, William Jones to William Owen Pughe, 15 July 1792; ibid., p. 267, William Jones to William Owen Pughe, 2 December 1792; NLW 13224B, p. 109, William Jones to William Owen Pughe, 1 July 1793. Geraint H. Jenkins, '"A Rank Republican [and] a Leveller": William Jones, Llangadfan', *WHR*, 17, no. 3 (1995), 365–86; *idem*, 'The "Rural Voltaire" and the "French madcaps"', in Constantine and Johnston (eds.), *'Footsteps of Liberty and Revolt'*.

36 NLW 13221E, p. 303, William Jones to William Owen Pughe, 7 May 1794. For emigration see also H. M. Davies, '"Very Different Springs of Uneasiness": Emigration from Wales to the United States of America during the 1790s', *WHR*, 15, no. 3 (1991), 368–98.

37 Keith Michael Baker, *Inventing the French Revolution: Essays on French Political Culture in the Eighteenth Century* (Cambridge, 1990), pp. 201–23. Mark Philp, 'Enlightenment, Republicanism and Radicalism', in Martin Fitzpatrick, Peter Jones, Christina Knellwolf and Iain McCalman (eds.), *The Enlightenment World* (London, 2004), pp. 457–72.

[38] See Marion Löffler and Heather Williams, *Translating the French Revolution* (Cardiff, forthcoming).

[39] Charnell-White, *Bardic Circles*, pp. 20–1, 121–3.

[40] NLW 13104B, pp. 87–91.

[41] H. T. Dickinson, *British Radicalism and the French Revolution 1789–1815* (Oxford, 1985); *idem* (ed.), *Britain and the French Revolution, 1789–1815* (Basingstoke, 1789); Clive Emsley, *Britain and the French Revolution* (Harlow, 2000); Robin Eagles, *Francophilia in English Society, 1748–1815* (Houndmills, 2000), p. 16.

[42] Quoted in Gregory Claeys, *The French Revolution Debate in Britain: The Origins of Modern Politics* (Basingstoke, 2007), p. 8. David Williams declined an invitation to assist in the formulation of the new French constitution in 1792, but he did accept the honour of being made a French citizen in the same year, Whitney D. Jones, *David Williams: The Anvil and the Hammer* (Cardiff, 1986), pp. 113–35.

[43] J. R. Jones (ed.), *Liberty Secured? Britian Before and After 1688* (Stanford, 1992).

[44] D. O. Thomas, *Richard Price and America* (Aberystwyth, 1975); *idem*, *Richard Price (1723–1791)* (Cardiff, 1796).

[45] Richard Price, *A Discourse on the Love of our Country* (London, 1789), p. 50.

[46] Robert Hole, 'British Counter-Revolutionary Popular Propaganada in the 1790s', in Colin Jones (ed.), *Britain and Revolutionary France: Conflict, Subversion and Propaganda* (Exeter, 1983), pp. 53–69; Pamela Clemit (ed.), *The Cambridge Companion to British Literature of the French Revolution in the 1790s* (Cambridge, 2011), *passim*; Gregory Claeys (ed.), *Political Writing of the 1790s* (8 vols., London, 1995).

[47] NLW 1806E, letter 665, Owen Jones to Walter Davies, 31 October 1789.

[48] Phillips, *Dyn Heb ei Gyffelyb yn y Byd*, pp. 26–7, 29, 43, 44; *idem*, 'Forgery and Patronage: Iolo Morganwg and Owain Myfyr', in Jenkins (ed.), *A Rattleskull Genius*, pp. 403–23.

[49] Iorwerth C. Peate, 'Welsh Society and Eisteddfod Medals and Relics', *THSC* (1937), 293, 285–330.

[50] *Gorchestwaith* (1790), pp. 28–35. D. D. Williams quotes a few lines from an unnamed song to demonstrate his contention that Edwards believed the Revolution had beneficial effects depite its inherent sinfulness: 'Ac Efengyl Tangnefedd, / Yn ymledu yn rhyfedd, / A gwŷr mawr y ddaear, / Yn ysgwyd ar wasgar, / A'u coronau yn siglo, / Yn debyg i syrthio' (And the Gospel of Peace / spreads miraculously, / and the great men of earth / tremble and disperse, / and their crowns wobble, as if to fall off), D. D. Williams, *Twm o'r Nant* (Bangor, 1911), pp. 8–9.

[51] Millward, *Yr Arwrgerdd Gymraeg,* p. 79.

[52] David Thomas, 'Ystyriaeth ar oes dyn', *ADCG*, pp. 12, 11.

[53] 'Happy if learning, not debauched by ambition, had been satisfied to continue the instructor, and not aspired to be the master! Along with its natural protectors and guardians, learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude', quoted in Scrivener, *Poetry and Reform*, pp. 19–20. Education and liberty are also major strands in the hymns written by Edward Williams for the Unitarian cause. See Cathryn A. Charnell-White (ed.), *Detholiad o Emynau Iolo Morganwg* (Aberystwyth, 2009).

[54] For an English translation, see George Borrow, *The Sleeping Bard; or Visions of the World, Death and Hell, by Elis Wyn* (London, 1869).

[55] Walter Davies, *Rhyddid: Traethawd a Ennillodd Ariandlws Cymdeithas y Gwyneddigion ar ei thestun i Eisteddfod Llanelwy B.A. M,DCC,XC* (Llundain, 1791).

[56] Richard Price and Joseph Priestley were amonst those who thought the fall of the Bastille signalled the immanence of the Apocalypse. Frances Carey (ed.), *The Apocalypse and the Shape of Things to Come* (London, 1999), p. 386. Blake and Wordsworth also saw portents of the Apocalypse in the events and protagonists of the French Revolution, as did Hester Thrale Piozzi. Their beliefs were distinct from the popular apocalypticism associated with uneducated, self-styled prophets such as Richard Brothers and Joanna Southcott; Eugen Weber, *Apocalypses: Prophecies, Cults and Millennial Beliefs throughout the Ages* (London, 1999), pp. 105, 110. See also, Morton D. Paley, *Apocalypse and Millennium in English Romantic Poetry* (Oxford, 2003).

[57] Hywel M. Davies, 'Morgan John Rhys a James Bicheno', *BBCS*, XXIX (1980), 111–27.

[58] Morgan John Rhys, *Cyngor Gamaliel* (Caerfyrddin, 1794), pp. 13–14.

[59] Marion Löffler, *Welsh Responses to the French Revolution: Press and Public Discourse 1789–1802* (Cardiff, 2012).

[60] *CIM*, I: 21.

[61] *CIM*, I: 524. See also Marion Löffler, *The Literary and Historical Legacy of Iolo Morganwg 1826–1926* (Cardiff, 2007), pp. 159–60.

[62] For example, anon., *Mighty Tom Paine, A New Song* (n.d.); anon., 'An Antidote to Paine', in *The Apollo; Being an Elegant Selection of Approved Modern Songs . . .* (Bath, [1794]), pp. 39–41; *Gower's Patriotic Songster; or, a Loyalist's Vocal Companion* (second edition, London, n.d.), pp. 12–13, 39–40, 46–56; *The Anti-Levelling Songster* (London, 1793), pp. 5–6, 8–9, 12–13.

[63] Mary-Ann Constantine and Elizabeth Edwards, '"Bard of Liberty": Iolo Morganwg, Wales and Radical Song', in Michael Brown, John Kirk, and Andrew Noble (eds.), *Political Poetry and Song in the Age of Revolution. Volume 1: United Islands? The Languages of Resistance* (London, forthcoming).

[64] Colley, *Britons*, pp. 43–4; Dustin Griffin, *Patriotism and Poetry in Eighteenth-Century Britain* (Cambridge, 2002), pp. 45–80. For loyalist and radical uses of 'God Save the King', see Michael T. Davis, '"An Evening of Pleasure Rather Than Business": Songs, Subversion and Radical Sub-Culture in the 1790s', *Journal for the Study of British Cultures*, 12, no. 2 (2005), 116–19; Scrivener, *Poetry and Reform*, p. 26.

[65] NLW 8201A, pp. 28b–30a.

[66] Ibid., pp. 30a–30b, 34b.

[67] Ibid., pp. 33a–34a. The commonplace book also includes a list of the kings and queens of England from Egbert I to George III, ibid., p. 35b.

[68] *PLP*, II, p. 132; NLW 21396E, no. 11c.

[69] For a similar act of substitution, see 'A New Song' published in *Philanthropy* (1795) for the LCS and Friends of Liberty and Reason. Scrivener, p. 26.

[70] *PLP*, II, pp. 132–5, 214; Evans, *Morgan John Rhys a'i Amserau*, p. 112.

[71] See also 'Liberty, A Song', *PLP*, I, pp. 132–4; 'Ode on the Mythology of the Ancient British Bards', *PLP*, II, pp. 193–216.

[72] Iain McCalman, 'Newgate in Revolution: Radical Enthusiasm and Romantic Counterculture', *Eighteenth-Century Life*, 22, no. 1 (1998), 98. See also Michael T. Davis, Iain McCalman and Christina Parolin (eds.), *Newgate in Revolution: An Anthology of Radical Prison Literature in the Age of Revolution* (London, 2005).

[73] NLW 21334B, pp. 21–3. Geraint H. Jenkins, 'The Bard of Liberty during William Pitt's "Reign of Terror"', in Joseph Falaky Nagy and Leslie Ellen Jones (eds.), *Heroic Poets and Poetic Heroes in Celtic Tradition: A Festschrift for Patrick K. Ford*, CSANA Yearbook 3–4 (Dublin, 2005), pp. 183–206.

[74] *Llais Awen*, pp. 12–34.

[75] NLW 709B, pp. 58b–61a.

[76] E. Wyn James, 'Welsh Ballads and American Slavery', *Welsh Journal of Religious History*, 2 (2007), 69n, 59–86.

[77] The sum of £2.9.6 was expended on creating it 'For the use of Tom pain' (29 December 1792) and a further five shillings paid to Watkin William 'for Hanging Tom Pain and at last burnt him' (9 January 1793), J. H. Matthews (ed.), *Records of the County Borough of Cardiff* (2 vols., Cardiff, 1903), II, pp. 326–7. For north Wales, see, Löffler, *Welsh Responses to the French Revolution*, documents 5.2, 6.2, 6.3.

[78] Ibid., document 3.2; Hywel M. Davies, 'Loyalism in Wales, 1792–1793', *WHR*, 20, no. 4 (2001), 687–742.

[79] The poem is reproduced in its entirety in Löffler, *Welsh Responses to the French Revolution*, document 1.4.

[80] Alfred Neobard Palmer, 'John Wilkinson and the Old Bersham Iron Works', *THSC* (1897–8), 47, 23–64.

[81] *Telyn Arian*, p. 28.

[82] NLW 13224B, p. 95, David Thomas to William Owen Pughe, 6 June 1793. See also NLW 13221E, p. 270, William Jones to William Owen Pughe, 2 December 1792, ibid., p. 313, William Jones to William Owen Pughe, 15 July 1792.

[83] Quoted in Davies, 'Loyalism in Wales', 702.

[84] Mark Philp, 'Vulgar Conservatism, 1792–3', *English Historical Review*, 110 (1995), 44, 42–69; Davis, '"An Evening of Pleasure Rather Than Business"', 116–18.

[85] For a selection of Jones's poems, see E. G. Millward (ed.), *Cerddi Jac Glan-y-Gors* (Barddas, 2003); Marion Löffler, 'Cerddi Newydd gan John Jones, "Jac Glan-y-Gors"', *Llên Cymru*, 33 (2010), 143–50.

[86] Edward Charles (Antagonist), 'Golwg byr ar y llyfr a elwir Seren Tan Gwmmwl', *Y Geirgrawn*, I (1796), 16–21. Löffler, *Welsh Responses to the French Revolution*, pp. 49–50, 222–3.

[87] John Barrell, *Imagining the King's Death: Figurative Treason, Fantasies of Regicide 1793–1796* (Oxford, 2000), pp. 49–60. See, for example, anon., 'The Murder of Louis XVI', in *Gower's Patriotic Songster*, pp. 25–6.

[88] NLW 6514E, ff. 23a–b. I am grateful to Dr Geraint Phillips for drawing my attention to this particular poem.

[89] Barrell, *Imagining the King's Death*, pp. 75–6.
[90] Charnell-White, *Bardic Circles*, pp. 40, 132.
[91] Martin Fitzpatrick, 'The "Cultivated Understanding" and Chaotic Genius of David Samwell', in Jenkins (ed.), *A Rattleskull Genius*, p. 386.
[92] NLW 21398E, p. 29; Millward, *Yr Arwrgerdd Gymraeg*, p. 27; Charnell-White, *Bardic Circles*, pp. 138–9; Elizabeth Edwards, *English-Language Poetry from Wales 1790–1806* (Cardiff, forthcoming).
[93] NLW 21398E, item 29a.
[94] Barrell, *Imagining the King's Death*, p. 30.
[95] Quoted in Geraint Bowen and Zonia Bowen, *Hanes Gorsedd y Beirdd* (Barddas, 1991), p. 38. For Williams's writings on Rhita Gawr, see NLW 13094E, p. 144; NLW 13122B, pp. 320–2; NLW 13158A, pp. 217–20; NLW 21323B, p. 41.
[96] NLW 13136A, p. 249.
[97] NLW 21396E, no. 11.
[98] Jeremy Black, *George III: America's Last King* (New Haven, 2006), pp. 122–3.
[99] See V. Carretta, *George III and the Satirits from Hogarth to Byron* (Athens, 1990); Marilyn Morris, *The British Monarchy and the French Revolution* (New Haven, 1998), pp. 160–87; *eadem*, 'Representations of Royalty in the London Daily Press in the Decade of the French Revolution', *Journal of Newspaper and Periodical History*, IV, no. 2 (1988), 2–15.
[100] Pindar appears frequently on Williams's bibliographical lists: books at London (NLW 13136A, p. 152) and books in his possession or on loan in 1795 (NLW 21407C, items 2, 5, 6). 'Peter Pindar's book about the lice in the Kings head – a damn good thing', appears on a list of books that Williams sold at Cowbridge in 1798 (NLW 13146A, p. 130).
[101] NLW 21419E, item 9.
[102] NLW 13126A, pp. 246–7 (dated 1808); NLW 13148A, p. 262 (dated 1812). See also, a series of *englynion* 'i ryfel Siôr y Crinwas' (to George the Miser's war) in Walcheren, Copenhagen, 1809; NLW 21404F, 13b.
[103] John Jones, *Seren Tan Gwmmwl* (Llundain, 1795), p. 6.
[104] John Barrell and Jon Mee (eds.), *Trials for Treason and Sedition, 1792–1794* (8 vols., London, 2006), I, p. xxviii.
[105] Edwards, *English-Language Poetry from Wales*. An image of the broadside is available at *http://www.iolomorganwg.cymru.ac.uk/gwaith-trialbyjury.php*, accessed 1 September 2012.
[106] Marion Löffler and Elizabeth Edwards, 'Iolo Morganwg and the "Lost Generation"' (unpublished paper delivered at the 'Wales and the French Revolution' one-day forum, Aberystwyth, September 2011).
[107] E. G. Bowen, *David Samwell (Dafydd Ddu Feddyg), 1751–1798* (Cardiff, 1974), pp. 79–83. The papers of the Caradogion Society have not yet been recovered.
[108] *CIM*, I: 632–3, David Pugh to Edward Williams, [?1794].
[109] NLW 21396E, no. 11.
[110] Thomas Griffiths, *Cofiant y Parch. David Davies, gynt o Gastell-Hywel . . .* (Caerfyrddin, 1828), pp. 27–8.

[111] *Telyn Dewi* (1876), pp. 174–5, lines 29–36.
[112] Cwrtmawr 35B, pp. 74–83; Cain Jones, *Tymmhorol, ac Wybrenol Newyddion, neu Almanac am y flwyddyn o oedran Crist, 1790* . . . (Mwythig, [1789]), 2–21.
[113] NLW 21399E, item 20.
[114] Evans, *Morgan John Rhys a'i Amserau*, pp. 26–7.
[115] Ibid., pp. 33–4; *idem*, *Dylanwad y Chwyldro Ffrengig ar Lenyddiaeth Cymru* (Lerpwl, 1928), p. 83. See also Morgan John Rhys, 'Diary of a Horseback Journey through the United States', letter 1, 21 October 1794, translated in J. T. Griffith, *Morgan John Rhys: The Welsh Baptist Hero of Civil and Religious Liberty of the Eighteenth Century* (Carmarthen, 1910), p. 118; Gwyn A. Williams, *The Search for Beulah Land: The Welsh and the Atlantic Revolution* (New York, 1980).
[116] Marion Löffler, 'The "Marseillaise" in Wales', in Constantine and Johnston (eds.), *'Footsteps of Liberty and Revolt'*.
[117] NLW 13148A, pp. 249–50.
[118] Edward Williams, 'Cân am Orthrymderau'r Cymry', NLW 13127A, pp. 399–401; D. Silvan Evans, 'Yr Hen Wr o'r Coed', *St David's College Magazine*, II, no. 1 (1881), 191–200.
[119] *Afalau'r Awen*, pp. 74, 75.
[120] Gwyneth Lewis, 'Eighteenth-Century Literary Forgeries with Special Reference to the Work of Iolo Morganwg' (unpublished University of Oxford D.Phil. thesis, 1991), p. 200.
[121] NLW 6238A, pp. 215–20.
[122] Geraint H. Jenkins, '"A Very Horrid Affair": Sedition and Unitarianism in the Age of Revolutions', in R. R. Davies and Geraint H. Jenkins (eds.), *From Medieval to Modern Wales: Historical Essays in Honour of Kenneth O. Morgan and Ralph A. Griffiths* (Cardiff, 2004), pp. 175–96.
[123] *Telyn Arian*, pp. 51–3. See also pp. 55–6.
[124] Ffion Mair Jones, '"A'r Ffeiffs a'r Drums yn roario": Y Baledwyr Cymraeg, Y Milisia a'r Gwirfoddolwyr', *Canu Gwerin*, 34 (2011), 18–42.
[125] Colley, *Britons*, p. 18.
[126] Mary A. Favret, *War at a Distance* (Princeton, 2010), *passim*; Philip Shaw, *Romantic Wars: Studies in Culture and Conflict, 1789–1823* (Aldershot, 2000).
[127] BL Add 14957, pp. 67a–68.
[128] Ibid., p. 67a.
[129] Jones, *Welsh Ballads of the French Revolution*; Hywel M. Davies, 'Terror, Treason and Tourism: The French in Pembrokeshire 1797', in Constantine and Johnston (eds.), *'Footsteps of Liberty and Revolt'*; Mary-Ann Constantine, '"The French are on the sea!": Welsh and Irish Songs of French Invasion in the 1790s', in Louis Grijp (ed.), *Proceedings of the International Ballad Conference, Terschelling, 2010* (Trier, forthcoming); Roland Quinalt, 'The French Invasion of Pembrokeshire in 1797: A Bicentennial Assessment', *WHR*, 19, no. 4 (1989), 618–41.
[130] See also Thomas Jones, 'Achwyniad yn erbyn rhyfel' (Complaint against war), in *Y Traethodydd*, II (1846), 110–12.
[131] NLW 19B, p. 300. Löffler, *Welsh Responses to the French Revolution*, pp. 8, 299–310, n. 9.

[132] NLW 6238A, p. 207. Benjamin Flower (1755–1829) was a liberal reformer and editor of the notoriously anti-war *Cambridge Intelligencer* (1793–99) and *Flower's Political Review* (1807–8). He openly criticized national fast-days and in 1799 he served six months in Newgate for libelling Richard Watson, bishop of Llandaff. For pertinent anti-fasting and anticlerical material from Flower's periodicals, see Scrivener, *Poetry and Reform*, pp. 53–60, 165–72. See also Benjamin Flower, *National Sins Considered in Two Letters to the Rev. Thomas Robinson, Vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester, on his Serious Exhortation to the Inhabitants of Great Britain with reference to the Fast* (Cambridge, 1796).

[133] 'Hymn berthynol i esgobion a brenhinoedd trahaus a chreulon, i'w chanu ar yr uwchaf wrth fyned allan i ryfel', NLW 4363B, pp. 17–18; NLW 709B, pp. 55a–b; NLW 12365D, f. 526. See Löffler, *Welsh Responses to the French Revolution*, pp. 47–8, 226–35; *eadem*, 'Serial Literature and Radical Poetry in Wales at the End of the Eighteenth Century', in Michael Brown, John Kirk, and Andrew Noble (eds.), *Political Poetry and Song in the Age of Revolution. Volume Two: The Cultures of Radicalism in Britain and Ireland* (London, forthcoming).

[134] Betty T. Bennett, *British War Poetry in the Age of Romanticism, 1793–1815* (New York, 1976), p. 112.

[135] *Afalau'r Awen*, pp. 56–7.

[136] *Telyn Dewi* (1876), pp. 176–7.

[137] Morgan John Rhys also undermined the whole rationale of national fast-days in his sermon, *Cyngor Gamaliel*, written for the national fast-day held on 28 February 1794.

[138] Griffiths, *Cofiant y Parch. David Davies, gynt o Gastell-Hywel*, p. 11.

[139] *Telyn Dewi* (1876), pp. 174–5, lines 29–36.

[140] Ibid., p. 186.

[141] The *cywydd* was printed in his published hymns, Edward Williams, *Salmau yr Eglwys yn yr Anialwch*, Vol. II (Merthyr Tydfil, 1834), pp. 220–7.

[142] NLW 13189E, p. 444: 'he [the bard] was the herald of peace, and was not allowed to bear arms. Likewise, they were not allowed to bear naked weapons in his presence as his body was held sacred. When dressed in unicoloured bardic robes, if he interrupted two armies intent on engaging in battle, they would immediately desist and lay down their weapons. He passed in safety from one hostile land to another. The bard operated in this capacity as a flag of truce.' See also NLW 13097B, p. 275.

[143] NLW 6238A, p. 294.

[144] Ibid., p. 402.

[145] *BWB*, 150B, p. 5. Compare with a Christmas carol ('*carol plygain*') for 1795 on the tune 'God Save the King', NLW 794A, pp. 1139–44.

[146] Rosser (ed.), *Bardd Pengwern*, p. 23.

[147] *BWB*, no. 461. Quoted in Rosser, 'Golwg ar Ganu Rhydd Jonathan Hughes', p. 128. See also ibid., pp. 23, 39–40.

[148] Baker, *Inventing the French Revolution*, p. 5.

[149] *VSP* (1795), 5–8. The text is also available in a holograph copy in NLW 19B, pp. 49–52, compiled between 1790 and 1793.

[150] NLW 19B, pp. 49–50.

[151] Ibid., p. 52.
[152] John Roberts, 'Ynys Prydain a'i hamddiffyniad rhag cenedl estron' (The Island of Britain and its defence against a foreign nation), Cwrtmawr 510B, pp. 112–23; NLW 594D, pp. 91–101.
[153] E. D. Jones, 'The family of Nannau (Nanney) of Nannau', *Journal of the Meirioneth Historical and Record Society*, II, no. 1 (1953), 5–15.
[154] Cwrtmawr 35B, pp. 74–83; Cain Jones, *Tymmhorol, ac Wybrenol Newyddion, neu Almanac am y flwyddyn o oedran Crist, 1790* . . . (Mwythig, [1789]), 2–21.
[155] Gwyn Thomas, *Eisteddfodau Caerwys* (Caerdydd, 1968).
[156] Robert Williams, *Cyflafan y Beirdd: Awdl gan Robert Williams o Eifionydd* (Llundain, [1792]).
[157] NLW 13123B, p. 262.
[158] BL 15031, pp. 71a–b, David Thomas to Owen Jones, 29 April 1795.
[159] Cwrtmawr 513B (part III), p. 24.
[160] NLW 8338D, a loose sheet.
[161] 'Clod i'r Pendefigion Haelionus', Cwrtmawr 513B, part III, p. 24.
[162] G. J. Williams, 'Rhai Agweddau ar Hanes Llenyddiaeth ac Ysgolheictod Cymraeg yn y Ddeunawfed Ganrif, gan gynnwys Hanes yr Eisteddfod a'r Orsedd hyd 1858', in Aneirin Lewis (ed.), *Agweddau ar Hanes Dysg* (Caerdydd, 1969), p. 138; Bowen and Bowen, *Hanes Gorsedd y Beirdd*, p. 55; R. L. Griffiths, 'The contribution of certain Methodists from the area of Llynan and Eifion (Caerns.) to religious education and literature with special reference to the work of Siôn Lleyn (John Roberts; 1749–1817)' (unpublished University of Liverpool MA thesis, 1965–6), pp. 59–62.
[163] Charnell-White, *Bardic Circles*, pp. 118–57.
[164] Peate, 'Welsh Society and Eisteddfod Medals and Relics', *passim*.
[165] Bowen and Bowen, *Hanes Gorsedd y Beirdd*, p. 86.
[166] H. B. Robinson, *Memoirs of Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton* (2 vols., London, 1835).
[167] See John Howell (ed.), *Blodau Dyfed; sef Awdlau, Cywyddau, Englynion, a Chaniadau, Moesol a Diddanol a gyfansoddwyd gan Feirdd Dyfed* . . . (1824), pp. 120–7; see also pp. 69–76, 112–13, 118, 157–70.
[168] William Edwards, *Eos Padarn; yn cynnwys Awdlau, Cywyddau, Englynion, Carolau, Cerddi ac Emynau ar amrywiol destynau* . . . (Llanrwst, 1829), pp. 39–47. See also 'On His Majesty King George IV's Visit to Anglesey' (Brecon, 1822), in ibid., pp. 47–53.
[169] Ibid., pp. 54–61.
[170] William Rees, *Caniadau Hiraethog. Holl Weithiau Barddonol, &c Gwilym Hiraethog (William Rees)* (Dinbych, 1855), pp. viii, 147–55.
[171] Bowen and Bowen, *Hanes Gorsedd y Beirdd*, p. 120.
[172] Frank O'Gorman, *The Long Eighteenth Century: British Political and Social History 1688–1832* (London, 2005), p. 130.
[173] Bedwyr Lewis Jones, *Yr Hen Bersoniaid Llengar* (Dinbych, [1963]). Ffion Mair Jones, '"To know him is to esteem him": John Jenkins, Ifor Ceri, 1770–1829', *Montgomeryshire Collections*, 99 (2011), 53–82.
[174] Edwards, *Eos Padarn,* pp. 119–26.

[175] Cwrtmawr 513B, p. 160.

[176] Loc. cit.

[177] 'Rule Britannia' was translated after the fall of Napoleon, NLW 672D, p. 263. For the north-south dimensions of the world of Welsh literary publication, see Glyn M. Ashton, 'Arolwg ar Brydyddiaeth Gymraeg, 1801–25', *Llên Cymru*, 14, nos. 3 and 4 (1983–4), 226, 229.

[178] Andrew Davies, '"Uncontaminated with Human Gore"? Iolo Morganwg, Slavery, and the Jamaican Inheritance', in Jenkins (ed.) *A Rattleskull Genius*, pp. 293–313. For Williams's anti-slavery poems, see Cadrawd (ed.), *Gwaith Iolo Morganwg* (Llanuwchllyn, 1913), pp. 56–60.

[179] No poems on the following set subjects survive: 'Cywydd Celfyddyd rhyfel' (A *Cywydd* on warcraft), 'Cywydd gorchestion brenhinol' (A *Cywydd* on royal achievements), 'Gorfoledd ym mhebyll Siôr y Crinwas' (Jubilation in the tents of George the Miser).

[180] NLW 13134A, p. 17.

[181] Myrddin Fardd (ed.), *Caniadau Ieuan Lleyn*, pp. 11–12.

[182] NLW 325E, p. 136. Griffith Williams also sang 'Awdl ar Lesoldeb Gwybodaeth' (An *Awdl* on the Advantageousness of Knowledge), see Griffith Williams, *Ffrwyth Awen; neu Farddoniaeth Gymreig: gan Griffith Williams* (Trefriw, 1816), pp. 50–6.

[183] 'Dyna i chwi Gymro calonog a Brutwn haelionus a thonnau o waed y Derwyddon yn ymlenwi yn ei wythenau', David Thomas to John Roberts, 14 January 1800, in Myrddin Fardd (ed.), *'Adgof Uwch Anghof': Llythyrau Lliaws o Brif Enwogion Cymru, Hen a Diweddar* (Pen y Groes, 1883), p. 20.

[184] For the legacy of loyalism on the vocabulary of bilingual Welshmen, see Davies, 'Loyalism in Wales', 715–16.

[185] John Hutchinson and Anthony D. Smith (eds.), *Nationalism* (Oxford, 1994), p. 4; M. A. Heslinga, *The Irish Border as a Cultural Divide: A Contribution to the Study of Regionalism in the British Isles* (Assen, 1962), p. 17.

[186] Davies presented a more convoluted account of Welsh liberty through the Tudor Union in his prize-winning essay on liberty at the St Asaph eisteddfod of 1790, Walter Davies, *Rhyddid* (London, 1791); NLW 1905B.

[187] Evan Evans, *The Love of Our Country* (1772), discussed in Prescott, *Eighteenth-Century Writing from Wales*, pp. 109, 105–14.

[188] For examples in the early part of the eighteenth century, see ibid., pp. 4–5, 11, 111–12.

[189] John Davies, *A History of Wales* (revised edition, London, 2007), pp. 213, 232–8; R. Geraint Gruffydd, 'The Renaissance and Welsh Literature', in Glanmor Williams and Robert Owen Jones (eds.), *The Celts and the Renaissance: Tradition and Innovation* (Cardiff, 1991), pp. 17–39; R. Geraint Gruffydd (ed.), *A Guide to Welsh Literature c.1530–1700* (Cardiff, 1997), *passim*.

[190] See Richard Jones, *Peroriaeth Awen . . .* (Caernarfon, 1818), pp. 31–47.

[191] See *awdlau* on this subject by Hugh Maurice (NLW 185D, pp. 13–26) and John Roberts (Siôn Lleyn; Cwrtmawr 510B, pp. 112–23; NLW 594D, pp. 91–101). See also a poem in BL 15028, p. 106, by an unidentified poet.

[192] Robert Davies (BL 14958, p. 21; BL 14957, p. 8a), Charles Jones of Bodfari (BL 14958, pp. 23b–31a), Rhobert Jones (BL 14957, pp. 27a–31a), Thomas Jones (BL 14957).

[193] 'Damweiniau ein cenedl y Cymry a'u dyfodiad . . . i Ynys Prydain' (1815), NLW 594D, pp. 60–5; Cwrtmawr 510B, pp. 77–88.

[194] Jones, *Peroriaeth Awen*, pp. 31–47. See also Peter Jones, *Mel Awen* . . . (Llynlleifiad, 1823), pp. 28–36.

[195] For Williams's creation of a bardic pedigree, see Charnell-White, *Bardic Circles*, pp. 126–37.

[196] NLW 19B, p. 85. See also Ioan Siencyn's elegy to Thomas Lloyd of Cwmglöyn, 21 January 1788, whom he described as 'a quiet, gentle foster-father / to the state' ('roedd e'n dadmaeth, / Tawel, tirion i'r wladwriaeth'), ibid., p. 204, and his address to the Revd Thomas Griffiths, ibid., pp. 137–8.

[197] Cwrtmawr 513B, pp. 10–13.

[198] Ibid., pp. 31–3.

[199] Thomas, *Nabl Arian*, pp. 81–2.

[200] Ibid., p. 37.

[201] P. D. G. Thomas, *Politics in Eighteenth-Century Wales* (Cardiff, 1998), pp. 150–77.

[202] Thomas, *Nabl Arian*, p. 38.

[203] Loc. cit.

[204] Quoted in Thomas, *Politics in Eighteenth-Century Wales*, p. 150.

[205] Peter Lord, *Words with Pictures: Welsh Images and Images of Wales in the Popular Press, 1640–1860* (Aberystwyth, 1995), pp. 64–8.

[206] Mark Philp, 'Politics and Memory: Nelson and Trafalgar in Popular Song', in David Cannadine (ed.), *Trafalgar in History: A Battle and its Afterlife* (Basingstoke, 2006), pp. 93–120. A lengthy *cywydd* written by William Rees (Gwilym Hiraethog; 1802–83) for the eisteddfod at Brecon in 1826 attests the enduring legacy of Trafalgar and Nelson in the cultural and national memory of Great Britain: 'Cywydd ar Frwydr Trafalgar, a marwolaeth y Pen llyngesydd, Arglwydd Nelson', Rees, *Caniadau Hiraethog*, pp. 147–55.

[207] John Jones, 'Cân Newydd, a wnaed mewn perthynas i'r frwydr ddiweddar ar y môr, ym mha un y lladdwyd y gwych ryfelwr, Arglwydd Nelson', in Millward (ed.), *Cerddi Jac Glan-y-Gors*, pp. 132–3.

[208] See also Jones, *Welsh Ballads of the French Revolution*, pp. 270–7.

[209] 'Cofio am y Pen-llyngeswr NELSON' (Remembering the Admiral Nelson), *Trysorfa Gwybodaeth. Neu Eurgrawn Cymraeg* . . . (1808), 108–10.

[210] Cwrtmawr 510B, p. 147.

[211] Tom Mole (ed.), *Romanticism and Celebrity Culture, 1750–1850* (Cambridge, 2009), pp. 2, 4, *passim*.

[212] Anon., *Catalogue of a collection of pottery and porcelain illustrating popular British history: lent by Henry Willett* . . . (London, 1899), item 216.

[213] Mole (ed.), *Romanticism and Celebrity Culture*, p. 4.

[214] *Catalogue of a collection of pottery and porcelain*, item 216.

[215] NLW 568B, p. 63, Joseph Hughes to Humphrey Jones, 25 June 1879. Joseph Hughes also informs his nephew that a close relative of Humphrey Jones, John Jones, sen., had fought and been wounded at Trafalgar.

[216] Quoted in Prescott, *Eighteenth-Century Writing from Wales*, p. 84.

[217] Loc. cit.

[218] Colin Kidd, 'Integration: Patriotism and Nationalism', in H. T. Dickinson (ed.), *A Companion to Eighteenth-Century Britain* (Oxford, 2002), pp. 369–80.

[219] See similar arguments presented by Welsh writers earlier in the eighteenth century in Prescott, *Eighteenth-Century Writing from Wales*, *passim*.

[220] See Geraint H. Jenkins, 'Wales in the Eighteenth Century', in Dickinson (ed.), *A Companion to Eighteenth-Century Britain*, pp. 392–402; Geraint H. Jenkins (ed.), *The Welsh Language before the Industrial Revolution* (Cardiff, 1997).

[221] Bowen and Bowen, *Hanes Gorsedd y Beirddd*, p. 29.

[222] Siwan M. Rosser, 'Baledi'r Ffin: Golwg ar Ddylanwad y Ffin ar Faledi'r Ddeunawfed Ganrif', *Canu Gwerin*, 28 (2005), 3–19.

[223] Kidd, 'Integration: Patriotism and Nationalism', pp. 376, 376–9.

[224] This 'treason' stimulated polarized reactions: disavowal of the Welsh language and thorough espousal of Anglophone British identity, also Welsh political nationalism as a result of disillusionment with an inequitable British system.

[225] Charnell-White, *Bardic Circles*, pp. 44–81.

Texts and Translations

Editorial Principles

Where more than one redaction of a text exists I have presented a critical text, favouring the most recent version for which the author was responsible, then privileging revised published versions over earlier ones in manuscript; but where the revisions incorporated in the printed text was the work of another person, I have used the latest available holograph text instead. All manuscript and print sources are noted at the end of each poem and are listed in order of authority. Where relevant, noteworthy variations, alternative readings and additional lines are discussed in the Notes section of this volume. The poets' own titles have been adopted; in the case of untitled poems square brackets denote titles devised by the editor.

In the interest of providing a clear and accessible text for a modern readership the orthography, punctuation and capitalization of the original Welsh-language texts have been standardized and modernized throughout. For example, the spelling of third person singular and plural pronouns *ei* (his/her) and *eu* (their) have been standardized to avoid misunderstanding. Furthermore, to ensure an uncluttered text, the use of apostrophes has been kept to a minimum, and they have been retained only where necessary to clarify the meaning, for instance to distinguish between the superlative form of an adjective and a third person singular verb in the present (or future) tense, e.g. *gwaela'* (*gwaelaf*; the worst) and *gwaela* (he/she deteriorates); *penna'* (*pennaf*; foremost, the best) and *penna* (he/she dictates or decides). Common scribal and printing errors have been silently amended, but syntax and mutations have not been 'corrected' according to the standards of Modern Welsh as any divergences with modern practice may interest historical linguists and dialectologists, e.g. *a ddioddodd* for *a ddioddefodd* (who suffered), *y lywodraeth* for *y llywodraeth* (the government). Welsh place names, biblical names and personal names have all been standardized, and the standard English equivalents are used in the translations, e.g. Aberdâr (Aberdare), Trefdraeth (Newport),

Ninefe (Nineveh), Dafydd (David), Iago (James). English words used by the poets, as opposed to English loan words that have acclimatized in the Welsh language, have been italicized, e.g. *Frenchmen*, *democrats*.

Standardization, however, has not been carried out at the expense of authentic historical and colloquial variants which appear in *GPC*, e.g. *rhyddid*, *rhydid* for *rhyddid* (liberty); *heulen* for *haul* (sun), *diwynant* for *difwynant* (they defile), *ymwrol* for *ymorol* (to seek, to take care); nor have archaic literary affectations such as *croesaw* for *croeso* (welcome), and *fal* or *mal* for *fel* (the conjunctions 'as, so, like') been removed. Preserving the historical and regional voices of each poet was a paramount concern, especially since many items included in this anthology – free-metre verse and eisteddfodic verse in particular – were composed in order to be performed and read aloud. For this reason, epenthetic vowels, devoicing of consonants, and other colloquial or dialectal features have been retained, e.g. *Loegar* or *Lloeger* for *Lloegr* (England), *mi gota* for *mi godaf* (I will raise/rise), *we'n ddiau* for *a oedd yn ddiau* (was indeed).

In order to facilitate comparison, the Welsh texts and English translations are presented here in parallel texts. The English translations are literal and in prose: as such, they do not follow the rubric of the Welsh texts whose indents and positioning on the page are crucial in order to identify the metrical features of a given poem, particularly those in strict metre (see Introduction, pp. 2–3). This is particularly important for *awdlau* (nos. 7, 34 and 41), in which lines of the same length are identically indented. To modern readers, even the informal style of Welsh free-metre verse can seem as archaic as its more formal strict-metre counterpart. As a rule, strict-metre verse is more formal and literary than free-metre verse, but this is not always apparent in the translations, for both types of verse present different challenges to the translator. The syntax in both strict- and free-metre verse is highly condensed and there is much use of parenthetical comments which, though included in order to fulfil metrical requirements, also serve to reinforce points or arguments. As a result, the English translations are sometimes more convoluted than the Welsh texts and many of these parentheses have been enclosed in round brackets in the translations in order to bring out the main thread of the meaning, e.g.:

> Daeth Wiliam, doeth alwad, o Holand, dda hwyliad,
> I wneud mawr ddiwygiad iawn roddiad yn rwydd,
> Gan drin a dadlwytho y wlad oedd yn cwyno,
> Trwy wthio'r hen Iago ar ei ogwydd.

> (William (wise calling) came from Holland (easy voyage),
> to undertake a great reformation (true, generous gift)
> by dealing with and unburdening the aggrieved country
> through pushing old James aside.) (No. 1, lines 5–8.)

Similarly, composite adjectives are stylistically less obtrusive in the original Welsh texts than in the English translations, e.g., 'wenffrwch wawr' (the dawn of a blessed eruption; no. 47, line 106). For these stylistic, idiomatic reasons it was not always possible to follow the punctuation of the Welsh texts within the English translations. Authorial paratexts such as subtitles and footnotes have been edited and translated since they often facilitate the interpretation of the texts. The footnotes to the Welsh texts are those of the poets themselves, or their contemporary editors. My own editorial notes to the poems will be found at the back of the volume.

EDWARD EVAN, Aberdâr
(Iorwerth ab Ioan; 1716–98)

1. Golwg ar ddull y llywodraeth yn Lloegr pan ddaeth Wiliam a Mari i lywodraethu

Pan oedd ein hynafiaid dan lwyth y Stiwardiaid,
Yn delwi fel deiliaid, pabistiaid yn byw;
Gradd wan o uchelfraint, rhag camwedd oedd gymaint,
Oedd fawr fraint ragorfraint i'r cyfryw.

Daeth Wiliam, doeth alwad, o Holand, dda hwyliad,
I wneud mawr ddiwygiad iawn roddiad yn rwydd,
Gan drin a dadlwytho y wlad oedd yn cwyno,
Trwy wthio'r hen Iago ar ei ogwydd.

Er fod y diwygiad yn haeddu cymeriad,
Bu'n fyr o gyflawniad disgwyliad gwŷr da;
Rhyw faint o hen waddod pabyddiaeth a'i sorod,
Oer ddefod, sawdd amod, sydd yma.

Rhy fychan y gwelir yr hyn a osodir
Gan Grist i bregethwyr fel brodyr mewn braint;
Rhaid modd i fyw'n folfras, mewn
mawrwych gymdeithas,
Trwy urddas a choelfras uchelfraint.

Y ddegfed o'r llafur a phob peth wrth fesur,
I gynnal uchelwyr, eglwyswyr mewn clod;
A rhyfyg anhydyn os dywaid rhyw gecryn
Yn erbyn y ddyfyn a'r ddefod.

Ni chaiff y curadiaid, gan lu o bersoniaid
A gerwin ficariaid, ond tamaid yn dynn
I'w cynnal trwy'r ymdaith i borthi 'mhob talaith;
Rai diffaith, difawldaith yn foldyn.

EDWARD EVAN, Aberdare
(Iorwerth ab Ioan; 1716–98)

1. A view of the manner of government in England when William and Mary came to govern

When our ancestors lived under the Stuarts,
paling like abject subjects, and living as papists;
a small measure of high privilege, from such a great transgression,
was the great privilege and royal prerogative of the Stuarts.

William (wise calling) came from Holland (easy voyage),
to undertake a great reformation (true, generous gift)
by dealing with and unburdening the aggrieved country
through pushing old James aside.

Although the reformation deserved acceptance,
it fell short of fulfilling the expectations of good men;
a certain amount remains of the old sediment and dross of papism,
foolish custom, which does not honour a pledge.

Too little is seen of that which
Christ prescribed for preachers as brothers in privilege;
it is necessary to have means to live a luxurious lifestyle in
magnificent company,
in dignity and fortunate high privilege.

A tenth of the labour and everything in measure
sustains nobility, churchmen of reputation;
and it is an intractable arrogance if any caviller says
anything against that summons and custom.

Curates have only a mean living from a host of parsons
and rough vicars with which
to sustain themselves as they undertake pastoral care in each region;
such vicars are vile, tight-bellied, and their careers are unpraiseworthy.

Mae Paul a'i 'madroddion wrth osod esgobion
Yn rhoddi rhybuddion i ddynion yn ddwys,
Gan ddangos cyf'rwyddyd i'r swyddog duwiolfryd
Sy a'i fywyd a'i oglyd am eglwys.

Ŵr addas rhaid iddo, 'n ôl mynd i'r swydd honno,
Fyw'n sobr a gwylio rhag gwynio mewn gwin;
Nid bod yn ariangar, na llidiog ymladdgar,
Ond hawddgar iawn, gynnar eginyn.

A gwneuthur ei deulu yn eglwys Crist Iesu,
Yn rhwydd a'u ceryddu rhag ffaelu'n y ffydd;
Esiamplau cariadlon i'w harwain yn dirion,
Fel doethion un galon â'i gilydd.

"Mae Deddf yr Apostol rhy gul a rhy fanol,
Rhy gyfyng o reol, anfoddol i fi;
Rhaid cyfoeth a mawredd a rhodiad anrhydedd,
Gorfoledd yn llonwedd i'm llenwi.

Gan fod y llywodraeth, iawn hwylus mor helaeth,
Yn cynnal esgobaeth, personiaeth fel swydd,
Pa raid i mi brisio'n aflonydd, na 'mflino,
Na digio, na gwrido'n fy ngwradwydd?

Ffarwél i chwi, Rowndiaid, er maint eich twrneiaid,
Rhy gryf yw'r preladiaid, rwy'n honnaid, er hyn;
Fe gedwir yr Eglwys, er cam ac er cymwys,
I arllwys ei mawrbwys i'ch erbyn.

Rhowch ddiolch yn ddiwyd am gymaint o rydd-did
Sydd gennych, rhag ymlid a gofid fo gwaeth;
Fe wnair i chwi dewi waith bydol fawrhydi,
Cyn gweiddi a rheoli'n dra helaeth."

Chwi welwch mor chwannog i gynnal y geiniog
A byw yn gyfoethog, aberthog mae'r byd;
Dan rith o offrymau a dwyfol ddefodau,
Daeth heidiau o efrau anhyfryd.

Paul and his words warn men gravely
regarding placing bishops,
by guiding the godly officer
whose life and trust is set on having a church.

A suitable man, after going to that office must
live soberly and be mindful of burning with desire in wine;
he must not be fond of money, nor angry and pugnacious,
but be a very kind young shoot.

And he must, with ease, make his family in the church of Christ Jesus,
and rebuke them lest they fail in the faith;
he must give loving examples to lead them gently,
like wise men of one accord.

"The Apostles' Creed is too narrow and too exact,
too confined a rule, and unseemly for my liking;
I must have wealth and greatness and an honourable way of life,
and joy in fullness to satisfy me.

Because the true and easy parliament supports so widely
the office of bishopric and benefice,
why should I concern myself, tire myself out,
become angry, or blush at my shame?

Farwell to you, Roundheads, despite your numerous attorneys,
despite this the prelates are too strong, I claim;
rightly or wrongly, the Church is left
to pour forth its distress against you.

Give thanks assiduously for all the liberty
you have, lest you suffer worse persecution and adversity;
you will be forced to keep silent because of earthly majesty,
before shouting and ruling extensively."

You see how eager the world is to hold on to every penny
and live wealthy and rich;
under the pretence of offerings and holy rituals,
came swarms of unpleasant tares.

Os mynnwch chwi rhydd-did oddi wrth bob aflendid
A chamwedd, a gofid, a herlid, clywch hyn;
Ymdrechwch yn wrol am ran mewn gwlad nefol
Gariadol i'r didol gredadun.

Am hynny, gweddïwch yn addas am heddwch;
Os cewch ef, diolchwch yn iawn;
Deisyfwch yn ddi-baid gael Duw,
wrth angenrhaid,
Yn gyfraid i'ch enaid, awch uniawn.

Ffynhonnell: Afalau'r Awen, tt. 36–8.

If you insist upon liberty from every moral pollution,
and wrong-doing, affliction and persecution, hear this;
strive manfully for a place in the loving heavenly country
for the exiled, constant believer. 60

For that, pray appropriately for peace;
if you receive it, give proper thanks;
beseech God without ceasing that you may have him,
according to necessity,
as sustenance for your soul and its true desire. 64

Source: Afalau'r Awen, pp. 36–8.

2. Cywydd a wnaed yn amser rhyfel rhyngom a Ffrainc

Pa bryd, Arglwydd, daw'r swydd sâl
Eto i gael ei hatal?
Sef rhyfel, nid ffel heb ffydd,
Hynod a mawr ddihenydd
Ar ddynion hoywon yn haid,
Tro annoeth, fel trueiniaid;
O waith balchder, trawster trwch,
Flin wedd a'i aflonyddwch,
A thrachwant, aflwyddiant flin,
Anwiredd sy'n y werin;
Yw'r achos, heb os, tyb i
A luniwyd heb oleuni
I dywallt gwaed i'r diwedd,
Yn lle ceisio hwylio am hedd.

Plant i'r un tad, roddiad rydd,
Gwelwn yn lladd ei gilydd!
Duw pob cariad, llwyddiad llon,
O'u mebyd yn magu meibion
Llawn o lid, mewn gwrid gwradwydd,
A balchder, ansyber swydd;
Trachwant am ffyniant di-ffydd,
Ymlidio'n fawr am wledydd.
Gadewch bellach, sothach sâl,
Nodwch am wlad anwadal;
Diolchwch, gwelwch mai gwych
Gannaid yw'r hyn sy gennych;
Lluniwch i roddi llonydd
I bob gwlad mewn rhodiad rhydd.

Da i bawb yw Duw'n y byd
I gynnal yn deg, ennyd:
Os carant hedd, hoywedd hynt,
Duw o'i fodd, da fydd iddynt.
Naws holl ddisgyblion Iesu
Yw nod difrad cariad cu;
Dyfais oddi wrth y Diafol
Yw trachwant diffyniant ffôl;

2. A cywydd *composed in the time of war between us and France*

When, Lord, will the contemptible calling
again be prevented?
That is, war (without faith there is no knowing sense),
remarkable and great destruction,
which is a plague on happy men,
an unwise event, making them like wretches;
because of pride (atrocious oppression),
its angry nature and adversity,
and destructive greed,
there is dishonesty amongst the people;
to my mind, this is the cause, without doubt,
which was constructed without light,
to spill blood to the end
rather than attempt to prepare for peace.

We see children of the same father (a free gift)
killing each other!
God of every love (happy fortune)
nurtures men from their youth
who are full of anger, in a shameful flush,
and pride, uncivilized calling;
and also greed for faithless prosperity,
in great pursuit of lands.
Hereafter, leave all contemptible dross,
and consider a fickle country;
give thanks, see that what you have is
pure and excellent;
plan to give peace on an easy course
to every country.

God is good to everyone in the world
upholding them in fairness for a while:
if they love peace (happy state)
God, of His own custom, will be good to them.
The disposition of all Jesus's disciples
is the mark of dear reverent love;
unprosperous and foolish greed is a
device sent from the Devil;

Mae'r Diafol a'i dafol dynn,
A'i rwyd, yn twyllo'r adyn
I dorri'r hedd cyn heddiw:
Lludded o'i waith, lleiddiad yw.
O! gwrthnebwn hwn o hyd,
Beunydd, trwy Dduw, bob ennyd.

Heddwch Duw sydd wycha' dawn
A rennir i'r rhai uniawn.
Fe ddaw heddwch, llawndrwch, llon,
Gwawr osteg, i'r gwir Gristion:
Yn amser Duw, byw'n ddi-ball,
Hyderwn am fyd arall,
Am bob peth yn ddifethiant
Trwy Grist nefol, siriol sant.
I Dduw Naf dan ffurfafen,
Gogoniant, moliant, Amen.

Amser sy'n syber nesáu: – i'r cloddiau
Daw'r cleddyf yn sychau,
A'r gwaywffyn o'r bryn brau
A dorrir yn bladuriau.

Ffynhonnell: Afalau'r Awen, tt. 67–8.

the Devil and his oppressive weighing scales
and snare deceive the scoundrel
to break the peace before today:
may his work be impeded, he is a killer.
Oh! we will oppose him always,
every day, through God, and each minute.

God's peace is the most excellent gift
that is shared between the just.
Happy and complete peace,
silent dawn, will come to the true Christian:
in God's time, living faultlessly,
we put our trust in another world,
for everything without fail,
through heavenly Christ, happy saint.
To God the Lord of everything under the heavens,
be the glory and praise, Amen.

Time is approaching steadily: in the hedgerows
swords will become ploughshares,
and spears from the fragile hill
will be broken into scythes.

Source: Afalau'r Awen, pp. 67–8.

IOAN SIENCYN / JOHN JENKIN(S)
(1716–96)

3. Englynion ar y rhyfel presennol yn Ffrainc 1794

Tri dial anial a ennyn – Duw
Ar y dynion anhydyn:
Y cledd glas, min Suddas syn,
Oer niwaid, pla, a'r newyn.

Mae'r Ffrancod yn bod tan bwys – y cledd
Sy'n ein cloddio heb orffwys;
Mawr ddadwrdd, myrdd a ddodwys
Dan donnen y ddaear ddwys.

Y Ffrancod, croywnod eu creth, – ymnerthodd
I wrthod pabyddieth;
Daeth ffyrnig erledigeth
I'w pyrth o achos y peth.

Unodd eu brenin o'i enau'n – ddiogan
Ddiwygio'r cyfreithiau;
Troi'n fradwr wnâi'r coegwr cau,
Anghall, nes profi angau.

Uffern a'r gethern gad – o Awstria
Ddaeth i rwystro'r diwygiad;
Ceisio yno'n anynad
Droi'r diwygwyr tan dra'd.

Y *Frenchmen* anturien' trwy'r tân – yn hollol
Eu hymlid hwy allan
O'u camp luwch, a'u cwympo'n lân
Fal crinwellt o flaen cryman.

Brenhinoedd, a'u bloedd yn bleth – seithug,
Ddaeth i'w sathru hwy eilweth,
Mewn storom, ddiystyrieth
O'r ail Salm na rheol Seth.

IOAN SIENCYN / JOHN JENKIN(S)
(1716–96)

3. Englynion *on the present war in France 1794*

There are three grievous afflictions which God bestows
on intractable men:
the steel sword (blade of stupid Judas,
cruel damage), plague, and famine.

The French live under the weight of the sword
which cuts into us without ceasing;
great tumult, it put a multitude
under the surface of the heavy earth.

The French, whose nature is clear in its intent,
have fortified themselves to reject papism;
fierce persecution came to
their gates because of it.

Their king promised, without disparagement,
to reform the laws;
the unwise and false fool turned betrayer
until he experienced death.

Hell and the hoard of fiends from Austria
came to thwart the reformation;
savagely, they tried
to put the reformers underfoot there.

The Frenchmen ventured through the fire
to drive them away entirely
from their camp, and to cut them down
like withered grass before a sickle.

Kings, whose cries were vainly intermingled,
came to trample them a second time,
in a storm, inconsiderate
of the second Psalm or Seth's rule.

Mae'r Ffrancod, syndod yw'r sias, – dan wybr
Yn wynebu saith teyrnas;
A'u curo eto'n atgas
A chur mawr a chario'r ma's.

Mae'r Diawl a'i hawl hyll yn crynu
Yn ei groen yn erchyll,
Rhag i'r *Frenchmen* i ennill:
Os gwnânt, llawer cant fe'u cyll.

Y glorian druan a dry – yn deg
Lle bo Duw'n gwyllysu;
Ni wisg trwch daear lwch lu
Fyth allan mo'i gadarn allu.

Am beth mae'r ymyrreth marwol – a'r brad
Rhwng brenhinoedd daearol?
Ai er Duw a'i air duwiol,
Neu ffawd i babyddiaeth ffôl?

Brydain, na'd Rufain oer afiach – o'th ddawn
I'th ddwyn yn dywyllach
A'r pab i drin dy gyfrinach;
I ddiawl boed ei ddelwau bach.

Duw Dad fo'n geidwad gwiw odiaeth, – i Siôr
A'i siriol hiliogaeth;
Wŷr hylaw mewn rheolaeth,
Fuddiol gu, na fyddom gwaeth.

Tân anwar, llachar yn lluchio – yw rhyfel;
Rhyfedd mae'n fflamio:
Teyrnasoedd mae'n daer yso
Fel goddaith burboeth lle bo.

Y meirw'n bentyrrau mawrion, – ac eraill
Dan irad archollion;
Llynnoedd o'u gwaed yn llawnion,
Bwrn o wae yw barnau'r Iôn.

The French (the chase is astonishing)
face seven kingdoms on this earth;
who will beat them cruelly again,
with great pain, and carry the day.

The Devil with his ugly right quakes
in his awful skin,
lest the Frenchmen win:
if they do, he will lose several hundred souls.

The pitiful scale will turn fairly
where God wills it;
the wretched host of earth's dust
will never wear out God's steadfast power.

For what is the deadly intervention and betrayal
between earthly kings?
Is it for the sake of God and His sacred word,
or prosperity for foolish papism?

Britain, don't allow cold and horrid Rome
to lead you from grace to darkness,
and don't let the pope handle your secret;
to hell with his tawdry effigies.

May God the Father be a truly excellent saviour for George
and his happy lineage;
with dexterous men in charge,
seemly and dear, we will not be worse off.

War is a wild fire, flashing brightly;
it blazes amazingly:
ardently, it consumes kingdoms
like a white hot bonfire, wherever it is.

The dead lie in large heaps, and others
suffer dire injuries;
there are lakes full of their blood,
God's judgement is a burden of woe.

A'u gwragedd, rhyfedd mae rhain, – a'u plant
Yn eu plith, yn llefain;
Eisiau bwyd, arswyd yw'r sain,
Trueni eu bod hwy druain.

Duw cadarn, tro'th farn i fod – ein meddyg,
A maddau ein pechod;
Pâr i dwrf rhyfel ddarfod,
A heddwch trwy degwch dod.

Y gweddill a'th ogoneddant, – Arglwydd,
A'th fawrglod a ganant;
Mewn cân mawl, hwy'th ganmolant,
A goslef i nef a wnânt.

Ffynhonnell: Card 2.134, ff. 35–7.

And their wives, with their children
amongst them, they cry dreadfully;
in need of food (the sound is awful),
it is a shame they are so wretched. 64

Steadfast God, turn Your judgement and be our healer,
and forgive our sin;
cause the clamour of war to cease,
and for peace to come through fairness. 68

Those who remain will glorify You, Lord,
and they will sing Your praises;
in a song of praise, they will laud You,
and send their voices heavenwards. 72

Source: Card 2.134, ff. 35–7.

MR [EDWARD] LEWIS, Pen-llin
(1719–1803)

4. Ar y gwrthrhyfel mawr yn Ffrainc pan torrwyd pen Brenin Lewis yr 16eg a'i frenhines

Diddymu pob osodiad hen;
Hiloedd y Ffrancod benben:
Ni fu rhwng elynion erio'd
Mewn byd y fath anghydfod.
Effaith athrawiaeth angall
Fod un ogyfuwch â'r llall;
Gwell fod mewn byd, er lles pob dyn,
Rhagor rhwng beger a brenin.
Bydd dyn i arall yn ufudd
Is i law onis y bydd?

Addysg hen i annog dyn
I dorri'r Deg Gorchymyn,
Mamaeth pob maeth o ddrwg
Nes gollwng Duw o'i golwg;
Traethu hon ar draws y byd
Yrroedd y bobloedd yn ynfyd;
Dichellion meibion y fall
I dwyllo dynion angall,
Dorri holl cyfreithiau Duw
Ac arwain dyn i ddistryw;
Gwadu Duw, yr hwn a'u gwnaeth,
Ac amau Ei rhagluniaeth.

Dyma ddysg athrawon ffôl,
Fod angau'n gwsg tragwyddol;
Y corff pan dychwel i'r bedd
Yno, dros fyth, caiff orwedd.
Nid gwell na gwaeth yn hyn o fyd,
Ai drwg ai da ein bywyd:
Nid oes na Duw na Diawl yn bod,
Na byd na barn i ddyfod.

MR [EDWARD] LEWIS, Pen-llin
(1719–1803)

4. On the great rebellion in France when King Louis XVI and his queen were beheaded

Every ancient tradition is annulled;
the races of the French are head to head:
there has never before been more disagreement in the world
between enemies.
It is the effect of foolish doctrine
which says that one person is as high in status as another;
it is better for the world, and for the benefit of every man,
that there is a distinction between a beggar and a king.
Will a man be obedient to another
if he is not lower than him?

It is an ancient education which encourages man
to break the Ten Commandments
(this doctrine is the foster mother of every sort of evil)
until man loses sight of God;
declaring this doctrine throughout the world
drove the people mad;
the wiles of the Devil's sons
to deceive foolish men,
to break all of God's laws
and lead mankind to destruction;
to deny God, their creator,
and to doubt His providence.

That death is eternal sleep
is the teaching of foolish teachers;
that the body, when it returns to the grave,
lays there forever.
It is no better or worse in this world
if our life is good or bad:
there is no God or Devil in existence,
nor judgement, nor a world to come.

Nid gwell y dyn oni chyfyd
O'r bedd, na'r anifail mud.
Oddiyno, yn ddiameu,
Mewn pryd y cyfyd drwg a da:
Y da i fynd i'r nef at Grist,
Y drwg i drigfan athrist.

Ni wnaeth Duw, fenyw erio'd,
â dyn y fath cyfamod,
Fod i ddynion, wrth eu blys,
Gwneuthur yn ôl eu gwyllys:
Lladd holl goreuon y wlad
Ac fal cŵn yn yfed eu gwa'd;
Crogi a herlid llawer sant
O'u gwlad a dwyn eu meddiant;
Amharchu Duw, dibrisio dyn,
A thorri ben eu brenin.

Anghenraid, debygwn, y sy
Fod pen ar bob rhyw deulu.
Paham nad ydyw mor addas
Fod pen ar bob rhyw Siamas?
Nid gwiw yw gweled y gwas
Yn uwch na'i feistr mewn urddas;
Na gweddus i'r feistres fod
Islaw ei morwyn amod.
Diras fod plant mewn un tŷ
Ar eu rhieni'n rheoli.

Irad yw gweled y brenin
A'i ben dan draed pob rhyw ddyn.
Ordeiniodd Duw, yr hwn a'i gwnaeth,
Eu byd, fod dan lywodraeth:
Ni fu, ac ni ddichon fod,
Un gwlad heb rhyw awdurdod.
Dichon y byd dychmygwir all
Sefyll ar sylfaen arall?
Rhaid bod rhai mewn braint a bri
Ar eraill i reoli,
Fal y gellir parchu'r da
A chosbi'r dynion gwaetha';

The man is no better than a mute
animal, unless he resurrects from the grave.
From there, there is no doubt,
good and bad resurrect in time:
the good to go to Christ in heaven,
the bad to a sorrowful abode.

God never made such a covenant
with man or woman
that men, according to their desire,
may do as they will:
killing the country's best people
and drinking their blood like dogs;
hanging and pursuing many a saint
from their country, and stealing their possessions;
disrespecting God, despising man,
and cutting off the head of their king.

I believe that it is necessary
that every family has a head.
Why is it not just as appropriate
for every James to have an overlord?
It is not proper to see a servant
higher in dignity than his master;
nor is it seemly for the mistress
to be beneath her serving girl.
It is wicked for the children of any house
to rule over their parents.

It is woeful to see the king
with his head under the feet of all sorts of men.
God, who made their world, ordained
that it should be under a government:
there never was, and there can never be
a single country without some source of authority.
Perhaps the imagined world can
stand on another foundation?
Some people must be in privilege and honour
to rule others,
in order that the good are respected
and that the worst men are punished;

Cadw'r sawl anhywaith sydd
Yn llonydd yn eu llefydd,
Er mwyn cynnal ym mhob gwlad
Heddwch a brawdol gariad.
Heb rhain, Duw ŵyr, ni ddichon fod
Mewn byd, on'd annibendod:
Brad, twyll, a drygau pob maeth,
Rhyfyg ac afreolaeth.

Arfaethodd Duw, pan luniodd dyn,
Fod rhyw wahaniaeth rhyngddyn':
Rhoddodd, fal y gwelodd dda,
Ar ddynion amryw ddonia'.
Gwelir fod rhai yn ddynion call,
Eraill yn llai eu deall;
Rhai mewn dysg a dawn y sy
Ar eraill yn rhagori;
Llawer dyn rhinweddus, da,
Eraill yn ddrwg eu moesa';
Amball rhai â moddion helaeth,
Eraill mewn cyflwr fo gwaeth.
Dyma'r modd osododd Duw,
Ofer i ddyn cyfedliw;
Bodlon, er hyn, y dylem fod
I'r peth mae Duw'n ei osod.

Ymswyn! O! ymswyn y dyn
Gwneuthur dy Dduw'n dy elyn!
Na ddyro laswag i'r Cythraul
Mogel, ddyn, magl y Diawl.
Pa lesâd i ddyn, os ennill
Y byd, ei enaid os cyll?
Meddwl mor ofnadwy ydyw
Gwadu dy frenin a'th Dduw.
Dichon y dyn didrugaredd,
Ar law ei Dduw, haedda hedd?
Erfyn llwyddiant ar ei dŷ
Ne bendith ar ei deulu?
Rhyfedd amynedd ein Duw,
Mor hir yn harbed Ei ddistryw!

the unruly must be kept
quietly in their places,
in order to maintain peace and brotherly love
in every country.
Without these, God knows, there can
only be disorder in the world:
treason, deceit and all manner of ills,
presumption and chaos.

When God made man, He ordained
that there was a difference between men:
He gave, as He saw fit,
various talents to men.
It is seen that some are wise men,
others have less understanding;
some excel in learning and talent
over others;
many a man is virtuous and good,
others have bad morals;
some have extensive means,
others are in a worse state.
This is the custom that God set down
and it is vain for man to complain;
but rather, we should be satisfied
with that which God has established.

Beware! Oh! man, beware
making an enemy of your God!
Do not give vain advantage to the Devil;
avoid, man, the Devil's snare.
What profit is there for a man if he
gains the world, and loses his soul?
Consider how awful it is
to deny your king and your God.
Can the merciless man
deserve peace by his God's hand?
Plead for success on his house
or blessing on his family?
Our God's patience is remarkable,
sparing His destruction for so long!

Gwelir yn sicr 'n ôl hyn,
Dialau Duw'n eu dilyn;
Credir ai peidio, gwir yw:
Os hwyra', llwyra' dial Duw.
Ni welwyd mewn byd erio'd
Dynion mor ddigydwybod;
Dynion o dymer irad
Yn ymhyfrydu mewn gwa'd:
Dynion ofnadwy ydyn',
Heb barch i Dduw nac i ddyn;
Rhagluniaeth Duw dim wrth eu bodd,
Anufudd i Dduw'r nefo'dd.
Cymer, Duw annwyl, ein gwlad
A'n brenin dan dy nodded,
Ac na ad i'r bobl ynfyd,
Fal pla, i ddifa'r holl fyd.
Od oes rhai yn y wlad hyn,
Bradwyr, ar fedr eu dilyn,
Ymaith â'r llu uffernol,
A byth na deuant yn ôl.

Amen, medd yr awdur.

Olnod
At y Parchedig Mr Walters o Bont-y-Fôn [o'r Bontfaen], Morgannwg:

Mae braw ar fy nghalon
I'ch dwylo i'w danfon
Gan faint ei diffygion, erdolwyn, ŵr da.
Yn dyner, O! byddwch,
Rhy gyflym na farnwch,
Er cariad Duw, cuddiwch ei beiau.

Ffynhonnell: LlGC 6514E, tt. 23a–b.

We see plainly after this
God's vengeances following them;
believe it or not, it is true:
if God's vengeance comes later, it comes totally.
Never in the world were there seen
such unconscionable men;
men with a dreadful temper
delighting in blood:
they are terrible men,
with no respect for God or man;
God's providence is not to their liking,
and they are disobedient to the God of heaven.
Take, dear God, our country
and our king under your protection,
and do not allow the madmen,
like a plague, to destroy the whole world.
If there are some traitors in this country
who are about to follow them,
away with the hellish host,
and may they never return.

Amen, says the author.

Postscript
To the Revd Mr Walters of Cowbridge, Glamorganshire:

There is fear in my heart
to send this to your hands
because of its numerous mistakes, prithee good man.
Oh! be gentle,
do not judge it too hastily;
for the love of God, hide its faults.

Source: NLW 6514E, pp. 23a–b.

JONATHAN HUGHES, Llangollen
(Bardd Pengwern; 1721–1805)

5. Cerdd o anogaeth i lanciau chwe sir Gwynedd, am godi yn glau ym mhlaid Britannia, pan oedd y deyrnas mewn perygl o gael ei gorthrechu gan y gelynion

'Morfa Rhuddlan'

Doed chwe sir Gwynedd, fwynedd fan,
Gwlad a thre, lle a llan;
Gwnawn drwy lwydd yn rhwydd ein rhan,
Ddiegwan dda agwedd;
Mae achos mawr yn awr i ni
Godi'n gad hoff rad a ffri
Ym mhlaid Britannia brafia' ei bri,
Fun heini, fwyn, henedd.
Hi gadd anrhydedd, mawredd maith,
Ganwaith heb gwyno.
Mae ganddi elyn, dygyn dig,
Ffreinig i'w ffrwyno;
Byddinoedd mawr aneiri'n awr,
Sydd am ddifwyno a gwywo ei gwawr,
I'w thorri o'r lle a'i tharo i'r llawr,
Sŵn dirfawr, syn derfysg.
Bu hon yn famaeth lanwaith lwys,
A chymwys i'w chanmol,
Ar dir a dŵr fel y dur,
A phybyr ei phobol;
Mae hi eto'n wrol yn ei nerth,
Gwrthneba'r gelyn, cyndyn certh,
Ac a bâr iddo syrthio'n serth
Dan fariaeth oferwysg.

Rhown weddi gref i'r Naf o'r nef,
Fel Heseceia, llawna' llef,
Daw dial seithblyg arno ef
A'i fyddin fref anfoddus;

JONATHAN HUGHES, Llangollen
(Bardd Pengwern; 1721–1805)

5. A poem of encouragement to the lads of Gwynedd's six counties for rising quickly in the cause of Britannia when the kingdom was in danger of being overcome by the enemies

'Morfa Rhuddlan'

Come, six counties of Gwynedd, gentle region,
country and town, everywhere;
let us do our bit with success through good fortune,
with strong and good attitude;
there is now a great cause for us
to rise up in a blessed and fearless army
on Britannia's side, the most lovely in prestige,
ancient, gentle and vigorous maiden.
She had honour, extensive greatness,
a hundred times without complaint.
She has an angry, persistent,
French enemy to restrain;
numerous large armies,
who now want to defile her splendour and cause it to fade,
to cut her from her place and strike her down to the ground,
the immense clamour of stupefying conflict.
Britannia was a pure, beautiful and brave foster mother to her people,
worthy of praise,
strong as steel on land and sea,
and her people zealous;
she is again valiant in her might,
she resists the dogged, vehement enemy
and causes it to have a great fall
beneath vain wickedness.

Let us give an earnest prayer to the Lord of heaven,
like Hesekiah of fullest cry,
sevenfold vengeance will befall him
and his army, discontented cry;

Ail brenin Syria, gwaetha' gwŷn,
Cadd felltith hynod arno ei hun,
A'i ddelwau llesg oedd waela' eu llun,
Rai gwrthun a gwarthus:
Nid rhifedi aneiri o wŷr,
Nac arfau dur am darian,
Ond cywir ffydd fel Dafydd deg,
A charreg o'r ysgrepan:
Câi'r balch Philistiaid ynfyd un,
Er maint eu nerth, ddwl anferth lun,
Drwy fugail Jwda doetha' dyn,
Fyr derfyn gelyn gwaeledd.
Er bod cedyrn Ffrainc ar ffrwst,
Yn fawr eu trwst a'u trawster,
Fel eirth am ddifa hylla' haid,
Yr hen Frytaniaid tyner;
Rhown Awdwr, Lluniwr nef a llawr,
Yn ben rhyfelwr milwr mawr;
Mae'n gadarn noddfa, gwycha' Gwawr,
Mewn dirfawr awr oeredd.

Bu'r Hefiaid a'r Amoriaid maith,
Holl lannau'r môr, hyll oror llaith,
A'r Hesiaid creulon, dicllon daith,
Jebusiaid araith oeredd,
A'r Cananeaid bleiddiaid blin,
Phereziaid cais drwy drais Ei drin;
Duw Josua rheola'r hin
Er dial cymin' camwedd:
Cenllysg nefol, nerthol nych,
Yn fwynwych anfonwyd,
A'r tir i'w blant, haeddiant hawl,
Yn hollawl enillwyd.
Gweddïwn, cad preswylfod Siôr
A'i sanctaidd eglwys, gymwys gôr,
Yn llaw'r galluog, enwog Iôr,
Pen Porthor ein porthau:
Drwy ffydd a gweddi, difri daith,
Berffaith heb orffwys,
Gwnawn godi'n glir i gadw ein gwlad,
Da doriad hyderus;

like the king of Assyria, the worst vice,
who brought a terrible curse upon himself,
and his feeble graven images never looked worse,
repugnant and disgraceful things:
not countless numbers of men,
nor weapons of steel as a shield,
but a true faith like fair David,
and a stone from the pouch:
despite their power (full and immense),
the haughty Philistines (foolish nation),
a wretched enemy, came to a swift end
through the shepherd of Judah (wisest man).
Though France's warriors are in haste,
and make great clamour and oppression,
like bears (ugliest swarm),
they seek to destroy the gentle Ancient Britons;
let us put the Author, Creator of heaven and earth,
as chief warrior, great soldier;
He is a steadfast refuge (most excellent Lord)
in the dire, sad hour of need.

The cunning Hivites and Amorites were
along all seashores (ugly and wet boundary),
and the cruel Hittites (bitter journey),
the Jebusites (cruel song);
and the Canaanites (angry wolves),
the Perizzites tried through violence to handle Him,
Joshua's God controls the weather
in order to avenge so many sins:
hailstones from heaven, powerful torment,
were sent most splendidly,
and the land was entirely won
by God's children of deserving right.
Let us pray that George's dwelling
and his sacred church (worthy choir)
will be kept in the hand of the mighty and blessed Lord,
chief Gatekeeper of our refuges:
through perfect faith and prayer (solemn journey),
without rest,
we will rise up to save our country
(good and hopeful stroke);

Pob dynion dawnus, parchus, pur,
Cydboerwn dân, berion dur,
Ar diroedd maith a dyfroedd mŷr,
Rhyfelwyr, gwilwyr golau.

Dowch, blant Britannia gwycha' eu gwedd,
Rhai gwrol clau i gario'r cledd,
Rhaid curo am ryddid, hawddfyd hedd,
Dda agwedd feddygawl;
Cefnogi a wnawn, ac awn heb gêl
Mewn cariad cywir, sicr sêl,
Godidog ddawn a doed y ddêl,
Dan afael Duw nefawl;
Rhown Hwn yn flaenor, cynnor cu,
Nid dawn a gallu dynion,
Bae lluoedd daear, ffromgar ffraeth,
Yn rhoddi'n gaeth fygythion.
Daeth tri llanc perffaith, lanwaith liw,
O'r tân yn ffri heb brofi briw,
Jona a Daniel arael wiw,
Drwy ddilyw a distryw dwysdrwm.
Cynhaliwr Prydain, gywrain gad,
Wyt hawddgar Dad godidog;
Cadw'r gelyn drygddyn draw,
Â braich a llaw alluog;
Dod heddwch tirion, wiwlon wedd,
A chariad perffaith, lanwaith wledd,
Na ddoed pabyddion hyd eu bedd,
Â dialedd, gwaeledd gwlwm.

Ffynhonnell: Gemwaith Awen, tt. 76–8.

every talented, respected, pure man,
we will, warriors, bright sentinels, together,
spit the fire of steel roasting spits
on the extensive lands and oceans.

Come, most handsome children of Britannia,
valiant and quick to carry the sword,
we must beat for liberty (easy life of peace),
good salutary manner;
we will support, and go openly
in proper, assured love,
with outstanding talent, come what may,
under the control of the God of heaven;
we will put Him as our leader (dear chief)
rather than the talent and might of men,
should the arrogant and swift hosts of earth
give grievous threat.
Three perfect youths (pure of complexion)
came free and unharmed from the fire;
pleasant and worthy Jonah and Daniel similarly came free
through deluge and heavy and intense destruction.
Britain's defender (skilled army),
You are a kindly and splendid Father;
keep the wicked enemy away
with a mighty arm and hand;
give gentle peace (of worthy and happy nature)
and perfect love (pure feast),
and may papists not come (as long as they live)
with vengeance, wretched bond.

Source: Gemwaith Awen, pp. 76–8.

6. Cwynfan Britannia yn ei galar a'i thristwch am ei phriflyngesydd (Arglwydd Horatio Nelson) yr hwn a laddwyd yn y frwydr gerllaw Trafalgar, 21 Hydref 1805

'Trymder'

"Rwyf fi, Britannia, garwa' gur,
Fel merthyr mwys,
Dan lwyth alaethus, poenus pur,
A dolur dwys;
Er caffael buddugoliaeth gwiw,
Mae briw i'm bron,
Daeth sythion saethau, draenau drud,
O hyd i hon:
Archollion trymion, lymion loes,
Er cwyno'n hir ar dir nid oes
Ond rhyw newyddion creulon croes
I'm hoes i o hyd.
Peth trist yw clywed trwst y cledd
Yn plygu'r plant i bant y bedd;
O'r gwŷr hawddgara', gwycha' eu gwedd,
Mewn camwedd cyd.

Rhyw dwrw mawr ar dir a môr,
Pob goror gaeth,
A garw sŵn i'm gyrru'n syn,
Mewn dychryn daeth.
Ow! Erglyw di, fy Arglwydd da,
Cla' ydwyf fi, clyw,
Ar fôr neu dir pa le mae D'ail,
Fy nghadarn sail-wir syw?"
Fel gweddw drist mae'n gweiddi draw:
"Bob nos a dydd rwy'n brudd mewn braw,
A gwŷr yn lluoedd ger fy llaw,
Anhylaw hynt:
Mae'r gelyn blin a'i fyddin fas
Am ladd Britannia, blina' blas,
A siâr fy etifedd, weddedd was,
Rai cas fel cynt.

6. Britannia's lament in her grief and her sorrow for her admiral (Lord Horatio Nelson) who was killed in the battle near Trafalgar, 21 October 1805

'Trymder'

"I, Britannia (most grievous anguish),
am like an equivocal martyr,
under a mournful burden (it is truly painful)
and intense hurt;
despite gaining a worthy victory,
my breast is wounded,
for straight arrows (painful thorns)
found my breast:
heavy injuries (severe sorrow),
despite lamenting long there is nothing
but some cruel and adverse news
always in my lifetime.
It is sad to hear the din of the sword
laying low the children to the grave;
from the most amiable and excellent men,
so long in misfortune.

A great din on land and sea
(every locked shore) came in fright,
and a rough noise
to terrify me.
Oh! listen, my good Lord,
I am injured, listen to me,
where on land or sea is there another like You,
my steadfast, true support?"
She calls out like a sad widow:
"Every night and day I'm sorrowful in fright,
and the men in hosts are near at hand,
devastating course:
the angry enemy and his base army
wish to destroy Britannia (most wretched place)
and the patrimony of my heir (lovely lad),
cruel men as before.

Fy nerth a'm cân yw f'Arglwydd cu,
Drwy'i allu Ef
Mae buddugoliaeth wedi gael,
Dawn araul nef;
Mewn cwmwl du neu golofn dân,
Duw glân Ei glod,
I gynnal, clywch, y gwan a'r cla',
Sydd bura'n bod;
Gwnaeth tair o longau, traenau trais,
Ar ddeg ar hugain, gywrain gais
Am rwygo a suddo Cymro a Sais:
Roedd llais y llu
Fel Pharo'n boddi, cyni caeth,
Neu ddiwedd Edom, ffrom wŷr ffraeth;
Ar gefn y weilgi difri daeth,
Bradwriaeth du.

Galarus wyf, rhyw glwyf rhy gla',
Mewn traha trist,
Am foriwr ffyddlon union wedd,
Âi i'r geufedd gist;
Horatio Nelson wiwlon wawr,
Eglurfawr glod,
Er claddu ei rinwedd yn yr arch,
Mae ei barch e'n bod.
Chwech ugain gwiw a phedair gwaith
Bu'n gwylio'r gelyn dygyn daith,
Briw dwfn na chur nid ofnai chwaith,
Neu graith fawr grych:
Ond gwall a braw oedd golli ei bryd,
Y gorau ei ben drwy gaerau'r byd,
Un pur oedd hwn yn para o hyd,
A goglyd gwych.

Cadd yn y frwydr wneud ei frad,
Mawr gad ar goedd;
Pob peirian tost yn poeri tân,
Anniddan oedd,

My dear Lord is my strength and song,
through His power
victory is won
(bright blessing of heaven);
in a black cloud or pillar of smoke,
God, whose praise is sweet,
is the purest being
to maintain the weak and infirm, listen;
thirty-three ships (violent retinue)
made a cunning attempt
to tear and sink Welshmen and Englishmen:
the hosts' voice
was like Pharaoh drowning (tight burden),
or the end of Edom (fierce and quick men);
dark treachery
came in earnest in the middle of the great ocean.

I am mournful (too painful a wound),
in sad pride
for a faithful and righteous sailor
who went to the hollow grave;
Horatio Nelson (splendid lord),
magnificent fame,
his honour remains
although his virtue has been buried.
He had been watching the enemy (diligent journey)
six score and four worthy times,
he did not fear a deep wound or blow either,
or a big jagged scar:
but it was a dreadful shock to lose him,
the best throughout the world,
he was pure and will continue still,
excellent in zeal.

A large army
carried out openly its treachery in the battle;
every furious machine spitting fire,
it was awful,

Ond baner Lloegr gwych ei llun,
Sydd goch ei lliw,
Er dilyw dialedd giaidd gainc;
Ysbaen a Ffrainc oer ffriw,
A gymerth ugain llong a'i llu;
Doeth ddwyfol fraint daeth oddi fry,
Ond un, drwy dân a phowdwr du,
Gadd chwalu ei chist:
Ni welodd un gŵr gynnwr gwaeth,
Rhwng tân a dŵr mewn cyflwr caeth,
Na hyna' ddynion heno a ddaeth
O'r draith yn drist.

Drwy nerth deheulaw Duw y daeth
Gorchafiaeth chweg,
Hwn ydyw'r mawredd ym mhob man,
A'r darian deg,
Fy nghadarn noddfa, pura' Pôr,
Ar dir neu fôr yw Fe,
Sy'n cadw f'einioes cyd yn fyw,
Gwir syw a llyw 'mhob lle:
Fy mlaenor, cynnor ym mhob cad,
Fy nghorn a'm ffyddlon dirion Dad,
Gwaredwr ydyw, glyw ein gwlad,
Rhag brad a briw:
Gwresocaf swcwr, rhoddwr hedd,
Fy nghraig sancteiddlan wiwlan wedd,
Cynhaliwr clau fy nheulu a'u cledd,
Ymgeledd gwiw.

Rwy'n byw'n hyderus yma ar dir,
Neu fôr, yn wir, un wedd,
Er colli gwycha', brafia' ei bryd,
A'i fwrw'n fud i'w fedd;
Mae gan i eto i'w blino blant,
Mewn llwyddiant llawn,
Dan wrthiau dwyfol nerth bob dydd,
Er cynnydd cawn;

but England's excellent banner
is red,
despite the deluge of vengeance (savage tune);
Spain and France (sad countenance),
took twenty ships and their host;
wise sacred privilege came from above,
but one ship, through fire and gunpowder,
had its hull shattered:
no man caught between fire and water
saw a worse commotion,
nor did older men coming sadly tonight
from the battle.

Through the might of God's right hand came
sweet victory,
this victory is the universal greatness
and the fair shield,
He is my strong refuge (the strongest Lord)
on land and sea,
who keeps me alive for so long,
He is the true God and leader in every place:
my chief support in every battle,
my trumpet and dear faithful Father,
He is the saviour (leader of our country)
against treachery and injury:
warmest succour, giver of peace,
my lovely sacred rock,
swift supporter of my people and their sword,
true protection.

I live confidently here on land,
or indeed in the same way on sea,
despite losing one who was the most excellent and handsome,
and casting him, mute, into his grave;
I still have children
in full success to vex the enemy,
every day, we have the miracles of the divine might
to help us succeed;

Drwy'r gwir Jehofa, brafia' bri,
Oen da wrth raid un Duw a thri,
Daw Collingwood i'm canlyn i,
Heb ofni bâr:
Arweinydd glân, waredydd glwys,
Mewn pob cyfyngdra penna' pwys
I'm priflyngeswyr, morwyr mwys,
Iôr gwiwlwys gwâr."

Duw, cadw'r brenin heb ddim brad,
Mewn cariad cu,
A'i fanon gain, un fwyn ei gwedd
A llariaidd 'mhob llu;
A'r teulu breiniol gweddol gwych,
Rhag nych yn awr,
Mae ocraeth blaidd neu gecraeth blin,
A'i erwin fyddin fawr.
Adfera'r gelyn cyndyn certh,
Drwy ddofi ei naws neu ddifa ei nerth,
Dod heddwch ffyddlon, wiwlon werth,
Mae'n drafferth drist.
Nid oes yn unig dan y nef,
Eill droi'r gelynion fryntion fref;
Gogwydda eu grym, aed gweddi gref
A gwaedd ar Grist.

Ffynhonnell: Gemwaith Awen, tt. 179–82.

through the true Jehovah (the finest privilege),
good Lamb in the calling of the one God in three,
Collingwood will follow me,
without fearing evil:
the worthy, fine Lord was
a pure leader, beautiful saviour,
and main support in every distress
to my admirals, skilful sailors."

God, without treachery, save the king
in dear love,
and save his fine queen, fair of countenance
and resplendent in every host;
and save the royal family, worthy and excellent,
from injury now,
for there is wolf-like usury and angry contention,
and God save the king's fearsome great army.
God, repair the obstinate and vehement enemy
by taming their nature or destroying their power,
bring precious lasting peace,
this is a sorry situation.
There is only One under the heavens
who can turn the enemies with their terrible cry;
and bend their might: may a strong prayer
and a cry go out to Christ.

Source: Gemwaith Awen, pp. 179–82.

WILLIAM JONES, Llangadfan
(Gwilym Cadfan; 1726–95)

7. *Awdl ar y pedwar mesur ar hugain i ryddid a thrais*

Duw'r nef a daear a wnaeth
(Dan Ei nawdd) y dyn yn noeth;
Duw 'r un fodd a drefnai faeth,
Diau'n Dad da iawn a doeth.

Duw a rodd y da a'r ŷd,
Dae'r yn rhydd a dŵr yn rhad;
Dawn a gadd y dyn o ged,
Dyna fedd, on'd iawn ei fod.

Daeth i fod boendod di-ball,
Drwy un o ddwy i'w ddeall:
Duw'r duwiau, Awdur diwall, – a wnaeth un,
Delw a llun Diawl yw y llall.

Daeth o'r fall hyll wall a llid,
Drais greulon, drais goreilid;
Duw nef ynad anfonodd,
Diau rhodd Duw yw rhyddid.

Rhyddid, addefid, rhoddai Duw Ddofydd;
Rhoddwn ac unwn, rhyddion wiw gynnydd,
Rhoddiad o ganiad rhwydd-deg awenydd;
Rheg y Duw goreu rhag ehud gerydd,
Rhialwen heulen heolydd – caerau,
Rhif ar ei doniau rhyfawr ei deunydd.

Rhysgwydd o dda ddeunydd i ddynion,
Rhag llafur disegur dwysogion,
Rhai a fydd beunydd a'u dibenion
Rhifo a thwyso'n gaethweision;
Rhinwedd Duw a hedd da i hon, – unwedd,
Rhyfedd gelanedd f'o'i gelynion.

WILLIAM JONES, Llangadfan
(Gwilym Cadfan; 1726–95)

7. *An* awdl *in the twenty-four metres to liberty and oppression*

God of heaven and earth under His protection
made man naked;
in the same way God provided nourishment,
He is surely a good and wise Father.

God gave the cattle and corn,
the earth for free and water at no cost;
man was given a gift out of generosity,
that is what he owns; is it not right that he owns it?

Unending torment came to be
through one of two [?gifts], it is to be understood:
God of gods, blameless Author, made one,
the other is in the image and likeness of the Devil.

Sin and anger came from the ugly Devil,
cruel oppression, grievous violence;
God, the judge of heaven, sent
– for sure, it is God's gift – liberty.

Liberty, it should be owned, was given by the Lord God;
let us give and unite, free men of worthy prosperity
a gift of a song of fair and easy poetry;
it is the gift of the best God against a foolish rebuke,
dear sun's bright splendour on the tracks to its setting,
liberty's virtues are too great to be numbered.

Protection of good use to men
against the devices of ceaseless princes,
those whose intent is every day
to count and lead away men as slaves;
may liberty ever have God's virtue and good peace,
and may liberty's enemies be noteworthy corpses.

Rhodded Duw nodded i'w weinyddion
Rhag taerdrais mawrdrais ymerodron;
Rhoent faeth ysywaeth i'w chaseion, – gynt,
Rhiallu roddynt i'w llawruddion.

Rhy niweidiog rhi' eu hynadon,
Rhy groch helynt rhai o'u gorchwylion,
Rhai a'u gwroliaeth yn rhy greulon:
Rhodded Iesu rhyddid i'w weision.

Hapus dêl ei hapostolion,
Hardd i'w weled ei hurddolion;
Hi wna filoedd yn nefolion,
Hyd yr elo daearolion.

Gorwag werin (gwiwrin gorau),
Gwŷr ar gaerau garu'r Goron,
Gyrru gerwin, gau ragorau,
Gwir y geiriau guro gwirion.

Y gwyllt a'r gwâr, a'r gwellt a'r gwŷdd,
A dae'r, a dydd, a dŵr y don;
Yn rhad i'n rhan y rhôi Duw'n rhydd,
A phoed ein ffydd, ein ffawd a'n ffon,
Y rhod a'i rhes, ein tân a'n tes
A ddaw â'r gwres i'r ddaear gron;
Pob rhyw, pob pres, a wnaed yn nes,
A roed i'n lles o'i rad yn llon.

Yr haul a'r lloer o'r hael wellhad,
A roed, Duw Dad, o rad a dawn,
A daear oer, a dŵr a red,
Yn rhwydd o'i lled yn rhoddi llawn,
A rhyddid rhydd er ffawd i'r ffydd,
O ran na bydd yr un heb iawn;
O drais, nid rhydd na dŵr, na dydd,
Na gwellt, na gwŷdd, na gwyllt ni gawn.

Rhodder beunydd orau deunydd i ryw dynion,
Yr iawn rannau o'n meddiannau mewn modd union.

May God grant protection to those in His service
against the fervent and violent oppression of emperors;
alas, they fostered those who hated liberty of old,
they gave an abundance to its murderers.

Their numerous judges are too harmful,
some too vehement in their offices,
some exercise their power too cruelly:
may Jesus grant liberty to His servants.

May liberty's apostles come happily,
its dignitaries beautiful to behold;
it will make thousands into heavenly beings
as far as people still on earth may go.

Worthless folk (the best virtuous ones),
men whose day is done love the Crown,
driving harsh, vain virtues,
it is true that the innocent are beaten.

The wild and tame, grass and trees,
earth and day, water of the sea;
God gave to us our portion freely,
and may our faith be our fate and staff,
the planet and its course, our fire and sunshine
which brings the heat of the sun to the whole world;
everything, every row, was made nearer,
was given for our benefit by His grace.

The sun and moon, of generous improvement,
were given, Oh God the Father, out of blessing and grace,
and cold earth and water which run
freely across its breadth giving plenitude,
and God gave free liberty to bless the faith,
so that no-one shall be without justice;
it is through violence that we do not freely obtain water, day,
grass, woods, nor wild animals.

May the best material be given to mankind every day,
the proper portions of our possessions in a fitting way.

Hon a ry union rannau – a heddwch,
A haeddedigaethau;
Hi rôi i lawer elïau,
A mawr odiaeth ymwaredau;
Ar dir adwaenir ei doniau
O Ogledd i duedd Deau,
O godiad rhediad rhodau, – yr haul,
Deg araul hyd ei gaerau.

Ni fydd i neb o fodd yn iawn
Feddu uniawn feddiannau,
Na neb ei hawl (oni bai hi)
Heb eu noethi'n benaethau.

Goleued â deg liwiau,
Gwyrddlased fal gardd lysiau,
Goreuglaer deg aroglau,
Gorhoff rith, goreu ei ffrwythau;
Gwreiddied fwyfwy ei graddau,
Goruchel gywir achau,
Gwaed yw hi a gaed o hen
Ardd Eden wreiddiadau.

Rhai ni wyddant ei rhinweddau,
Na hanesion ei hen oesau,
A moes a maswedd, a thrais a thrawsedd,
Bonedd ac unbennau.

Trais erwin mewn traws oriau,
A rôi ddynion fyrddiwnau,
I'w diweddiad o'u dyddiau,
Drwy benyd a dirboenau,
Archollion tra erchyllaf,
Hil Addaf ddialeddau.

Ar dir eu dawn, oes hir os awn,
Y gwir a gawn, nid gair gau,
Ei gyd a'n gwedd o hyd a'n hedd
O'n byd i'n bedd, bod heb iau.

Liberty bestows fitting portions and peace,
and just rewards;
it would be a salve to many,
and give great deliverances;
on earth its virtues are recognized
from the North to the region of the South,
from the rising (the course of the spheres) of the sun
(beautiful and bright) as far as its setting.

No-one to his own satisfaction
will own his just possessions,
nor shall any enjoy their rights were it not for liberty
declaring them to be masters.

Liberty is as bright as ten colours,
as fresh as garden vegetables,
the brightest sweet scents,
splendid appearance with the best fruits;
may more and more of its stages take root,
sublime and genuine lineage,
it is blood obtained from
the root of old Eden.

Some do not know liberty's virtues,
nor the histories of its former ages:
the morals and mischief, violence and oppression,
of nobility and despots.

Harsh violence in wicked times
was dealt out by men of multitudes;
to end their days,
through penance and agony,
the most awful wounds,
the afflictions of Adam's race.

In the land of their blessing, if we live a long life,
we will have the truth, no false word,
and we will be ever in a state of peace
without a yoke from our birth to our grave.

Aed mawledig, etholedig,
Yn enwedig ein ynadau,
I weledig orthrymedig;
Yn buredig eu bwriadau.

Hoffi yr ydoedd offeiriadau
Eu gwaith i wneud yn gaeth eneidiau,
A'u cau yn dynnion mewn cadwynau,
Yno i ymgadw mewn mygydau,
Ac i arfeddyd gwag grefyddau
A mwy o ddolur i'w meddyliau;

A'u henbyd, fyglyd faglau – a ffeilsion
Dall a mudion dywyll amodau:
O ledu'r goleuadau, [. . .]
Dewis diau i ddyn o ddau.

Er y dawn a'r dysg, camwedd oedd cymysg
Iach loyw addysg a chelwyddau:
Da ydoedd Duw Dad, rhodd inni'n rhad
Ymwarediad a mawr radau.

Drwy rad Ei gariad dwg Ef – ni'n deilwng
Dylwyth i'r hir gartref
Drwy allu haeddu haddef
Dan Ei nawdd Duw yn y nef,
Duw'r nef &c.

Ffynonellau: A—LlGC 1806E, rhifau 795–795A. B—*Cymru*, XLV (1913), 239–40. C—LlGC, William Jones, Dolhywel.

May those who are praised and elected,
especially our judges,
treat those who are seen to be oppressed
with pure intentions.

Priests liked
their work which was to make souls captive
and lock them tightly in chains,
there to hide in masks,
and to practise false religions
and to put more pain in their minds.

And their harmful smoking snares
blind and dumb evil promises:
by spreading the lights, [. . .]
man surely has a choice between two.

Despite the blessing and learning, wrong was the mixing
of wholesome, bright education with lies:
God the Father was good, He gave to us freely
deliverance and great blessings.

Through the blessing of His love, He will bring us, a deserving
family, to the eternal dwelling.
Through power reaching the abode,
under the protection of God in heaven,
heavenly Father &c.

Sources: A—NLW 1806E, nos. 795–795A. B—*Cymru*, XLV (1913), 239–40. C—NLW, William Jones, Dolhywel.

8. Am y rhyfel, yn eisteddfod Dolgellau 1794

Rhyddid i'r gŵr a'i haeddo, – mae'r oes
Yn 'mryson amdano;
I firain Frydain, deg fro,
Yr heddwch, Duw a'u rhoddo.

Am ryfel mae yn ymrwyfo – mawr achwyn,
Mae'r achos rwy'n coelio
Yn ddiwyd i weddïo:
Na rydd brad mo'n gwlad dan glo.

Ffynhonnell: Cymru, XLIV (1913), 226.

8. About the war, in Dolgellau eisteddfod 1794

May God grant liberty to the man who deserves it, the age
is disputing about liberty;
to beautiful Britain, lovely land,
may God [also] grant peace.

Great complaint is being tossed about regarding war,
the occasion demands, I believe,
assiduous prayer:
that treason will not imprison our country.

Source: Cymru, XLIV (1913), 226.

JOHN WILLIAMS
(Siôn Cynwyd; [1740–1821])

9. Cywydd mewn perthynas i'r amser presennol, 11 Hydref 1793

At oruchwylwyr y cylchgrawn.
Os gwelwch y cywydd isod yn deilwng o le yn eich cylchgrawn, mae i chwi rwydd roesaw i'w argraffu. Fe fydd llawer o ganiadau o'r cyffelyb destun yn cael eu cyfansoddi'r gaeaf nesaf. Mae eich cylchgrawn yn cael llawer o barch gan bob darllenydd call yn fy ngwlad i. Wyf eich anghydnabyddus ewyllysiwr da yng Nghrist, John Williams, ymysg y beirdd Siôn Cynwyd.

Dyrcha, Awen gymenwaith,
Dduwies gu, addas ei gwaith;
Dyro gymorth i'm porthi,
Rhwydd a doeth yw y'th rhodd di.
Mwy achos sydd im ochain,
Na llunio cerdd gwiwgerdd gain:
Hyll ofid draw a llefain,
Dwrf oer sydd dirfawr sain;
Sain bwledau, chwarae chwyrn,
Sain codiad, sŵn y cedyrn.
Berwi y mae, er gwae ar goedd,
Yn ysig y teyrnasoedd;
Am ryfel a mawr ofid,
Dal a lladd, dial a llid;
Gan dynnu cleddyf, hyf haid,
I dorri eu cyd-greaduriaid
O dir y byw, on'd yw dig,
O! athrylith gythreulig.
Och! alar, ac och! wylo,
Yn llwyr brudd mewn llawer bro,
Och! i Galia,* awch gwelir,
Y cleddyf llyfn, hyf llafn hir:
Torri y mae o'r tiroedd
Hardd filwyr, y gwŷr ag oedd

* Ffrainc.

JOHN WILLIAMS
(Siôn Cynwyd; [1740–1821])

9. A cywydd *in relation to the present time, 11 October 1793*

To the overseers of the magazine.
If you find the *cywydd* below worthy of a place in your magazine, you are most welcome to publish it. Many poems on a similar subject will be composed next winter. Your magazine is highly respected by every sensible reader in my locality. I am your unacquainted well-wisher in Christ, John Williams, Siôn Cynwyd amongst the bards.

Rise, accomplished muse,
gentle goddess, whose work is worthy;
grant your help to support me,
your gift is bountiful and wise.
There is more reason for me to moan
than to compose an excellent and fine poem:
for yonder there is ugly anxiety and wailing,
the sad crowd makes a very great clamour;
the sound of bullets (fierce play),
the sound of advancement, the sound of the mighty.
The wounded kingdoms are seething,
causing public distress:
because of war and great worry,
capture and killing, vengeance and wrath;
by unsheathing a sword (bold swarm)
to strike their fellow-creatures
from the land of the living, isn't it fierce!
Oh! demonic genius.
Oh, grief and, Oh, wailing!
Utterly sorrowful in many a region,
woe! to Galia,* the edge is seen
of the smooth sword with a long bold blade:
it cuts from the lands
handsome soldiers, the men who were

* France.

Yn Ffrainc lawn o nwyfiant,
Syrthio i'r bedd, serth oer bant.
Och! ddialedd, och! ddeli;
Par hyd, och! y parhei di
I lwyr dywallt? Hallt yw hyn;
Os dechreu mae naws dychryn;
Beth a ddwedaf, Naf nefoedd?
Paham y mae gwae ar goedd?
Cyflawnder a dyfnder dig
Y Duw annwyl da unig.
Ef yw Duw hyf y dial,
Ofwy dig Efe a dâl:
Bwystfil, anghenfil anferth,
Y cyfrwys bab, ceudab certh,
A daenodd, oerfodd yrfa,
Ddewr was blin, ddyrys bla,
A duodd gwyneb daear
Mewn meddwdod, bechod a bâr.
Gwin y Butain fain a fu,
Hell ddraig, yn hywyll ddrygu.
Llyna dwyll, llawn y dallodd
Ran fawr o'r byd, fyglyd fodd.
Bu pobloedd ar gyhoedd gynt
Yn halog, ddrwg iawn helynt;
Pab ar ôl pab yn pobi
Beunydd eu gwael grefydd gri.
Hwy godent i hoyw gadair
Nefawl Fab, mwynfab Mair;
Rhoen' hedd am anwireddau,
Am arian gyfan, ffordd gau.
Llyna'r marchnadwyr llawnwych
Ag oedd yn eu gwisgoedd gwych
'N caru'r Butain riainwych,
Yn casglu coeth gyfoeth gwych.
Pan ddêl ei chwymp o dymp dig,
Uffernawl deyrnas ffyrnig,
Bydd Sïon yn ymlonni
O'i chodwm, hyll orthrwm, hi:

full of vitality in France,
they fall into the grave, grim sad pit.
Oh, vengeance! Oh, harshness!
Oh! how long will you persist
in pouring forth? This is cruel;
if the spirit of fear is just beginning,
what, Lord of heaven, will I say?
Why is woe so evident?
The fullness and depth of anger
of the dear and good one God,
He is the bold God of vengeance,
He will repay sin with an angry punishment:
the beast (huge monster)
of the sly pope (awful belly)
spread (grim course)
(bold and angry servant) an unruly plague,
and darkened the face of the earth
in drunkenness, sin and wickedness.
The cunning Whore's wine (hideous dragon)
was furiously injuring people.
Behold deceit, it fully blinded
a great part of the world, smoky means.
People were in bygone times openly
profane, a very sorry predicament;
one pope after another cooked up
daily their sorry new religion.
They mounted up to the fine throne
of the heavenly Son, Mary's tender son;
they would grant peace in return for untruths,
for sound money; it was a false course.
Behold the magnificent marketeers,
who, in their fine clothing,
loved the gorgeous Whore,
and who amassed splendid wealth.
When the time of her wrathful fall comes
(fierce hellish kingdom),
Zion will be gladdened
by her fall, ugly oppression:

Er lladd tystion gwirionedd
Ym Mabilon waelion wedd,
Cofiwn, Duw mawr a'u cyfyd,
'N fawr eu braint, ar fyr o bryd:
Codant oll fal gwŷr cedyrn,
Gilwg chwith â golwg chwyrn.
A Rhufain fawr ei rhyfyg
O'r tir a gesglir fal gwŷg.
Onid oedd Ffrainc yn gainc gerth
O ynfyd eglwys anferth
Y Rhufain, filain falais,
Llwyn y drwg a llawn o drais?
Yn awr y mae gwae a gwg,
Och! alar gyda chilwg,
Gwaed merthyron Sïon sydd,
Gwêl y boen, yn galw beunydd:
"Tâl, tâl dial, O! Dad
Daionus, ein Duw ynad."
Eilwaith cyfodaf alar
Brwd a noeth dros Brydain wâr:
Duw annwyl pob daioni,
Gweddus doeth, da gwyddost Ti
Ddibenion creulon, waith croes,
A dialedd mawr a duloes;
Tydi sydd gadarn farnwr,
Duw Iôn, ydwyt union ŵr.
Cofia Siôr dirionaidd,
Da unawl bryd D'annwyl braidd:
Tro'r march coch a'r rhoch ar ruthr,
Och! erwin a'i awch aruthr,
Yn ei ôl, wir nefol Naf,
A dwg grefydd, Duw cryfaf,
Yn ei le a'i asgre oesgri,
A rhydd fraint, wir hoywaidd fri:
Lladd bechod, a'i nod, a'i nerth,
Sydd enbyd, ynfyd, anferth;
A gyr wir frawdol gariad
I helaeth arglwyddiaeth gwlad.

despite killing witnesses of the truth
(wretched manners) in Babylon,
we must remember that great God will resurrect them
in all their glory, before long:
they will all rise up as strong men,
with a savage scowl and a wild look in their eyes.
And Rome, whose arrogance is great,
will be gathered from the land like tares.
Was not France a terrible branch
of the mad, monstrous church
of Rome (savage malice),
a source of wickedness and full of violence?
There is now woe and discontent,
Oh! grief is accompanied by a scowl,
the blood of Zion's martyrs
is calling daily, see the pain:
"Pay, avenge us, Oh beneficent
Father, our God and Judge."
Again, I raise keen and raw
grief throughout genial Britain:
dear God of all goodness
(worthy and wise), how well You know
the cruel intentions (adverse action)
and great, dark and painful vengeance;
You are a steadfast judge,
Lord God, You are an upright man.
Remember gentle George,
good united nature of Your dear flock:
true heavenly Lord, turn back with haste the red horse and its roar,
its cruel woe and awful passion,
and, strong God,
replace its sad shaking and sad cry,
with religion,
and free privilege, truly lively honour:
kill sin (its mark, and its power),
which is terrible, mad and monstrous;
and direct true brotherly love
to the plentiful dominion of our country.

I fyny cwyd dy faner,
Duw, Iesu, anwylgu Nêr,
A boed i hedd, ryfedd wraidd,
A mawl Iesu melusaidd. 104

Ffynhonnell: Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg: Neu Drysorfa Gwybodaeth, III (Awst 1793), 233–4.

Raise up your banner,
God, Jesus, dear and gentle Lord,
and may there be peace, whose origin is wonderful,
and sweet praise for Jesus. 104

Source: Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg: Neu Drysorfa Gwybodaeth, III (August 1793), 233–4.

JOHN THOMAS, Pentrefoelas
(Eos Gwynedd; 1742–1818)

10. Dangosiad achos y blinder a'r drudaniaeth yn amser rhyfel Ffrainc

I'w chanu ar 'Mwynen Merch'

Mae tuchan, gwn rŵan, gan rai,
Ac aml 'hwi hai' yma o hyd;
Er pan aeth yr arian ar drai,
Mae pawb yn rhoi bai ar y byd.
Y tiroedd a gododd yn gas,
A hynny fu'n andras, yn wir;
Rwy'n canfod oer syndod o'r sias,
Sŵn rhegi sy'n rhy gas,
Gan aml ŵr diras ar dir
Mae twrw traws, arw trwy'r sir.

Rhaid canfod tua gwaelod y gwir,
Mae hynny'n fwy sicr lesâd;
Rhagluniaeth fwy helaeth fu'n hir
Yn gwenu yma'n glir yn ein gwlad;
Cael amledd o fawredd i fyw,
Pob peth yn eu rhyw inni rhoed,
A heddwch, rwydd degwch, rodd Duw;
Ac amryw drwy Gymru
Yn ymserchu i bechu o bob oed:
Pa deyrnas mor atgas erioed?

Roedd balchder, gorthrymder a thrais,
Yn rhoddi rhyw greglais rhy gre':
Cenfigen drachefen a'i chais,
Ceid clywed ei llais ym mhob lle;
Y mwya'n rhoi'r lleia' yn y llwch
I ddioddef tyn dristwch tan draed;
Holl arfer a phleser rhai fflwch
Dweud "Lleddwch y gweiniaid,

JOHN THOMAS, Pentrefoelas
(Eos Gwynedd; 1742–1818)

10. A demonstration of the cause of the tribulation and famine experienced in the time of the French war

To be sung on 'Mwynen Merch'

Some, I know now, are complaining,
and many a 'hoo hay!' continues here too;
everyone blames the world
since money became scarce.
The lands rose up cruelly,
and that, indeed, was evil;
I perceive that strife has caused an awful fright,
the sound of cursing is too nasty,
many a graceless man on earth
makes rough and cruel tumult throughout the county.

We must get to the bottom of the truth,
for that is a more sure benefit;
a more extensive providence has long
smiled brightly on our country;
we've been given an abundance of greatness to live,
with everything in its place,
and peace (easy fairness), which is God's gift;
and many of all ages throughout Wales
are devoted to sin:
what kingdom was ever so hateful?

Pride, oppression and violence
would give too loud a shriek:
the voice of jealousy, again, and its attempt,
could be heard everywhere;
the strongest would cast the weakest to the ground
to suffer severe sadness under foot;
the entire custom and pleasure of the lusty ones
was to say "Kill the weak ones,

Fel bleiddiaid, ac yfed eu gwaed":
Peth ffiaidd, anweddaidd a wnaed.

Diystyrwch gwir degwch air Duw,
Fal rhyw wyth'en fyw, aeth yn fawr;
Gonestrwydd a chrefydd iach ryw,
Does nemawr o'u lliw ar y llawr;
Aflendid ac erlid y gwir
A welir yn glir yn ein gwlad:
Drwg araith, oer doraeth, ar dir,
Trwch anwir a chynnen,
A wnaeth o fewn Brydain ein brad,
Drygioni'n ymgodi'n un gad.

Duw'r nefoedd, pan gwelodd y gwall,
Fe roes erwin ball ar ein byd;
Un deyrnas mewn diras wŷn dall,
Âi'n erbyn y llall yn ei llid;
Y cleddyf min denau mewn dig
Sy'n gwneuthur mawr ddirmyg ar ddyn,
Blinderau, drwg blaeau di-blyg,
Sy'n debyg o ddigwydd:
Pob aflwydd o'n herwydd ein hun,
Sef, gormod o bechod bob un.

Clefydon go fawrion a fu
O'n deutu, ymledu'n y wlad;
Does wybod pa drallod a dry
Os pery hir bechu heb wad;
Mae newyn fewn terfyn ein tir,
Ni a gawsom fyw'n hir i fwynhau
Pob llawnder, mewn amlder, yn wir;
Fe welir yn olau
Nad ydym o'n llwybrau'n gwellhau:
Daeth pechod i'n hynod wanhau.

like wolves, and drink their blood":
a vile, improper thing was done.

Disregard of the true fairness of God's word,
like some living blood vessel, has grown;
honesty and healthy religion
are hardly seen on earth;
filth and persecution of the truth
are clearly seen in our country:
on earth, wicked speech (sad profusion),
wicked falsehood, and discord
caused our downfall within Britain, and
evil to rise in one army.

God of heaven, when He saw the error,
put a harsh stop to our world;
one kingdom in a graceless, blind passion
set against the other in anger;
the wrathful sharp-edged sword
inflicts grief and injury on man,
tribulations (unstoppable evil plagues)
are likely to occur:
every misfortune is our own fault,
that is, too much sin by one and all.

Severe diseases have been
amongst us, spreading through the land;
who knows what adversity will occur
if long-term sinning, without denial, persists;
famine is within the border of our land,
we have been allowed to enjoy
everything in abundance for a long time, it is true;
it is clearly seen
that we are not reforming our ways:
sin has come to weaken us greatly.

Mae cyfion farn union o'r ne'
    Bron syrthio ar ein pennau ym mhob parth;
Pan syrthiom i'w greulon law gre',
    Pwy draetha mewn geiriau mo'n gwarth?
Ni a gawsom rybuddion heb wad
    Y doi anian frad yn y fro
Os pechwn ni'n erbyn y Tad:
    Mae'r syniad mor siwraidd,
Er maint ei drugaredd dan go',
Daw dial oer dreial ryw dro.

Bu'n lluniaeth, sef toraeth ein tir,
    Yn gorwedd yn glir yn y gwlaw;
Rhagflaeniad fod profiad fyd prudd,
    Oni symud Duw Lywydd Ei law:
Daw rhyfedd fyd chwerwedd i chwi,
    Medd gair Un a Thri, oni throwch;
Pob melltith yn dryfrith a dry
    I'n llethu ni'n llwythi,
Cyn delo pob cledi, pawb clowch:
O'ch dirmyg, pla ffyrnig, ple ffowch?

Ffynhonnell: Eos Gwynedd, tt. 104–7.

Righteous and just judgement from heaven
is about to fall on our heads in every region;
when we fall in its cruel, strong, hand
who will be able to express our shame in words?
There is no denying that we were warned
that treachery would come to the land
if we sin against the Father:
the idea is so sure,
however great is God's proven mercy,
the sad trial of vengeance will come sometime.

Our sustenance, that is, the bounty of our land,
has openly lain in the rain;
an anticipation of grim times ahead,
unless the Lord God moves His hand:
an awful, bitter world will come to pass for you,
unless you repent, says the word of the One in Three;
every curse will multiply
to burden us heavily,
listen, everyone, before hardship comes:
where will you flee, fierce plague, from punishment?

Source: Eos Gwynedd, pp. 104–7.

11. Dydd ympryd, 12 Mawrth 1800

O! Arglwydd, na cherydda ni
Yn ôl ein pechod mawr ei ri';
Nyni sydd glai, dy rai di-rym,
Yn llaw ein Duw, a llai na dim.

Dysg inni adnabod bod ein bai
Ar fyrdd o droeau'n fawr ddi-drai;
Trugaredd rad, ein brad a'n briw,
Oedd cael hyd yma fara i fyw.

Rwyt wedi ein profi lawer pryd
Trwy gledd a newyn, dremyn drud;
Yn lle gwellhau, fal parai Paul,
Ein cael a wnest yn cilio'n ôl.

Mae sŵn rhyfeloedd yn parhau,
A newyn, sywaeth, yn nesáu;
Ein drwg fucheddau, ac eisiau dallt,
A ddygodd hyn o ddigwydd hallt.

Pa beth a wna ein bathau ni
Ond llefain, Arglwydd, arnat Ti?
O! maddau ein dwys gamweddau, Dad,
Ac yna'n rhwydd ni gawn ryddhad.

Amddiffyn D'eglwys, a'th holl saint,
A'u hunion Frenin yn ei fraint;
Yr Iesu byth a'i ras yn ben,
A ninnau'n moli Ei enw, Amen.

Ffynhonnell: Eos Gwynedd, tt. 39–40.

11. Fast-day, 12 March 1800

Oh! Lord, do not chastise us
according to our numerous sins;
we are but clay (your weak ones)
in the hands of our God, and less than nothing.

Teach us to recognize that our error
is great and boundless, on many occasions;
free mercy for our betrayal and hurt,
provided, until now, bread to sustain us.

You have tested us many times
through the sword and famine, it is a painful journey;
instead of reforming, as Paul intended,
You found us backsliding.

The sound of wars continues,
and famine, alas, approaches;
our wicked conduct and lack of understanding
brought these harsh circumstances upon us.

What can the likes of us do
Oh Lord, except cry out to You?
Oh! forgive our serious wrong-doings, Father,
and then we will easily gain relief.

Defend Your church, and all Your saints,
and their rightful King in majesty;
Jesus and His grace is forever Lord,
and we will always praise His name, Amen.

Source: Eos Gwynedd, pp. 39–40.

12. Annerch i'r Cymry yn amser y rhyfel 1803

I'w chanu ar 'Britons Bold'

Dowch yn brysur, wŷr a llanciau,
Ni godwn arfau i gyd yn awr,
I gadw'r wlad lle'r oedd ein tadau,
Rhag Bonaparte a'i fintai fawr;
Os digwydd fod i'w gychod gychwyn,
Cyn cyrraedd terfyn cwr ein tir,
Eu cwffio a'u boddi ceiff y baeddod,
A'u cwympo yn hynod cyn pen hir;
Ond cael yr Arglwydd ar ein hochor,
Yn ein goror, enwog Wawr,
Ni ddichon Ffrainc a'i holl gadernid
Mewn taeraidd lid mo'n torri i lawr.

Arglwydd, edrych yn Dy fawredd
Ar eu cabledd, eiriau certh;
Na ad i'r gelyn gael ei wynfyd
Tra fo byd i ddifa'r berth;
Cadernid Ffrainc yw Bonaparti,
A rhif ei llestri yn rhwyfo'r lli;
Os rhoi Di gennad, Duw gogoned,
Dan dy nodded yr ydym ni;
Nid lliaws llu, na gallu'r twllwch,
All dorri'n heddwch, dirion hawl:
I'r Hwn a all addo a rhannu llwyddiant,
Y bytho'r moliant, byth a'r mawl.

Er mor ddreng mae Bonaparte
Yn siarad gartre a'i chwedlau chwith,
Y cawn eu gweled cyn y gwyliau,
Yn un plaeau yn ein plith;
O'i nerth ei hun y mae'r dyn pendenau
Am weithio a chwarae'n waeth na chi;
Ond yn enw Duw byddinoedd Israel,
Di-wan afael, y deuwn ni;

12. An address to the Welsh in the time of war 1803

To be sung on 'Britons Bold'

Come quickly, men and boys,
we will all raise weapons now
to save the land of our fathers
from Bonaparte and his great band;
if he happens to launch his boats,
the boars will be beaten and drowned before long,
and truly felled,
before they reach the furthest boundary of our land;
provided that we have God on our side,
in our land, famous Lord,
France and all its might will not be able
to cut us down in a ferocious rage.

Lord, in Your greatness, behold
their blasphemy, vehement word;
do not allow the enemy to achieve his heart's desire
while there is a world to devour the bush;
Bonaparte is France's strength,
and France's vessels travel the ocean;
if You, God of glory, give leave,
we are under Your protection;
no numerous hosts, nor the force of darkness
can break our peace, gentle right:
may the praise and glory forever be to
Him who can promise and share success.

Despite Bonaparte's boorishness
telling false tales at home,
that before the holy-days, we will see them,
as one plague in our midst;
the stupid man, on his own strength
wants to work and play worse than a dog;
but in the name of the God of Israel's armies,
we will come with a strong grip;

Fe allai Ddafydd felly ddifa,
A thynnu'r hen Goliath i lawr,
Torri ei ben a dwyn ei gleddyf;
Daw felly i ninnau, fe allai'n awr.

Y Cymry gwiwlwys, cymrwch galon
Os daw achosion, deuwch oll;
A chofiwch chwithau, rhai sy gartre,
Wneud eich goreu, na 'dewch goll,
Dros ein brenin, gwlad, a'n heglwys,
A'n rhyddid dilys, rhodd y Tad;
Hyn yw'r achos, enwir i chwi,
Inni ymgodi yma'n gad:
Siôr a'i ddeiliaid a siŵr ddalio,
Llaw Duw fyddo'n llwyddo ei fainc,
A ni, fel dawnus filwyr dano,
A fedro ffrwyno ynfydrwydd Ffrainc.

Ffynhonnell: Eos Gwynedd, tt. 115–17.

David could destroy
and pull down old Goliath,
cut his head and steal his sword;
so, too, will it be for us, it could be so now.

Lovely Welshmen, take heart
if action comes, come all of you;
and, you at home, remember to
do your best (don't allow loss),
for our king, country, and our church,
and our genuine liberty, the Father's gift;
this is the reason cited to you
that we raise an army here:
George and his subjects will surely defend,
may God's hand facilitate George's throne,
and we, as able soldiers under him,
can curb France's madness.

Source: Eos Gwynedd, pp. 115–17.

DAVID DAVIS, Castellhywel
(Dafis Castellhywel;1745–1827)

13. Chwyldroad Ffrainc

All un swyn roi ffrwyn i Ffrainc, – i'w dofi
Â 'defyn main ungainc?
Ofer i filwyr ifainc
Byth anturio ffrwyno Ffrainc.

Hen filwyr, treision trawsion, – a llewod
Yn lluoedd echryslon:
Llu ffyrnig Brunswig, o'r bron,
Giliant fel haid o gylion.

Ofer yw i Hanoferiaid, – eu tân
Ni phrisian', na Phrwsiaid;
Ân' yn y blaen yn un blaid
Drwy restri tewa'r Awstriaid.

Ar adlam hirgam, O! rhoer gainc – o gŵyn
A gwannaidd alargainc;
Gyda ffrwst y gadai Ffrainc
Y fawrgan a'r ofergainc.

Troes Ffrainc orseddfainc gŵr swyddfawr – ac aur
Ei goron i'r priddlawr;
Ble'r aeth parch y monarch mawr?
Darfu mewn amarch dirfawr!

Bellach Ffrainc ar fainc a fydd – yn hynod
Frenhines y gwledydd;
Hed myrddiynau o'u rhwymau'n rhydd,
O dan ei mwyn adenydd.

Caiff caethion deillion, o dwllwch, – olwg
Ar heulwen diddanwch;
Daw dyddiau llawn dedwyddwch
Ar waelion llwydion y llwch.

DAVID DAVIS, Castellhywel
(Dafis Castellhywel;1745–1827)

13. France's Revolution

Can any charm curb France and tame her
with one single thin thread?
It is futile for young soldiers
ever to venture to bridle France.

Old soldiers, violent oppressors, and lions
in terrible hordes:
Brunswick's fierce army all
retreat like a swarm of flies.

It is futile for Hanoverians (they do not care about
their fire) or Prussians;
they move on in one band
through the thickest of the Austrians' ranks.

On the rebound of a long step, Oh! give a song of complaint
and a sad elegy;
France left the great
and frivolous song in haste.

France turned the throne and golden crown of an eminent man
to the dust;
where did the respect of the great monarch go?
It came to an end in great dishonour!

France will now be seated on a throne as
remarkable queen of nations;
myriads fly free from their bonds
under her gentle wings.

Blind prisoners in darkness will see
the sunshine of consolation;
days full of contentment
will come to the lowest of the low.

Nid nad un 'ffeiriad, na Pharo, – 'r heulwen
Wiw lawen oleuo;
Llu'r Awstriaid, ni all rwystro
Braich nerthol y freiniol fro.

Dwedwch, dedwyddwch doed iddi, – heddwch
Didristwch da drosti:
Gelynion y goleuni
Yn gad hell a'i gado hi.

Â llawer o ryw y dylluan, – ar gil,
O'r goleu mwyneiddlan;
Gwell gan ynfyd fyglyd fan
O'r golwg dan ryw geulan.

Ni phaid y 'ffeiriaid offeru – 'neidiau,
A'u nadael iawn gredu,
Fel ffyddlon weision Iesu,
A rhoi coel i'w eiriau cu.

Hoff gweled cryfed crefydd – y duwiol
Sy'n dewis y wirffydd:
Ow! ddyled yr addolydd
A ad i 'ffeiriad ei ffydd!

Nid prelad, 'ffeiriad, na 'fferen – ddylem
Ni ddilyn yn llawen;
Mab Duw, nid pab yw y pen
Cydpwys i fod ein cadpen.

Pob cribog c'ronog, cryned; – pob trawsedd,
Pob treisiwr, dychryned:
Boed drist anghrist ac anghred,
A dyrchafer cryfder Cred.

Moled gwŷr synnwyr y senedd, – roddai
Lawn ryddid heb omedd,
I'w mwynhau gan bawb mewn hedd,
Heb wa'n rhwng gwrêng na bonedd.

No priest or Pharaoh can prevent the worthy and
happy sun from shining;
the Austrians' army cannot hinder
the strong arm of the privileged region.

Say, may contentment come to it
and good, happy peace come all over it:
may the enemies of the light
depart from it in an ugly army.

Many of the owl's kind retreat
from the tender, pure light;
the foolish prefer a stifling place,
out of sight under some hollow bank.

The priests never cease to shackle souls,
and prevent them from believing truly,
like faithful servants of Christ,
and giving credence to His dear words.

It is delightful to see how strong is the religion of the godly
who choose the true faith:
Oh! how foolish is the worshipper
who leaves his faith to a priest!

We should not blindly follow a prelate, a priest,
or mass;
God's Son, not a pope, is head
and fit to be our captain.

Let every crested, crowned head quake;
let every violent oppressor be afraid:
may the godless and faithless be sad,
and may Christendom's strength be exalted.

May men praise the good sense of the senate which
gave full liberty without restriction
to be enjoyed in peace by everyone,
without distinction between plebeians and nobility.

Duw glybu lef tref y trais, – gwelodd drem
Amhurdrem y mawrdrais;
A'r erlid barai'r oerlais,
Oered llef rhuad y llais.

E chwalai ei dwrw'i huchelderau, – trodd
A thorrodd ei thyrau,
A'i chryfion, fawrion furiau
Yn ddrefion a briwsion brau.

Chwi Frython rhyddion, rhoddwch, – yr eurglod
I'r Arglwydd, dangoswch;
Orfoledd, na ryfelwch
Â'r llaw a gwyd fyrdd o'r llwch.

Er i arthod, ac eryrod,
Gyda llewod,† godi'n lluoedd,
Byth ni lwyddant, pan ryfelant,
O dra nwyfiant, â Duw'r nefoedd.

Ffynonellau: A—*Telyn Dewi* (1876), tt. 171–4. B—LlGC 12350A, t. 90. C—LlGC 1001B, t. 126. D—LlGC 8201A, t. 1a. E—*Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg* (Awst 1793), 147–9.

† Y Louisiaid o Ffrainc.

God heard the cry of the oppressed city and he saw the
unsightly great oppression;
and the persecution which caused the sad cry,
how cold is the roaring cry of that voice. 64

Its tumult shattered the town's heights,
bent and broke its towers,
and broke its strong, large walls
into rubble and shattered debris. 68

You, free Britons, give
golden praise openly to the Lord;
rejoice, do not go to war
with the hand which raises hosts from the dust. 72

Although bears and eagles,
rise up in armies with lions,†
they will never succeed, when they wage war
with great lust against the God of heaven. 76

Sources: A—*Telyn Dewi* (1876), pp. 171–4. B—NLW 12350A, p. 90. C—NLW 1001B, p. 126. D—NLW 8201A, p. 1a. E—*Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg* (August 1793), 147–9.

† The many kings of France named Louis.

14. Y ddwy ffurflywodraeth

E ddaeth dwy ffurf lywodraethawl: – un ddig
A ffyrnig uffernawl;
Un hafaidd, dirion, nefawl;
Y naill o Dduw, 'r llall o Ddiawl.

Rhai atgas, diras, daearawl – hoffant
Un ddiffaith ormesawl!
Lin o lin, maent olynawl
I'r byd a'i hawddfyd a'i hawl.

Edrych ar drefn ein llywodraeth! – nid taer
Ond tirion frenhiniaeth;
O! 'r glanaf, trwy ragluniaeth
A llaw Duw, i'n llu a ddaeth.

Brenin a gwerin sy gaeth, – yn gydwedd
Dan gadwyn llywodraeth;
I bawb, hon, heb wahaniaeth,
Rhanna'n ôl yr hyn a wnaeth.

Ar lled mae'n gwared y gwirion – ieuanc
Rhag crafanc gwŷr cryfion:
Gwall hyll ddoi o golli hon,
A brath dan ais y Brython.

Ffynhonnell: Telyn Dewi (1876), tt. 54–5.

14. The two forms of government

There are two forms of government: one wrathful
and hellishly fierce;
one summery, tender, heavenly;
one is from God, the other is from the Devil.

Some hateful, wicked, earthly people like
the vile oppressive form!
From generation to generation, they succeed to
the world and its prosperity and rights.

Look at the state of our government! It is not an importunate,
but a tender monarchy;
Oh! it is the purest, it came to our midst
through providence and by God's hand.

King and people are equally bound
by a chain of government;
this government shares to all without distinction,
according to their actions.

Our government delivers the young innocent
from the claws of powerful men:
to lose this government would be an ugly mistake,
and a blow to the Briton's heart.

Source: Telyn Dewi (1876), pp. 54–5.

15. Hymn ar ddydd ympryd

Dy farnau, Iôr, ag uchel lef
Cyhoeddant ddial Duw o'r nef;
Trwy Ewrop oll, O! gwasgar mae
Rhyfeloedd ffyrnig, cri a gwae.

Clywn sŵn y canon erchyll, syn
A dynol waed fel llawer llyn;
Clywn lef ein brodyr dan eu clwy
A chydymdeimlo wnawn â hwy.

Mae difrod hyll a garw ei wedd
Trwy'r tân a'r glas ddinistriol gledd:
Trefydd a'u llon drigolion llawn
Sydd nawr mewn modd truenus iawn.

Dinasoedd mawr oedd hardd a gwych
Sydd yn garneddau gwael eu drych,
A holl drigolion y rhain sydd
Yn feirw, clwyfus neu yn brudd.

'Sglyfaethwyr sy'n ymdroi mewn gwa'd,
Gan 'sbeilio heddwch pob rhyw wlad;
Mor helaeth eu 'sgelerder nawr
Mae'n llanw'r byd â dychryn mawr.

Tra rhodio'r angenfilod hyn
Bydd dychryn a thrueni syn.
Pa bryd y bydd i'w gwaed, pa bryd
Bo'i tâl am lwyr anrheithio'r byd?

Oes terfyn i'w cynddaredd chwith
Neu ddrygau eto ddod i'n plith?
Gau dreiswyr, drwg uffernol lin,
Fel aethlyd bla, dinistriol, blin.

15. A hymn on a fast-day

Your judgements, Lord, proclaim loudly
the vengeance of the God of heaven;
through all of Europe, Oh!
fierce wars are spreading crying and woe.

We hear the sound of the awful, startling cannon
and see human blood spilt like many lakes;
we hear the cry of our wounded brothers
and we feel sympathy for them.

Ugly and harsh damage has been made
through fire and the grey destructive sword:
towns and their happy, contented inhabitants
are now in a very piteous state.

Large cities which were formerly beautiful and fine
are now pitiful heaps of rubble,
and all inhabitants of these cities are now
either dead, wounded or grieving.

Predators wallow in blood,
shattering the peace of every country;
their villainy is now so widespread
that it fills the world with great dread.

While these beasts roam
there will be fear and misery.
When will their blood, when
will they get their just reward for utterly ravaging the world?

Is there no limit to their unseemly rage
or future wrongs that will be wrought upon us?
False oppressors, of evil hellish lineage,
like a dreadful, destructive and grievous plague.

O! Dduw y lluoedd, bydd o'n plaid,
Bydd nawdd a chymorth ynn wrth raid;
O! cadw'th ddelw, Duw y gras,
Rhag difrod rhyfel treiswyr cas.

Yn bendramwnwgl bwr i lawr
Holl dreiswyr byd mewn munud awr,
A gwasgar, hollalluog Dad,
Y rhai sy'n pesgi ar ein gwa'd.

Yna daw heddwch i bob gradd
Yn lle gorthrymder llym a lladd,
A'r hollfyd fel cyd-blant yn byw
Yn deulu mawr iti ein Duw.

Yna caiff caethion fynd yn rhydd
O'u bron, 'n ôl bod yn hir yn brudd;
A mwynhau'r breintiau hyfryd hael
Apwyntiodd natur i ddyn gael.

Yna caiff pawb o ddynolryw
Dy foli Di o hyd, ein Duw,
A'th gyfri Di ein Brenin doeth
A chasáu treiswyr D'orsedd goeth.

Ni fydd erlidwyr wrth eu chwant
I ladd a blino'th annwyl blant
Am gredu yr Efengyl lon
A gostwng i reolau hon.

Y ddae'r a rydd ei ffrwythau da
A'r hwsmon hefyd a'u mwynha;
Ac nid rhoi hwn, heb gael ei flas,
I besgi ysglyfaethwyr cas.

Ac ni bydd bleiddiaid, haid ddi-hedd,
Uffernol gŵn a'u ffyrnig gwedd,
Na locust i anrheithio'r tir,
Ond llwyddiant a llonyddwch hir.

Oh! God of hosts, be on our side,
be our succour and support in our hour of need;
Oh! save Your image, God of grace,
from the destruction of the war of cruel oppressors.

Knock down headlong
all oppressors of the world in a trice,
and disperse, almighty Father,
those who grow fat on our blood.

Then, peace will come to men of all rank
instead of harsh oppression and killing,
and all the world, like fellow-children, will live
as one big family for You, our God.

Then slaves will be entirely freed
after a long sadness;
and they will enjoy the generous lovely privileges
that nature appointed for man to have.

Then all mankind
can continue to praise You, our God,
and consider You our wise King,
and despise those who oppress Your pure throne.

There will be no persecutors to follow their lust
and kill, and vex Your dear children
for believing the happy Gospel,
and for submitting to its rules.

The earth will give its good fruits,
and the husbandman will also enjoy them;
and this will not be given, without letting the husbandman taste it,
to fatten up cruel predators.

And there will be no wolves, peaceless pack,
fierce hellish dogs,
nor locusts to despoil the land,
but only long success and peace.

Ni fydd balchtlws i flino'r tlawd
Neu drin heb fri oedrannus frawd;
Ond er cysuro'r claf a'r gwan,
Bydd pawb yn rhwydd yn gwneud eu rhan.

O! deued y bendithion hyn,
Ar frys, yn lle gorthrymder syn;
Tanned y rhain dros dir a môr
I bawb yn llawn dan haul a llo'r.

Hyn yw ein cais â chalon brudd,
Yn unig hyn yw gwaith y dydd:
Gyr dreiswyr drwg i lawr, o'u bron,
Bendithia'r byd â heddwch llon. Amen.

Ffynhonnell: Card 2.134, ff. 51–3.

There will be no fop to vex the poor
nor to disrespect an aged brother;
but everyone will freely do their part
to comfort the sick and weak. 64

Oh! may these blessings come
in haste, instead of dread oppression;
may they be distributed in full over land and sea
to all under the sun and moon. 68

This is our request, with heavy heart,
this is the only work of the day:
drive all evil oppressors down entirely,
and bless the world with joyful peace. Amen. 72

Source: Card 2.134, ff. 51–3.

16. Atebiad i gywydd heddwch a gant Tomos Glyn Cothi

Och! nid y rhyddid a'r heddwch – a bair
I Brydain ddiddanwch,
Ond maidd a'r haidd, O! rhoddwch,
Yn fêl y rhed i fol yr hwch.

Ei phlant a redant at ridyll – graban
Allan o law ellyll;
Gŵr a gân y gwir a gyll
Ged a pharch gyda'i pherchyll.

Cwnnan wg pan gynigoch – roi addysg,
Wareiddio ddaearfoch;
I'ch darnio chwi, daw arnoch
Gythreuliaid, meichiaid, a moch.

Gad i Wil godi ei wala – o'r arian
A'r aur i ryfela;
Ni wn i nad hynny wna
I'r filain dorri'i fola.

Ffynhonnell: LlGC 6238A, t. 286.

16. An answer to the cywydd *to peace by Tomos Glyn Cothi*

Alas! it is not liberty and the peace which
will bring comfort to Britain,
but whey and barley, Oh! give it,
may it run like honey to the sow's belly.

Britain's children criticize coarse-sieved chaff
from a demon's hand;
a man who sings the truth loses
bounty and respect from his piglets.

They raise a frown when you offer to give education,
to civilize badgers;
devils, swineherds and pigs will come at you
to tear you to shreds.

Let Will raise his fill of money
and gold to wage war;
for all I know, that is what will
make the churl split his belly.

Source: NLW 6238A, p. 286.

EDWARD WILLIAMS
(Iolo Morganwg; 1747–1826)

17. Hymn i Siôr y Crinwas

Pa frenin mawr ei urddas
A roir ar gerddi barddas?
Pa fleiddgi blin ar dir a môr?
Pa walch, ond Siôr y Crinwas?

Mae Siôr yn gwisgo coron,
Cant cythraul yn ei galon:
Yr ellyll ffyrnig, mawr y câr
Orthrymu gwâr a gwirion.

Mae Siôr y Crinwas gwaedgar
Yn frenin balch rhyfelgar:
Nid oes dan gylch yr haul yn awr
Fath gybydd mawr ariangar.

Pwy'n achos cwyn y tlodion,
Y sy 'mhob man o gylchon?
Pwy ond y bwystfil, Siôr, yw'r gwalch?
Y Crinwas balch anghyfion!

Mae'n elyn pob tangnefedd,
Gwir elyn i bob rhinwedd;
Prif elyn bradgar yn ein plith
Pob rhyw a rhith gwirionedd.

Mae dwylaw 'tifedd Suddas
Pob awr mewn gwaed galanas;
Duw gatwo bawb ar dir a môr
O grafanc Siôr y Crinwas.

Pob glanddyn doeth cyweithas,
Ar Dduw rhoed ymbil addas,
Am ddanfon dial yn rhyw rith
I ddwyn o'n plith y Crinwas.

EDWARD WILLIAMS
(Iolo Morganwg; 1747–1826)

17. A hymn to George the Miser

Which king of great dignity
is sung about in bardic poems?
Which angry wolf-hound on land and sea?
Which rogue, but George the Miser?

George wears a crown,
and there are a hundred devils in his heart:
the fierce fiend, how much he loves
to oppress the civilized and innocent.

Bloodthirsty George the Miser
is a proud warmongering king:
there is not such a great covetous miser as he
under the sun at the moment.

Who is the cause of the lament of the poor
who are everywhere around us?
Who but the beast George is that rogue?
The proud, unjust Miser!

He is the enemy of every peace,
the true enemy of every virtue;
the main treasonous enemy in our midst
of every manner of truth.

The hands of Judas's heir
are at all times soaked in the blood of feuds;
God save everyone on land and sea
from the claws of George the Miser.

May every wise genial man
beseech God appropriately,
to send some sort of vengeance
to take the Miser out of our midst.

Rhoed Duw o'i fawr gymwynas
Ei fraich o blaid ein deyrnas;
Gwareded ni'r trugarog Iôr
Rhag epil Siôr y Crinwas.

Dan rwysg y Crinwas caled,
Gwae ni mor flin yw'n tynged;
A'n gwaed dan ein caethiwed mawr,
Gwae fyth o'r awr y'n ganed.

Mae Siôr yn ŵr crefyddol,
Yn ben ei Eglwys Wladol,
A'i aur croniedig yn ei god,
Mal unig fod anfeidrol.

Llysenwir Siôr yn Gristion,
A thano mae esgobion;
I bawb mae'n agor drws y nef
Fônt iddo ef yn ffyddlon.

Mae Siôr yn medru dial,
Ar bawb o fewn ei ardal
Nas mynnant ef yn ddwyfol ri
A'i ddwys addoli'n ddyfal!

Tri phrif ddinistrydd atgas:
Tân gwyllt yn fflamau gwynias,
Gwynt mawr cynddeiriog ar y môr,
A'r cythraul, Siôr y Crinwas.

Gwilied pob un fo'n medru
Bras lunio gair o ganu;
Dan angau'n boen, mae Siôr yn gw'ardd
Pob eilun bardd yng Nghymru.

Wrth holi'r farn gyfaddas,
Ar bwy rhoir pob galanas?
Ar bwy pob anrhaith tir a môr?
Ar bwy, ond Siôr y Crinwas!

May God, out of His great favour
put His arm to protect our kingdom;
deliver us, merciful Lord,
from the progeny of George the Miser.

Woe that our fate is so grievous
under the pomp of the unfeeling Miser;
and with our blood under harsh slavery,
double woe that we were ever born.

George is a religious man,
head of his Established Church,
and his heaped-up gold in his purse
as though he was the only infinite being.

George is nicknamed a Christian,
and under him are bishops;
he opens heaven's door to everyone
who would be faithful to him.

George can take vengeance
on everyone in his kingdom
who do not want him as divine king
nor want to worship him devoutly!

The three chief vile destroyers are:
a wild fire whose flames are white-hot,
a great, angry wind at sea,
and the devil, George the Miser.

Beware, all you who are able
to put together a few lines of poetry;
under pain of death, George prohibits
every sort of poet in Wales.

While asking the just opinion,
who is responsible for every slaughter?
Who is responsible for every destruction on land and sea?
Who, but George the Miser!

Bardd ydwyf yn darogan
    Bod gwawr ar dorri'n eirian:
Pan ddengys haul ei wyneb hy,
    Pryd hynny ffy'r dylluan. 64

Ffynhonnell: LlGC 13148A, tt. 249–50.

I am a poet prophesying
that a brilliant dawn is about to break:
when the sun shows its bold face
then the owl will flee. 64

Source: NLW 13148A, pp. 249–50.

18. Breiniau dyn

Dyrcha dy lais i Iôn,
A'th gerdd yn felus dôn,
    Ac wrthi glŷn;
Bid ban dy lafar gref,
Fal sŵn taranau'r nef,
Nes deffro'r byd â'th lef,
    Cân freiniau dyn.

Rhyddid y sydd yn awr
Fal llew rhuadgar mawr:
    Pob tir a'i clyw:
A'r gwir sydd ar ei daith,
Dros yr holl ddaear faith,
Yn seinio peraidd iaith
    I ddynolryw.

Pwyll a chyfiawnder sydd
Yn gweled gwawr eu dydd
    Yn torri'n hardd;
Ffoi mae'r cymylau'n wir,
Mae'r nos yn gado'n tir,
O'r dwyrain cyn bo hir
    Haul haf a dardd.

Gorthrymwyr yr holl fyd
Sy'n curo'u gliniau 'nghyd:
    Mawr yw eu crŷn.
Fel angau'n brathu'r ais,
I wisgwyr coron trais
Yw clywed hanner llais
    Am freiniau dyn.

18. Rights of man

Lift your voice to the Lord
and sing in a sweet tune,
and remain true to it;
may your strong voice be loud
like the sound of heavenly thunder,
until you rouse the world with your cry,
sing the rights of man.

Liberty is now
like a great roaring lion:
every land hears it,
and the truth is on its journey
over the entire expanse of the world,
proclaiming sweet words
to mankind.

Reason and justice
now see the dawn of their day
breaking beautifully;
indeed, the clouds flee,
night leaves our land,
before long, the summer sun will emerge
from the east.

The knees of the oppressors of the whole world
knock together:
great is their quaking.
To those who wear the crown of oppression,
it is like death, biting the rib
to hear half a tiding
about the rights of man.

Hir buom dan yr iau,
Pob calon yn llesgáu,
    Pob braich yn wan;
Ond cynnull nerth mae'n hawl,
Y ffordd y rhodia'r gwawl,
O! canwn iddo fawl,
    Mae Duw o'n rhan.

Yn nhir caethiwed crin,
A'r iau'n ein clwyfo'n flin,
    Bu gwael ein byd.
Cael yno'n cneifio'n llwm,
Baich mawr a bwysai'n drwm
Fal mynydd mawr o blwm
    I'n llethu 'nghyd.

Mae'n cwyn am beth sydd waeth,
Cydwybod hithau'n gaeth;
    Gwir gresyn yw.
Marchoges y ddraig rudd
A deddf ei llid a'n lludd:
Ni chawn, ond yn y cudd,
    Iawn enwi'n Duw.

Ond dydd sy'n agosáu,
Dydd hyfryd i'n rhyddhau
    O'n poen a'n braw;
Dydd megis ffwrn o dân
A ddifa'r drwg yn lân,
Dyrchafwn bawb y gân,
    Y mae gerllaw.

Er maint ffyrnigrwydd naws
Y rhai sy nawr mor draws,
    Cânt synnwyr prŷn;
Dan bwys digofaint byd,
Hwy syrthiant oll ynghyd,
Am iddynt sarnu cyd
    Ar freiniau dyn.

We have long been under the yoke,
every heart languishes,
every arm is weak;
but our right gathers strength,
along the path of light,
Oh! let us sing its praises,
God is on our side.

In the land of harsh slavery,
where the yoke injured us cruelly,
we were wretched.
We were fleeced there until we were destitute,
a great burden weighed heavily upon us
like a mountain of lead
to crush us all together.

Our complaint for what is worse,
conscience too is enslaved;
it is a true shame.
The female rider of the red dragon
obstructs us with the law of her wrath:
we may not, except in secret,
properly name our God.

But a day is approaching,
a lovely day of liberation
from our pain and fear;
a day like a furnace of fire
which will totally consume evil,
we will all raise the song:
the day is nigh.

However fierce the nature
of those who are now so oppressive,
their sense will be redeemed;
under the weight of the world's wrath,
they will all fall together,
because they have for so long trampled upon
the rights of man.

Clyw'r brenin balch di-ras,
A thi'r offeiriad bras:
    Dau ddiawl ynglŷn!
Hir buoch fal dau gawr,
I'r byd yn felltith fawr,
Gan drochi'n llaid y llawr
    Holl freiniau dyn.

Anrheithio'r byd, a lladd
Eich brodyr o bob gradd
    Yw'ch gwynfyd oll;
Cyfiawnder, drwy'ch sarhad,
Ar ymgudd rhag eich brad,
Cyfrifid e 'mhob gwlad
    Fal peth ar goll.

Lle bai'ch wynebau pres
Gwir grefydd nid oedd nes
    O godi'i llef;
Lle'n tywallt gwaed y gwan
Bai'ch rhyfel ym mhob man,
Caid uffern fawr o'ch rhan
    A'i byddin gref.

Lle traethit cyfraith hedd,
Danfonech yno'r cledd
    Ag eitha' brys;
Pan losgech fawr a mân
Mewn dinas fawr ar dân,
Gorfoledd fyddai'ch cân,
    Mewn llan a llys.

Ond llais o'r nef sy'n awr
Yn deffro'r ddaear fawr,
    Gan draethu'r gwir;
Angel goleuni sydd
Yn tywallt nefol ddydd,
Cawn ynddo rodio'n rydd,
    Cawn, cyn bo hir.

Listen, you proud, ungracious king,
and you, course priest:
two devils in league with one another!
Long have you been, like two giants,
a great curse on the world,
immersing in the mud
all the rights of man.

Plundering the world, and killing
your brothers of every degree
is your entire heart's content;
justice, which is in hiding from your treachery,
is, because of your contempt,
considered in every country
to be lost.

Wherever your brazen faces were,
true religion was no closer
to raising its cry;
wherever your war was shedding
the blood of the weak all about,
deep hell and its strong army
were to be found on your side.

Wherever you pronounced the law of peace,
You would send the sword there
in great haste;
when you would burn both great and small
in a large city in flames,
your song was one of rejoicing
in church and court.

But now, a voice from heaven
rouses the whole earth
by proclaiming truth;
an angel of light
pours a heavenly day,
we will be able to walk freely there,
yes we will, before long.

Dros holl deyrnasoedd Cred
Mae cyffro mawr ar led
    Fel daear grŷn,
Gan lorio'r hil ddi-hedd,
A'u rhoddi'n fwyd i'r cledd,
Am gladdu fal mewn bedd
    Holl freiniau dyn.

Er cyd fu pawb yn ddall
Dan ormes plant y fall,
    Llu'r seirff ynglŷn;
Ni ddown o'r llaid i'r lan,
Mae'r gwir, mae'r nef o'n rhan,
Sefydlwn ym mhob man
    Gwir freiniau dyn.

O! pam, frenhinoedd byd,
Ymelwch cwyn cyd
    Mewn poethder gwŷn?
Clywch orfoleddus gainc!
Mae'r gwledydd oll fal Ffrainc
Yn rhoddi'r orsedd fainc
    I freiniau dyn.

Gorfoledd! Cwyn dy lais!
Cwymp holl deyrnasoedd trais!
    Maent ar eu crŷn.
Cawn deyrnas hardd ei gwedd,
Dan farn Tywysog Hedd,
Yn honno cwyn o'r bedd
    Holl freiniau dyn.

Ffynonellau: A—LlGC 13148A, tt. 297–300. B—LlGC 13148A, tt. 293–6. C—LlGC 13148A, tt. 286–92. D—LlGC 4363B, tt. 11–16. E—LlGC 3199E, tt. 40–5. F—LlGC 6238A, tt. 221–6.

Throughout all kingdoms of Christendom
a great excitement is spreading
like an earthquake,
felling the peaceless race,
and putting them as fodder to the sword,
for burying, as if in a grave,
all the rights of man.

However long everyone has been blind
under the oppression of the Devil's children,
the entangled hoard of snakes,
we will come from the mire to the shore,
truth and heaven are on our side,
everywhere we will establish
the true rights of man.

Oh! why, kings of earth,
are you in the heat of passion
so concerned with grief?
Hear the joyful song!
All the countries are like France
giving the throne
to the rights of man.

Joy, lift your voice!
Fell all the kingdoms of oppression!
They are shaking.
We will have a beautiful kingdom
under the judgement of the Prince of Peace,
and in that kingdom, from the grave will arise
all the rights of man.

Sources: A—NLW 13148A, pp. 297–300. B—NLW 13148A, pp. 293–6. C—NLW 13148A, pp. 286–92. D—NLW 4363B, pp. 11–16. E—NLW 3199E, pp. 40–5. F—NLW 6238A, pp. 221–6.

19. [Englyn i freiniau dyn 1]

Er cyd o benyd beunydd – yw trawsgyrch
Y treisgar digrefydd;
Duw a'u barn, diau y bydd
Yn Dad i'r cyfiawn dedwydd. 4

Ffynhonnell: LlGC 13148A, t. 300.

19. [An englyn *to the rights of man 1]*

Although the wicked assault of the violent unbelievers
has been a daily penance for so long;
God will judge them, it is certain that He will be
a Father to the content, righteous ones. 4

Source: NLW 13148A, p. 300.

20. [Englyn i freiniau dyn 2]

Bid rhyddid, gwynfyd pob gŵr, – yn geidwad,
Bid ein cadarn achubwr,
Yn ein dydd, bid inni'n dŵr
Rhag mysaing taer gormeswr.

Ffynhonnell: LlGC 13148A, t. 292.

20. [An englyn *to the rights of man 2]*

May liberty, paradise of every man, – be a saviour,
may it be our strong redeemer,
in our day, may it be our tower of strength
against being trampled by a vehement oppressor. 4

Source: NLW 13148A, p. 292.

21. [Breiniau dyn ('Newgate Stanzas')]

Mesur: 'Duw gadwo'r brenin'

or

Am I to the pole exiled,
To glooms where nature never smiled,
Since earth or heaven began,
Warmed by flame, bright Liberty
With fervent soul I'll sing to thee
And sing the right of man.
'Newgate Stanzas'

Rhowch orfoleddus lef,
Orthrymwyr gwlad a thref
Mewn eitha gwŷn!
Cyhoeddwch lawn ryddhad
I ormes, twyll a brad,
A chenwch farwnad
I freiniau dyn!

Deddf rhyddid sydd yn awr
Oll gwedi'i thorri lawr:
Mae'n wael ei llun;
Cydorfoleddwch gan
Fod uffern fawr o'ch rhan;
Gormeswch ym mhob man
Ar freiniau dyn!

Er maint yw'r wylo sydd,
Gan weiniaid nos a dydd,
Mewn bryn a bro;
Ymdrechwch yn ddi-grŷn,
Yn erbyn breiniau dyn,
A rhyddid sydd ynglŷn:
Rhowch hwy dan glo.

21. [Rights of man ('Newgate Stanzas')]

Metre: 'God Save the King'

or

Am I to the pole exiled,
To glooms where nature never smiled,
Since earth or heaven began,
Warmed by flame, bright Liberty
With fervent soul I'll sing to thee
And sing the right of man.
'Newgate Stanzas'

Give a joyful cry,
oppressors of countryside and town,
in full passion!
Proclaim complete freedom
to oppression, deceit and treason,
and sing an elegy to
the rights of man!

The law of liberty is now
utterly broken down:
it is in a sorry state;
rejoice together because
great hell is on your side;
everywhere, overpower
the rights of man!

However great the crying
of the wretched, day and night,
in hill and dale;
endeavour bravely
against the rights of man,
and liberty which is bound up with them:
lock them up.

Chwi feibion uchel fryd,
Rhowch bawb eich pennau ynghyd
Nawr yn gytûn.
Dewch, llywydd mawr wrth rhaid,
A'i fyddin fawr o'ch plaid,
Cewch sathru yn y llaid
Holl freiniau dyn.

Sefydlwch ym mhob gwlad
Ddeddf gormes, twyll a brad,
A thrais ynglŷn;
Arferwch fin y gledd
Ar bawb a garant hedd,
A chleddwch yn y bedd
Holl freiniau dyn.

O! sethrwch dan eich traed
Rai gwirion yn eu gwaed,
Mewn llid a gwŷn;
Dewch, cadben dewr, ymla'n,
Â'i wŷr a'i arfau tân
Gyr ef o'r byd yn lân
Holl freiniau dyn.

O! llethwch hyd y llawr,
Dan iau caethiwed mawr
Cyfiawnder pur;
Rhowch dân a phelan plwm
I'r tlawd anghenus llwm,
A llwythwch ef yn drwm
Er maint ei gur.

Rhowch farwol ergyd briw,
I ben gwirionedd gwiw
A lleddwch ef;
Hen elyn atgas yw,
I'ch cyfraith chwi a'ch llyw,
Ni ddylai hwn gael byw
Na chodi llef.

You sons of good breeding,
put your heads all together
now in agreement.
You will have a great leader as the need arises,
and his great army will be on your side,
you will be able to trample into the mire
all rights of man.

Establish in every country
the law of oppression, deceit and treason,
together with violence;
use the edge of the sword
on all who love peace,
and bury in the grave
all the rights of man.

Oh! trample under your feet
the innocent in their own blood,
in anger and passion;
come, brave captain, forward,
with his men and his firearms
he will, from the entire world, drive out
all rights of man.

Oh! crush pure justice to the floor
under the yoke of
great slavery;
put fire and lead ball
into the wretched poor man,
and burden him heavily
despite the weight of his anguish.

Strike the head of fine truth
with a mortal wound
and kill it;
it is a reviled enemy of old
to your law and leader,
truth should not be allowed to live
nor raise its voice.

Mewn rhyfyg ewch ymla'n
Mal tonnau mawr o dân
    I ddifa'r byd;
Ardrethwch, codwch doll,
Degymwch yn ddi-goll,
Eich defaid, cneifiwch oll:
    Mae'n eitha' pryd.

Mae gennych bleidwyr llym,
A chyfraith mawr ei grym
    Mewn rhwysg di-grŷn;
Bydd gwŷr y dagell dew
Yn rhuo'n waeth na llew
Os clywent hanner mew
    Am freiniau dyn!

Swyddogion trais, o'r bron,
Sy'n hoffi'r gyfraith hon
    Ac wrthi glŷn;
Dodasant lew ar fainc
I wisgo coron Ffrainc,
Fal na bai yno gainc
    Am freiniau dyn.

Os dyrcha neb ei lais
Yn erbyn coron trais,
    Caiff daliad prŷn;
Caiff garchar mwll di-freg,
Neu gordyn am ei geg
Am gynnig chwarae teg
    I freiniau dyn.

Does neb ddadleua'n awr
Dros ryddid hardd ei gwawr;
    Ow! nac oes un.
Fe losgwyd hen Dwm Pain
A'i lyfrau rowd i'r brain;
Ni chlywir mwyach sain
    Am freiniau dyn.

Go forward in pomp
like great waves of fire
to consume the world;
tax, raise a toll,
tithe completely
your sheep; fleece them all:
it is high time.

You have harsh supporters,
and a powerful law
in unshakeable majesty;
the men of the fat jowls
will roar worse than a lion
if they hear even a mewing
about the rights of man!

All the officers of violence
love this law
and abide by it;
they placed a lion on the throne
to wear the crown of France,
so that there would not be a song there
about the rights of man.

If anyone raises their voice
against the crown of violence,
he will pay dearly for it;
he will be put in a stinking impregnable prison,
or he will have a cord around his mouth
for offering fair play
to the rights of man.

There is no-one now who will argue
in favour of radiant liberty;
Oh! no, there is not one.
Old Tom Paine was burned
and his books have been given to the crows;
not a sound is now heard
about the rights of man.

Hir safodd rhai di-frad
I ymlid am ryddhad
    O'u gormes blin.
Chwi roesoch farwol glwy
O'r diwedd iddyn' hwy;
Ni soniant un gair mwy
    Am freiniau dyn.

Chwi drawsion, bellach, dewch,
Crechwenwch, llawenhewch
    Tra ynoch ffun;
Cewch fynd o'r byd yn glau
I'r hen uffernol ffau:
Cewch yno lawenhau
    Heb freiniau dyn.

Ffynonellau: A—LlGC 709B, tt. 58b–61a. B—*Llais Awen*, tt. 12–34.

Long did the faithful stand
to fight for freedom
from their harsh oppression.
You, at last, gave them
a mortal wound;
they no longer utter a word
about the rights of man.

You, oppressors, come now,
sneer, rejoice,
while you live and breathe;
you will be able to go quickly from the world
to the old hellish lair:
there you will be able to rejoice
without the rights of man.

Sources: A—NLW 709B, pp. 58b–61a. B—*Llais Awen*, pp. 12–34.

22. Englynion ar yr hen ddihareb 'heb ddysg, heb ddawn'

Heb addysg i'n mysg, nid moesgar – un dyn,
Ond annoeth ei lafar;
O dreisgyrch y rhodresgar,
Dan y wedd, a dynn ei war.

Lle bôn' y mawrion i'n mysg, – a'u gyrfa,
Bydd gorfod ar annysg;
Rhag eu twrf a rhwysg terfysg,
Rhyddhau dyn yw rhoddi dysg.

Lle bôn' a garon' ragoriaeth – i'w rhan
Hwy noddan' lenyddiaeth;
Cadwyn gwae a'u ceidw yn gaeth
Yw byd yr anwybodaeth.

Trais, byw caeth, a gwaeth a gawn – o'n annysg,
Gwae'n einioes gan annawn;
I'n mysg, lle bo dysg, bydd dawn,
A'n gofal am fyw'n gyfiawn.

Cais wybodaeth faeth a'r ddysg – i'th enaid,
Doethineb digymysg;
Heb rinwedd tra bo'r annysg,
Bydd y dawn lle byddo dysg.

Nid byd glwys, ond bywyd glân,
Y pwyll i'n plith, a llith llên;
Geiriau dysg yn gywair dôn
Yw rhodd Duw yn rhyddhau dyn.

Ffynonellau: A—LlGC 13146A, tt. 420–1. B—LlGC 6238A, tt. 75–6. C—LlGC 311E, t. 85.

22. Englynion *on the old proverb 'there is no genius without learning'*

Without learning in our midst, no man is refined,
rather, his speech is foolish;
Oh! the aggression of the self-important,
which pulls his neck under the yoke.

Wherever the great and good and their cause are amongst us,
ignorance will be conquered;
in the face of their noise and the pomp of tumult
a man is freed by giving him learning.

Wherever those who love excellence for themselves are,
they will patronize literature;
the world of ignorance
is a chain of woe that will keep them enslaved.

We will experience violence, servitude, and worse, because of our ignorance,
woe betide our lives because of misfortune;
where there is learning in our midst, there will be blessings,
and a concern for us to live righteously.

Seek the sustenance of information and learning for your soul,
unsullied wisdom;
lacking virtue while ignorance prevails,
blessings will follow wherever there is learning.

There is no beautiful world except for the pure life,
reason in our midst, and the nourishment of literature;
words of learning in a harmonious tune
are God's gifts to liberate man.

Sources: A—NLW 13146A, pp. 420–1. B—NLW 6238A, pp. 75–6. C—NLW 311E, p. 85.

23. Trioedd yr offeiriad a gant Iolo Morganwg yng Ngorsedd yr Alban Hefin ar ben [Mynydd] y Garth ym Morgannwg 1797

Tri pheth sy gas gan brydydd:
Ffrost uchel gŵr anghelfydd,
Awen ddiflas heb fawr nwyf,
A 'ffeirad plwyf dimennydd.

Tri gwallgof mawr ar ddynion:
Rhoi parch i enwau beilchion,
Goddef gormes yn ddi-baid,
A chynnal haid 'ffeiradon.

Tri pheth ni chân y doethion:
Y gŵr a dwng anudon,
Twrch yn ceisio bod yn walch,
A llafar balch 'ffeiradon.

Tri gormail tost lle byddon':
Athrodau rhwng cyd-ddynion,
Cysgu'r nos ar wely gwlyb,
A hunan-dyb 'ffeiradon.

Tri thestun sen ar ganiad:
Hen gybydd cul ei fwriad,
Dyn rhyfelgar, dwl, di-ras,
A champau cas y 'ffeirad.

Tri pheth nid hawdd eu dirnad:
Meddyliau'r dyn o'r lleuad,
Beth gan ynfyd sy'n ei siol,
A dyfnder bol y 'ffeirad.

Tri pheth anesmwyth irad:
Fy ngwely'n ddrain ysbyddad,
Rhodio'n bennoeth yn y glaw,
A byw gerllaw i'r 'ffeirad.

23. The priest's triads sung by Iolo Morganwg in the summer solstice Gorsedd on Garth Mountain in Glamorganshire 1797

A bard finds three things odious:
the loud boast of an unskilled man,
a dull muse without much passion,
and a brainless parish priest.

Three forms of madness afflict men:
paying respect to proud titles,
constantly suffering oppression,
and maintaining a swarm of priests.

Three things are unbeloved of the wise:
the man who swears a false oath,
a mole who attempts to be a hawk,
and the proud prattle of priests.

Three sore afflictions wherever they be:
calumny between neighbours,
sleeping all night in a damp bed,
and the self-esteem of priests.

There are three objects of satire in song:
an old, narrow-minded miser,
a dull, wicked warmonger,
and the cruel exploits of the priest.

There are three things that are difficult to comprehend:
the thoughts of the man in the moon,
what an idiot has in his head,
and the depth of a priest's belly.

There are three things which are woefully uncomfortable:
my bed as prickly as the thorns of the hawthorn,
walking bareheaded in the rain,
and living near the priest.

Tri pheth sy'n difa'r teirgwlad:
Y gloddest gwyllt a'i afrad,
Crafanc brenin megis cawr,
A thrachwant mawr y 'ffeirad.

Tri pheth sy'n drewi'n anfad:
Bost coegyn am ei ddillad,
Rhech gan wrachan o'i phen hwnt,
A dadwrdd brwnt y 'ffeirad.

Tri pheth ni chânt gymeriad:
Yr arfer gas o ledrad,
Gwas afradlon gyda'i foch,
A chelwydd coch y 'ffeirad.

Tri achos pob camsyniad:
Rhoi'r ffrwyn i'r nwydau anllad,
Canlyn pob dychymyg moel,
A rhoddi coel i'r 'ffeirad.

Tri pheth a gair yn wastad:
Cydnewid môr a'r lleuad,
Cyffro mawr lle byddo llu,
A chalon ddu gan 'ffeirad.

Tri pheth sy'n ffiaidd anfad:
Ci'n ymborth ar ei chwydiad,
Anadl drewllyd meddwyn cas,
A bolgi bras y 'ffeirad.

Tri pheth caseir yn wastad:
Penteulu poeth anynad,
Gwas o'i neges ni ddaw'n ôl,
A chrefydd ffôl y 'ffeirad.

Tri pheth sy'n glwyf i'm llygad:
Gweld sarnu'r gwan amddifad,
Gweled bardd heb ynddo bwyll,
A gweled twyll y 'ffeirad.

There are three things which destroy three countries:
the wild glutton and his profligacy,
the giant-like claw of a king,
and the great greed of the priest.

There are three things which have an unholy stink:
a fop's boast about his clothes,
a witch's fart from her rear end,
and the vile clamour of the priest.

There are three things which are not esteemed:
the wicked custom of theft,
a servant who is prodigal with his pigs,
and the priest's blatant lie.

There are three causes of every mistake:
yielding the reins to the base passions,
pursuing every barefaced fancy,
and putting one's belief in the priest.

There are three things which are always the same:
the changes of the tides and the moon,
great excitement wherever a crowd is gathered,
and the priest's black heart.

There are three things which are terribly repulsive:
a dog feeding on its own vomit,
the stinking breath of a surly drunk,
and the coarse glutton of a priest.

There are three things which are always hated:
a hot-headed, peevish paterfamilias,
a servant who does not return from his errand,
and the priest's foolish religion.

There are three things which affront my eyes:
to see the weak and vulnerable being trampled upon,
seeing a bard bereft of reason,
and seeing the priest's deceit.

Tri pheth o iawn arferiad
Yw dysgu deddfau cariad,
Parchu'r gwir a'i roddi'n ben,
A chanu sen i'r 'ffeirad.

Rhag tripheth Duw fo'n ceidwad:
Dichellion merched anllad,
Ci cynddeiriog yn ein mysg,
Ac ofer-ddysg y 'ffeirad.

Tri pheth sy'n dost i 'nheimlad:
Fy rhannu oddiwrth fy nghariad,
Cwrdd â gelyn ym mhob man,
A'r ddegfed ran i'r 'ffeirad.

Tri pheth o'r un gyfflybiad:
Y blaidd yng ngwisg y ddafad,
Sarff y dichell yn ein plith,
A diawl yn rhith y 'ffeirad.

Tri pheth sy'n ddiawl bob tamaid:
Dirmygu cwyn y gweiniaid,
Benyw deg a'i nwydau'n boeth,
A rhagrith noeth y 'ffeirad.

Tri pheth sy'n dân drwy 'nghalon:
Bod lle mae lleng o feddwon,
Bod lle rhoddir gwir dan gae,
A bod lle mae 'ffeiradon.

Tri pheth sydd lwyr annhirion:
Myfyrdod gwisgwr coron,
Blaidd newynllyd lle bo'r ŵyn,
Ac oll sy 'nghrwyn 'ffeiradon.

Tripheth a wela i'n gyfion:
Rhoi clod i hael ei galon,
Parch i'r dyn a wedo'r gwir,
A chebyst i'r 'ffeiradon.

There are three things which are properly practised
teaching the laws of love,
respecting the truth and being led by it,
and singing a satirical poem to the priest.

May God preserve us from three things:
the wiles of wanton women,
a mad dog in our midst,
and the priest's worthless learning.

There are three things which wound my feelings:
being separated from my beloved,
meeting an enemy anywhere,
and giving a tithe to the priest.

There are three similar things:
the wolf in sheep's clothing,
the serpent of wickedness in our midst,
and a devil in the guise of a priest.

There are three things which are thoroughly demonic:
to scoff at the complaint of the weak,
a fair woman whose passions are hot,
and the blatant hypocrisy of the priest.

There are three things that are thorns in my side:
to be in the company of a host of drunks,
being where truth is shut up,
and being in the company of priests.

There are three utterly intemperate things:
the musings of one who wears a crown,
a ravenous wolf amongst lambs,
and all in priest's clothing.

There are three things that I consider just:
to praise him who is generous in spirit,
to respect the man who speaks the truth,
and a curse upon the priests.

Tri pheth a gâr fy nghalon:
Heddychu rhwng cymdogion,
    Cadw'r iawn rhag mynd ar goll,
A chrogi'r holl 'ffeiradon. 96

Ffynonellau: A—LlGC 13148A, tt. 267–72. B—LlGC 6238A, tt. 215–20.

There are three things which are close to my heart:
making peace between neighbours,
preserving justice from getting lost,
and hanging all the priests. 96

Sources: A—NLW 13148A, pp. 267–72. B—NLW 6238A, pp. 215–20.

24. Cywydd gorymbil ar heddwch

Os cân o lwys anian serch,
Hedd dyner, a faidd d'annerch,
Erglyw di'n llef o'th nefoedd,
Erglyw'n cwyn a'n galar coedd:
Blin yw 'mhob cwr, cyflwr caeth,
Ein byd gan anwybodaeth;
Gwyniau'r gethern uffernawl
A'u gwaith yn erbyn ein gwawl;
Oer adwyth, pob direidi,
A thost ymwrthod â thi.
Drwg ei dras dewisasom,
Ar ddaioni ffroeni'n ffrom,
Dewis, nid golau diwall
O naws dydd, ond y nos dall;
Ac angau, tâl gwyniau gwŷd,
Llwyra' bai, yn lle'r bywyd.

Rhyfel yn gawr sy'n rhwyfaw
Fal tonnau'r aig, fal draig draw;
O! Dduw, cylchynu'r ddaear
Mae ag anrhaith, yn faith fâr;
Cawn ddirwyllt fab cynddaredd
Hyd ein gwlad yn dwyn ei gledd.
Myfyria'n flin ei drin draw,
Yn agwrdd mae'n ffyrnigaw;
Câr ef oddeithio trefi,
Am waith broch mae'n groch ei gri,
Och o'i waedd gan ymchwyddaw
A'i lid fal mellten o'i law.
Gwrthddrych ei gais yw'r trais trwch,
A nwyf arth i'w anferthwch.
Gorchest cethin brenhinoedd
Yw'r cyfan i'w gân ar goedd:
Eu balchder, dyfnder eu dig,
A'u hathrylith gythreulig.
Gwroli'n ei wŷn greulon
Mae'r coronog, difiog dôn,

24. A cywydd *invoking peace*

If, gentle peace, a song born of beautiful love
dares to address you,
hear our call from your place in heaven,
hear our public complaint and grief:
every corner of our world is wretched (captive condition)
because of ignorance;
the lusts and works of the hellish host
go against our light;
it is a cold misfortune (every wickedness),
and grievous to reject you.
We chose what derives from evil,
and turned our noses up angrily at goodness,
we chose, not the blameless light
of day, but the blind night;
and we chose death (the price of sin's lusts
and the greatest vice) instead of life.

The giant, war, has dominion over us
like the ocean's waves, like a dragon yonder;
Oh! God, he encircles the world
with destruction, great voracity;
we will find the furious son of rage
bearing his sword throughout our country.
He considers angrily his battle, yonder,
and becomes mightily enraged;
he loves to burn towns,
his cry is vociferous about savage deeds,
awful is his swelling cry
and his wrath like a bolt of lightning from his hand.
He seeks violent oppression
and bearlike passion in his monstrosity.
The savage exploits of kings
is all war proclaims:
their pride, the depth of their wrath,
and their demonic genius.
The crowned one, vicious melody,
takes heart from war's cruel passion,

A'i ddefawd iddo'n ddifyr,
Bod dros ei draed mewn gwaed gwŷr;
Lladd oll fo'n lluddio'i 'wyllys
Y cais ef, i'w lef o'i lys;
Hyll olwg! a'i holl elwch
Yw griddfan y truan trwch.

Och! o'r milwr, anwr yw
Dwedaf, er dewred ydyw;
Byw mewn gradd yn ei addef
A wedd i ŵr ni faidd ef;
A fedd ei swydd, ni faidd sôn,
Ni fyn gof am fyw'n gyfion.
Ofna 'mhob man, fal annoeth,
A fo'n ddyn drwy fyw yn ddoeth;
Mae'n ofni'r gwir yn irad,
A phawb a'i myn, a phob mad;
Mwy na'r bedd, ofna'r heddwch
A'i wynfyd pur i'w fflur fflwch.

Nid gwrol ond a garo
Gyfiawnder yn bêr lle bo;
Y gwrol hyff drugaredd,
A rhoi pob cannerth i'r hedd,
Dwyn yn ystig o'r dig du,
Oll i'w nawdd, a'u llonyddu.

Am alaeth y mae'r milwr
I'w hau drwy'r byd, ynfyd ŵr!
Gormesu, garw ymosod,
Ar ladd dyn y glŷn am glod:
Ffyrnig i'w holl uffernwaith,
Lladd a wêl fo'n lluddio'i waith;
Eu llusgo, pair i'r llosg poeth,
O chwynant ei gyrch annoeth.
Ar ben pob cam rhy'r fflam fflwch,
Gwae'r eiddil a gâr heddwch!
Palf rhyfel, iddo'n elyn,
O Dduw mawr! i'w ladd a'i myn.

and its custom is his amusement,
that his feet are covered in men's blood;
he attempts to kill all who hinder his will
by his cry from his court
(ugly vision!) and derives all his merriment
from the moaning of the pitiful wretch.

Woe the soldier! He is a coward, I say,
in spite of his bravery;
he does not dare to live
in his house, as befits a man;
he does not dare to tell what his work entails,
he does not wish to be remembered for living justly.
He is everywhere frightened, like a fool,
of the man who lives wisely;
he is terribly frightened of the truth,
of everyone who demands truth, and of every good thing;
he fears peace, its pure paradise, and abundant flowers,
more than death.

No-one is brave except he who loves
sweet justice, wherever it may be;
the brave likes mercy,
and giving every help to peace,
diligently taking away from the dark angry ones,
all for his cause, and pacifying them.

What grief does the soldier
sow throughout the world, madman!
Oppressing, viciously attacking,
he strives for fame by killing men:
fierce in all his hellish deeds,
he kills those whom he supposes to hamper his work;
he drags them, he kindles the hot fire
if they complain about his unwise attack.
On top of every bad injury, he puts the vast flame:
woe the weak who loves peace!
Oh great God! in the clutch of war, he wishes to kill
those who are his enemies.

Rhyfel, ellyllaidd rhwyfwyllt,
A fawdd dyn ym mhob gwŷn gwyllt;
Cawn i'w lid (ceir cŵn ei lu)
Yn agwrdd ysgyrnygu,
Yn poeri tân, peri twrf,
Ac ennyn drwy'r byd gynnwrf;
Gweiddi, gorchymyn goddaith,
Ym mhob tir gwelir y gwaith.
Diawl i'w gyrch, hyd ôl ei garn
Y cwyd y mawrwae cadarn;
Ceir ei frwysg yn ymrwysgaw
Â llid arth y man lle daw.
Difrawd, a thrallawd a thrais,
Nid amgen, nod ei ymgais,
Cerdded yng ngwaed cywirddyn,
A difa mad, ef a'u myn;
Ei wynfyd yw anfad ŵr,
A dreigwalch a fo drygwr;
Anwyliaid yn ei olwg
Yw pawb a drais, yw pob drwg.

Ei enw a'i fawl y sy'n faith
Ar gân hunangar gweniaith:
Ar ei ôl (ef addolant),
Y llu truthgar anwar ânt;
Molant alanas miloedd
Yn ystig ar fleiddig floedd;
Molant ffyrnigrwydd milain,
A difrawd fflwch, trwch eu train!
Y mae gorchestion eu mawl
Yn addfed i'r anneddfawl:
Tyn ymlyn, maent yn amlwg
Yn dren, wrth y cadarn drwg,
Hyn o rwyfau gwna'n ryfalch
Y brenin a'i fyddin falch.
Ni thâl rhoi gair, deddfair doeth,
I goronog ŵr annoeth,
Lle bo'r salw a gamalwant
Y gŵr yn bleidiwr ei blant,
Ac yntau'n ddiawl hollawl hyll
Yn archwaeth ei wŷn erchyll.

War, fiendish wild course,
immerses man in every savage passion;
we find that his anger (his host is like a pack of dogs)
snarls mightily,
it spits fire, causes tumult,
and incites agitation throughout the world;
shouting, ordering a conflagration,
his work is seen in every land.
He is a devil in an attack, and awful misery follows
in his footsteps;
in his ferocity he goes berserk
like a bear wherever he goes.
Destruction, tribulation and oppression,
no less, are the aim of his endeavours,
he desires walking in the blood of an upright man,
and destroying good things;
his ideal is a wicked man,
and a terrible knave who is a bad man;
everyone who oppresses, and every wickedness
are dear to him.

The soldier's name and fame are spread abroad
in flattery's self-loving song:
the barbaric fawning host
follow him, they worship him;
diligently they praise the slaughter of thousands
with a wolf-like shout;
they praise vicious ferocity
and complete destruction, their speech is wicked!
The feats which they praise
are ripe for the lawless:
in hot pursuit, they are obviously
furious, and true to the steadfastly wicked,
excesses such as these make the
king and his proud army too arrogant.
It does not pay to give advice (wise counsel)
to an unwise crowned man,
whom fools mistakenly call
the supporter of his children,
while in fact he is an utterly hideous devil
in his taste for terrible sin.

O! ryfoli rhyfelwr
Ymchwydda'n gerth, anferth ŵr,
A gwawl cydwybod fe gyll,
Yn y diwedd â'n dywyll.
Dan y nef ni ŵyr ef rin
O fudd ond gwaedgar fyddin;
Nid gwychder, ond blyngder blaidd
Ym mryd y gŵr Nimrodaidd:
Y gerdd feunyddiol a gâr,
Y cun gwael, yw cwyn galar;
Ei fwydfaeth yw llef adfyd,
Lledu'r bâr, trallodi'r byd;
Mewn gwlad lle bydd e'n gadarn
Pob gwir a sengir yn sarn;
Rhaid enwi pwyll yn dwyll dyn,
A diawl y neb a'i dilyn.

I'n dydd ni, moli milwr
Sydd ucha'i lais ar gais gŵr.
Mawr yw nwyf y ffug-ddwyfawl
Am waith trin, pob min a'i mawl,
Â garw floedd gorfoleddant
Os eu traed mewn gwaed a gant.
Carant ymladd a lladd llu
A faidd ymdangnefeddu;
A faidd sôn am wirionedd,
Lleufer hardd, a llafar hedd;
A mawrnwyf uffern murniant,
Oll i'n tir o'r gwir a gânt.
Oll a garant, ffyniant ffawd,
A ddyfydd o fad ddefawd,
A roddant i'w gyrhaeddyd,
Holl ymgais llon bron a bryd;
A'u mwyn bwyll, y man y bôn',
Er daioni mawr dynion,
Er ennyn gwawl gwirionedd
Ym mhob bron, a hinon hedd.

Gan faint y dir annhiriawn,
Amddifaid, gweiniaid a gawn

Oh! to praise a soldier excessively
makes him swell with pride, repugnant man,
and he loses the light of conscience,
and, in the end, is filled with darkness.
He knows of no useful virtue under the sun
except that of the bloodthirsty army;
there is no splendour, only wolf-like anger
in the Nimrodian man's nature:
the daily song that he loves
(the vile tyrant) is the lament of mourning;
his nourishment is the cry of adversity,
spreading misery, and afflicting the world;
in a country where he is strong
every truth is utterly trampled underfoot;
reason must be called man's deceit,
and who follows it must be called a devil.

In our day, praise of a soldier is loudest
at man's behest.
The passion of the falsely religious is great
for warfare, every mouth praises it,
they rejoice with a rough shout
if they get to soak their feet in blood.
They love to fight and kill the host
which dares to make peace;
which dares to speak of truth,
beautiful luminary, and the language of peace;
with hell's great passion they murder
all in our land who possess the truth.
All who love, fate's prosperity,
what comes of good custom,
and they will give all the effort of heart and soul
to attain it,
and their gentle reason, wherever they are,
for the greater good of mankind,
in order to inspire the light of truth
and the sunshine of peace in every breast.

So great is the savage force,
we see orphans and the weak

Yn oll o'n ffyrdd, myrdd a mwy,
Yn gostwng dan flin gystwy;
Gweddwon drwy'r wlad yn gweiddi,
Llif o gŵyn oer, llef "Gwae ni";
"Gwae! Gwae!" y mae ym mhob man,
I'w ganfod, byd dan gwynfan!

Gwêl, frenin gerwin, pa gur
A ddylif, a pha ddolur,
O'th ryfyg; nid myg, nid mad,
Y du fâr sy'n dy fwriad:
Gweddwon, mae'n deg, a'th regant,
Ac, o'u plith, cei reg eu plant;
Hwy'th regant a ddiblantwyd,
Rheg a'th ddilyn, adyn wyd.
O'th ranc, hanfodol i'th ryw,
Y daw'r adwyth, dir ydyw.
Un didduw, 'n annedwyddyd,
Tân i bawb wyt ti'n y byd.

Clyw, ryfelwr, lladdwr llu,
Air hogaid beirdd i'th regi,
A nifer yr holl nefoedd,
Union blaid, yn un â'n bloedd.
Boed melltith, rif gwlith y glyn,
Y du Ddiawl yn dy ddilyn!
Dyddiau dy rwysg diweddant,
O bob cof i angof ânt;
Cawn adwedd teyrnas heddwch,
Daw'n bêr yn ei ffloywder fflwch;
Diwedd rhyfel a welir,
Dydd gweinio cledd a hedd hir,
Nwyf i lu nefol awen,
A dyn i'w bwyll a Duw'n ben.

Proffwyd wyf i'm nwyf a'm nerth,
Bwriadfawr i'm cân brydferth,
Y gaeaf duaf i'w daith,
Oed amorth, â'n llwyr ymaith;
Daw haf, a gwenaf o'i gael,
Iach dywydd, heddwch diwael;

(a myriad and more) on all our roads,
bowing under harsh pain;
we see widows throughout the country,
a flow of sad lament, cry "Woe to us";
"Woe! woe!" is heard everywhere,
this is a world of complaint!

See, harsh king, what affliction
flows, what pain,
from your arrogance; the dark hostility you intend
is not holy, is not good:
widows, it is fair, curse you,
and, from their midst, their children curse you;
those who have lost children curse you,
a curse follows you, you are a scoundrel.
The evil comes from your rank,
essential to your kind, it is certain.
Godless one, you are the cause of our unhappiness,
you are a destructive fire for everyone in the world.

Listen, soldier, killer of hosts,
to the sharpened word of bards who curse you,
and listen to the heavenly host,
just band, whose shout is one with ours.
May the numberless curses
of the evil Devil follow you!
May the days of your majesty come to an end,
and slip from every memory into forgetfulness;
we will be able to restore the kingdom of peace,
it will come sweetly in complete resplendence;
the end of war will be seen,
a day for sheathing the sword and for long-lasting peace,
bliss for the host of the heavenly muse,
to see man restored to his senses and God in charge.

I am a prophet in my passion and strength,
I have great intentions for my beautiful song,
the darkest winter
(cursed age) will pass completely away;
summer will come (wholesome weather),
and I will smile when it arrives, excellent peace;

Daw i'n wybren dien des,
Awyr gain, rhy awr gynnes;
Cethlydd yn datgan coethlef
Gwir a'i nerth o gaerau nef;
Gwir a'i drin ar frenhinoedd
Bydd dan ei fin, blin ei bloedd;
Â'u gwaedd ar edyn pob gwynt,
Dydd orn a diwedd arnynt.
Y deddfawl, pob mad addfwyn,
A'i gwêl a derfydd ei gŵyn;
Er wylaw a hir alaeth,
Er awr brudd pob cystudd caeth,
I'w llwyr les daw oll i'r lan
I'r gwynfyd o'u hir gwynfan.
Fy marddair, y gair a'm gwedd
Yw gair uniawn gwirionedd.

Duw Dad! "O! deued y dydd!"
Yw llafurwaith lleferydd
Bydoedd, pob llwybr o'r wybren,
Lle bloedd eu miloedd, "Amen!"

Dangos dy ben ysblennydd
O'th nef, O! dangnef i'n dydd!
Gwaedd gadarn sy'n galw arnad
Yn glaer o bob cwr o'n gwlad!
Dyred! Mae'r doeth yn d'aros
Mal claf am yr haf a'i ros;
Ir yw'n serch i'r ynys hon,
O! dyred! Brysia'n dirion!
I'th addef lle'th wahoddir,
Câi oll yn d'aroll i dir;
Bydd angel i'n tawelu
Â genau gwâr a gwên gu.
Iawn dy waith, ac yn dy wawl
Y nofiwn i fyd nefawl;
Yn dorf ffraw dy law lwys
Y rhodiwn fro paradwys.

Er maint ein gwae, mae i'n mysg
A gâr hedd a gair addysg;

fair sunshine will arrive in our skies,
beautiful sky, it will provide a warm time;
the songbird from the citadel of heaven
will proclaim the pure cry of truth and its might;
truth and its battle against kings
will be on his lips with angry cry;
with their cry on the wings of every breeze,
day of fear, and the end of kings.
The faithful, all meek good ones,
will see it and their lament will cease;
despite weeping and long grief,
despite the sad hour of every oppressive bondage,
to their complete benefit, everything will come safely
from their long mourning to paradise.
My poet's motto, the word that suits me,
is the just word of truth.

God the Father! "Oh! may the day come!"
is the burden of the utterance
of the worlds, of every path in the heavens,
where thousands shout, "Amen!"

From your heaven, show your splendid head
Oh, peace in our time!
A steadfast cry calls on you
clearly from every corner of our country!
Come! The wise await you
like a sick man awaiting the summer and its roses;
our love in this island is fruitful,
Oh! come! Hurry gently!
In your house where you are invited,
everyone will welcome you to land;
there will be an angel to calm us
with mild speech and a dear smile.
Your work is just, and in your guiding light
we will speed to a heavenly world;
we will walk, an excellent crowd in your beautiful hand,
the region of paradise.

Despite our woe, there are in our midst
those who love peace and words of learning;

Rhai tystion gwychion i'r gwir,
A'i wawl i'n plith a welir;
Taer eu llais, er maint yw'r llid,
A'r amledd, a'u mawr ymlid.
Er maint budredd, llygredd llwyr,
Yma soniant am synnwyr,
A diball wawl cydwybod,
Gair eu Naf, y gwir a'i nod;
Dyred! O! dangnef dirion,
At a'th gais â'u llais yn llon.
Awen y gerdd yn eu gwaith
Sy'n gweini sain eu gwiniaith,
Cân a rydd, cain yw'r oddeg,
Yn ein mysg, ei dysg yn deg.
E'th fawl beirddion gwychion gant,
Â'u meliaith hwy'th ganmolant,
Adroddant ein derwyddon
Gân newydd a dedwydd dôn;
Rhodiant, gerddorion rhywdeg,
I'w dilyn ar delyn deg,
E glyw sêr, pand gloyw y sain,
I'r arwest â'th arwyrain;
Cyfunllef â'r côr nefawl
Y canwn, fyrddiwn, dy fawl,
Gwn y tyr ei difyr dôn
Y culi o bob calon.
Derfydd yr ochain dirfawr
Ger dy wên, egor dy wawr!
Derfydd nos hagr ein dagrau,
Ger haul a gwres y tes tau:
O'r llwch i'r lan daw'r gwan gwâr,
O'n golwg fe ffy'n galar,
Tro'n ôl wrth arch ein dolef
I'n daear ni o dir nef!
Dere'n fwyn i'n dwyn yn d'ôl
I noddfa'r pwyll cyneddfol,
Lle tywyn gwên llawenydd
Yn ben gwawl, a bythawl bydd;
Lle ni chair ffordd i'r gorddwy,
Na threisiwr, na milwr mwy.

some excellent witnesses of the truth
and its light are seen in our midst;
their voice is ardent
despite their frequent savage persecution.
Despite the extent of filth, total corruption,
here they talk of reason
and the blameless light of conscience,
the word of their God, the truth and its mark;
come, Oh tender peace,
to those who seek you with happy voices!
The poetic muse in their work
produces the sound of their sweet speech,
a song in our midst (the intention is good)
which gives its learning pleasantly.
Hundreds of excellent bards praise you,
with their honeyed language they laud you,
our druids declaim
a new song and a happy tune;
fair musicians walk
to accompany them on the pleasant harp
(the stars hear, is not the sound bright!),
to the music with your exaltation;
we, a multitude, sing your praise
in unison with the heavenly choir,
I know its heavenly melody
will draw the affliction from every heart.
The immense wailing will cease
before your smile, may your dawn unfold!
The ugly night of our tears will cease
before the sun and heat of your sunshine:
the meek wretch will rise up from the dust,
our grief will flee from our sight,
turn back, peace, at the command of our cry
from the land of heaven to our world!
Come gently to take us back with you
to the haven of natural reason,
where the smile of happiness shines,
brightest light, and will last forever;
where there is no path for oppression,
nor man of violence, nor soldiers any more.

Duw! hyd atad, Tad wyt Ti,
O ing addoer mae 'ngweddi:
Darostwng a bair dristyd,
Bâr creulon beilchion y byd;
Dangos Dy hun, Gun gwiwnef
Lle'th gais, fy Nêr, llawer llef,
Rho'th farn, bydd ynad arnom,
Lludd forgymlawdd ein ffrawdd ffrom;
O Dduw! gwêl fawredd y gwall
A ddaw o'n gwŷn diddeall;
O'n beiau, drwg ein bywyd,
I'r iawn bwyll arwain y byd,
Yn lle gwaith blin ein trin trwch,
O Dad hyddawn! dod heddwch;
Iôn wyd, er difa'n adwyth,
Bydd Frenin pob llin a llwyth.

Ffynonellau: A—LlGC 13134A, tt. 33–48. B—LlGC 13134A, tt. 17–25.

God! You are our Father, I send
my prayer to You which stems from my sad anguish:
subdue those who cause sadness
and the cruel wickedness of the proud ones of this world;
show Yourself, Lord of heaven,
where many cries, my Lord, seek You,
dispense Your judgement, be our judge,
hold back the surge of our angry passion;
Oh God! see the magnitude of the error
which comes from our uncomprehending lust;
from our errors (our lives are unfortunate),
lead the world to true reason,
instead of the angry work of our evil battles,
Oh! most generous Father, bring peace
(You are the Lord) in order to rid us of our affliction,
be the King of every kindred and tribe.

Sources: A—NLW 13134A, pp. 33–48. B—NLW 13134A, pp. 17–25.

25. Dechreuad bonedd

Pan oedd hen Adda'n trin ei âr
    Ac Efa wâr yn nyddu,
Pwy'r balch bonheddig hir ei ffon
    Ar dlodion yn gormesu?
Nid neb! Nid oedd un dyn yn wael
    Gan ddyn yn cael ei sarnu;
Nid oedd drwy gylch y Bod a'r byw
    Neb ond un Duw'n teyrnasu!

Ffynhonnell: LlGC 13148A, t. 233.

25. The origin of nobility

When Adam was cultivating his ploughed land
and gentle Eve was spinning,
who was the proud nobleman with a long staff
oppressing the poor?
No-one! Not a single man was lowly
because he was trampled upon by another;
no-one but one God reigned
through all the circle of the Being and the living!

Source: NLW 13148A, p. 233.

JOHN ROBERTS
(Siôn Lleyn; 1749–1817)

26. Rhagoriaeth heddwch ar ryfel

Cofiwch, gwell heddwch na llid, – llonyddwch
Anheddau diofid;
Os peraidd, da wraidd, di-wrid,
Da yw'r hedd o dir rhyddid.

Tyrd, heddwch, wiwdrwch i wau – iawn ymgais
O'n hamgylch dy dlysau;
Difyr hyn, yw dy fawrhau,
Dywysen y duwiesau.

Trig, glau emig golomen – wych yma,
Na chwimia dy aden;
Na thro'n ôl, siriol seren,
Un lliwgar wyd yn Lloegr hen.

Och! ryfel pan ddêl a ddaw, – hyll ofid
Yn llefau a chriaw;
Llu o feirwon'n llifeiriaw
Yn ffrydwaed o dan draed draw.

Chwalu a dadymchwelyd – dinasoedd,
A'u nesu i'r gweryd;
Terfysgu a baeddu byd,
Mwy rhyfedd, a môr hefyd.

Hed y rhyfel a phob gelyn – o'r byd
I bydew cadduglyn;
Llonyddwch a heddwch hyn,
Fewn y dalaith, fo'n dilyn.

JOHN ROBERTS
(Siôn Lleyn; 1749–1817)

26. The superiority of peace over war

Remember, peace is better than anger, – stillness
of contented homesteads;
if sweet, of good stock, unashamed,
peace from the land of liberty is good.

Come, peace, in a good attempt, to weave good and thick
your jewels around us;
it is pleasing to exalt you,
ear of corn of the goddesses.

Peace, swift, precious dove, reside here
do not stir your wing;
do not turn back, pleasant star,
you are colourful in old England.

Woe! war, when it comes, brings ugly anxiety
in the form of cries and weeping;
a host of the dead flows
underfoot in a torrent of blood, yonder.

Destroying and overthrowing cities,
and bringing them down to the ground;
to trouble and smite the world, and,
what is stranger, the ocean too.

May the war and every enemy fly from the world
to the depth of the bottomless pit;
may stillness and peace follow
within the province.

Dewiswn o'r duwiesau, – wir heddwch,
Ei rhoddion a'i thlysau;
Uwchlaw gwledd ei rhinweddau
Ym Mhrydain bo i'r rhain barhau. 28

Ffynhonnell: Cwrtmawr 510B, tt. 58–9.

Of all the goddesses, we choose true peace,
and her gifts and jewels;
above the feast of her virtues
may these endure in Britain. 28

Source: Cwrtmawr 510B, pp. 58–9.

27. [Englyn i ryddid]

Gwreiddyn a rhuddin rhyddid, – cryf ydyw
Câr fod yn ddiofid;
Cerub odiaeth lle carid,
A llew yn wyneb y llid.

Ffynhonnell: Cwrtmawr 510B, t. 59.

27. [An englyn *to liberty]*

The root and essence of liberty is strong,
it loves to be carefree;
an excellent cherub where it is loved,
and a lion in the face of wrath. 4

Source: Cwrtmawr 510B, p. 59.

28. Cwyn yn achos cyflwr Prydain Fawr 1804

Pam, Arglwydd trugarog, mae'r wialen ddiysgog
Yn edrych mor frigog a llidiog gerllaw?
Dy nawdd, Arglwydd Iesu, i Loegar a Chymru,
Gwaredu, drwy D'allu, fo'n deilliaw.

O! Arglwydd, Dduw'r lluoedd, saif gyda'n byddinoedd
Ar diroedd a moroedd, rhag oerfloedd rhy gas;
Darostwng holl ruad gwŷr Ffreinig eu ffroeniad,
Aflwydd a cychwyniad cuwch anwas.

Bydd inni'n Waredwr, a chwbwl Achubwr,
Erchylltod ein cyflwr sy uwch cryfdwr ein cred.
Pwy rif? Pa fesurau yw maint ein pechodau?
Duw cuddia'r mynyddau mewn nodded.

Nid yw ein deisyfiad i'r byd gael arbediad
I bechu'n dra anfad, mewn rhediad mwy rhydd;
Ond achub ni'n rasol o'r pechod gresynol,
Fal byddo'n olynol lawenydd.

Cysgoda'n pen-llywydd, Siôr tradoeth y trydydd,
A'i fanon fo winwydd, llaw Dofydd i'w dal;
Bydd blaid i'n gwŷr mawrion, er ffyniant hoff union,
Gan drefnu eu hamcanion a'u cynnal.

Doed Lloegr ffuantus, yn wir edifarus,
O galon yn barchus i rymus air Iôn;
Mewn ympryd a gweddi o flaen Ei fawrhydi,
Ceir gweled daioni, Duw union.

Ffynhonnell: Cwrtmawr 512A, tt. 75–7.

28. A lament for the plight of Great Britain 1804

Why, merciful Lord, does the unwavering rod
appear so sharp and angry nearby?
Your support, Lord Jesus, to England and Wales;
may deliverance proceed through Your power.

Oh! Lord, God of hosts, stand with our armies
on land and sea, against a too cruel grim cry;
bring down the entire roar of the men of France and their snorting,
and so too misfortune and the beginnings of a turbulent grimace.

Be our Saviour and complete Redeemer,
the horror of our plight is stronger than our belief.
What number? What measure is the extent of our sins?
God, hide the mountains of sin out of support for us.

Our plea is not for the world to be saved
in order to sin wickedly on a smoother course;
but for us graciously to be saved from deplorable sin,
so that happiness will follow.

Protect our sovereign, the very wise George III,
and his consort of noble stock; may the Lord hold them in His hand;
support our aristocracy, so that they thrive well and truly,
and also govern their intentions and sustain them.

May insincere England become truly repentant,
and sincerely respect the powerful word of God;
in fast and prayer before God's majesty
worthy God's goodness will be seen.

Source: Cwrtmawr 512A, pp. 75–7.

29. Cyfarchiad Britannia i bobl Loegr ar farwolaeth yr Arglwydd Nelson

Golygwch ddarlun fy anwylfab,
Hwn oedd ddewrwych, eurwych, arab;
Ymladdwr hyf, enillwr hefyd,
A fu nes gwyro i fynwes gweryd:
Daeth wylo trwm i ran Britannia!
Gwlyched pawb ei fedd a'u dagra';
Na foed sych gwael na gwych
Gan ruddiau gwlych heilltion;
Pawb yn brudd, pob grudd a chalon,
O anwylserch am ddewr Nelson.
Aeth o'm bron gysuron siriol,
A chan adwyth, wyf ochneidiol.
Trwm y troes, lewyg loes,
Tros f'einioes anobeithiol,
Oni wna rhagluniaeth ddwyfol
Wisgo eraill yn weis gwrol,
A chodi arwr (chwedi ei orwedd)
All un fwriad, llawn o'i fawredd
I amddiffyn braint a choron,
Rhyddid gwlad rhag brad gelynion.
Och! pwy leinw ei rymusterau,
Ddewr hynodol addurniadau?
Fy hiraeth yw gweled rhyw
Anturwiw ail Nelson:
Mor anorchfygol, fryd a chalon,
Â'i hoywder o gylch hyd yr eigion,
I lanw gwisgoedd ei fawrhydi.
O! am gael i'w debygoli,
Yn dywysog môr tan llywydd Siôr,
Yn flaenor gwych, gwisgi.
Anrhydedd Nelson fydd yn gorlenwi,
A'i glod ar led tra rhed goleuni.

29. Britannia's address to the English on the death of Lord Nelson

Behold, the portrait of my dear son,
he, who was excellent and brave, eloquent and merry;
he was, until he was laid in the grave,
a brave fighter, and a winner too:
Britannia now weeps heavily!
May everyone wet Nelson's grave with their tears;
may no man, rich or poor, be dry,
with cheeks wet and salty,
everyone is sad, every cheek and heart,
because of their love for brave Nelson.
Fair comfort has left my breast,
and because of misfortune, I sigh.
It weighs heavily (pang of anguish)
on my despondent life,
unless divine providence
dresses others as brave servants,
and raises a hero (after Nelson's death)
full of his greatness and capable of the same intent
to defend the privilege and crown,
and Britain's liberty against the betrayal of enemies.
Alas! who will replace his powers and
remarkably brave military decorations?
I long to see some
great daring hero similar to Nelson:
as unbeatable (heart and soul)
as his spiritedness on the length and breadth of the ocean,
to fill his majestic boots.
Oh! to have someone like him,
a prince of the sea under George's rule,
an excellent, energetic leader.
Nelson's honour will overflow,
and his fame will last as long as light shines.

Olnod

D.S. fod y darluniad, neu bais arfau, yr enwog Fôr-lywydd Nelson i fod yn blaenu y penillion uchod, wedi ei dynnu yn harddwych ar uchaf y ddalen; felly y gwnaed ef yn Saesneg: ac yn y dull hyn y mae'r llinell gyntaf o'r gwaith hwn i'w gymeryd, sef, '*Golygiad ddarlun fy anwylfab*'.

Ffynhonnell: Cwrtmawr 510B, tt. 148–9.

Postscript
Take note that the portrait, or coat of arms, of the famous Admiral Nelson should precede the above verses, drawn handsome and excellent at the top of the page; so it was done in English: and, the first line of this work is in this style, that is, '*Behold the portrait of my beloved son*'.

Source: Cwrtmawr 510B, pp. 148–9.

30. Ympryd

Ymgrymwn bob rhyw,
Tan deimlad o'n briw,
    Yn wyneb y distryw a'r dig;
Oni cheir in iachâd,
Sef teyrnas a gwlad,
    Mawr drallod o drefniad a drig.

Ymprydiwn mewn pryd,
Ymgeisiwn i gyd
    Yn gyflawn adferyd o fai;
Ni bydd dim iachâd
Oll in heb wellhad,
    Ein haflwydd, gan sicred, a sai'.

Ymostwng, braint yw,
I'r unig ddoeth Dduw;
    Fe amddiffyn y cyfryw rhag cas.
Mae'n gwarchod ein gwlad,
Sef Prydain, rhag brad
    Gelynion wŷr anfad, o'i ras.

Cadd Dafydd pan droes
At aberth y groes
    Am einioes ei genedl i gyd;
Ar allor, pan rodd
Ei aberth o'i fodd,
    Llonyddodd a llaesodd y llid.

O Arglwydd, Dduw'r hedd,
Ein bywyd o'r bedd,
    Ein porth a'n hymgeledd o gylch;
Rhag artaith y cledd,
A'r newyn 'r un wedd,
    Cysgodaist o'th fawredd heb fylch.

30. Fast

Let us all bow down,
under the weight of our injury,
in the face of destruction and wrath;
unless we (that is, kingdom and country)
are healed,
great tribulation will, through providence, remain.

Let us fast in good time,
let us all attempt
to be fully redeemed from guilt;
there will be no healing
for us without reformation of morals,
our misfortune, it is sure, will remain.

It is considered a privilege to bow down
to the only wise God;
He will defend the submissive from enmity.
Through His grace God protects our country,
Britain, from the betrayal
of enemies, evil men.

David, when he turned
to Christ's atoning sacrifice
for the sake of his entire nation's soul;
when he, of his own accord,
placed his sacrifice on the altar,
the wrath subsided and abated.

Oh Lord, God of peace,
our life from the grave,
our entire succour and refuge;
because of Your greatness, You sheltered us without fail
from the pain of the sword,
and likewise from famine.

Ymostwng, braint yw,
I'r uchel ddoeth Dduw;
    Dyrchefir y cyfryw rhag cas:
Disgleirdeb Ei wedd,
Dynn arswyd y bedd,
    Gwna fawredd drwy rinwedd Ei ras.

Gwrandawed, Duw Dad,
Ein gwaedd dros ein gwlad,
    Ein gweddi sydd atat, o Dduw!
Dy ras fo'n parhau,
Gan in gael mwynhau
    Efengyl a'i breintiau o bob rhyw.

Ffynhonnell: Cwrtmawr 512A, tt. 44–5, 47.

It is a privilege to bow down
to the wise high God;
they will be exalted above evil:
the brightness of His face,
removes the fear of death,
He performs greatness through the goodness of His grace.

May God the Father hear
our cry across our land,
our prayer is to You, Oh God!
may Your grace continue,
so that we may enjoy
the Gospel and its manifold privileges.

Source: Cwrtmawr 512A, pp. 44–5, 47.

EDWARD CHARLES
(Siamas Wynedd; 1757–1828)

31. Ar farwolaeth Lewis yr unfed ar bymtheg, brenin Ffrainc, yr hwn y torrwyd ei ben yn gyhoeddus yn ninas Paris ar yr 21 o fis Ionawr AD *1793, drwy archiad y Gymanfa Giwdawdol*

Ow Lewis! dibris y daeth – y cigydd,
Un coeg am farwolaeth;
Galanas fu'r gelyniaeth,
Diboen un, dy bennu wnaeth.

Ow Lewis! fu'n ymloywi, – rheolwr
Mewn helaeth fawrhydi;
Cyfun ar frenin a'i fri,
Ar swmbwl yr Asembli.‡

Ow Lewis! erys yn arwydd, – y nod
O'th hynod ddihenydd,
O'th guro fel wyth gerydd;
Ffei! Ffrancod, gwermod y gwŷdd.

Ow Lewis! oedd deuluawl, – Ow'r poenau!
Torri'r pen coronawl
Gan ffŵl a chern uffernawl
Â'i gyllell, dichell y Diawl.

Afles yw'r hanes a'i henwi, – doedd neb
I'w nabod na'i lonni;
Lewis, gwŷr Paris yn peri,
Ymaith ag e fal mwth gi.

I'r lladdfa, gyrfa garwfodd, – yr aeth
Ei orchafiaeth mwy ni chofiodd;
Gwaed Lewis i gyd a liwiodd – barthau,
Fel y rhydau ym Mharis rhedodd.

‡ National Assembly.

EDWARD CHARLES
(Siamas Wynedd; 1757–1828)

31. On the death of Louis XVI, king of France, whose head was cut off in public in the city of Paris on 21 January AD 1793, at the command of the National Assembly

Oh Louis! the butcher came with indifference,
he is scornful of death;
the enmity resulted in slaughter,
he brought your life (one who is delivered from pain) to an end.

Oh Louis! Who was resplendent, who was a leader
in great majesty;
the Assembly's‡ goading,
was unanimous regarding a king and his prestige.

Oh Louis! a sign remains (a mark
of your startling violent death)
of the beating you received, like an eightfold punishment;
fie, Frenchmen, wormwood of the woods!

Oh Louis! who had a family, Oh! the pain
of cutting the royal head
by a fool with his knife,
and a hellish rabble, the Devil's doing.

It is unprofitable to recite the tale, there was no-one
to know Louis or to cheer him;
Louis, whom the men of Paris caused
to be taken away like a tame dog.

Louis went to the slaughterhouse (cruel course),
no longer remembering his primacy;
all of Louis's blood coloured the ground,
and ran like shallow streams in Paris.

‡ National Assembly.

Mileinig yr ymlanwodd, – eu teyrnas
Oedd fawr ei hurddas a anharddodd;
Llawruddion geirwon a'i gyrrodd – o'r byd,
Gwael ysbryd; mawr benyd dderbyniodd.

Fel rhawd y Giwdawd ymgododd – i'r cwest,
Llu oer floddest, llawer a floeddiodd;
A phob cadarn a'i barnodd – o'r unfryd,
Ac wrth ddwedyd, pawb a'i gwrthododd.

Garw elynion greulonodd – yn llu,
Gael ei fradu a ddiofrydodd;
Ei ddyddiau, blin a ddioddodd, – och! o'r blaid,
Diriaid fu'r gwilliaid a'i fflangellodd.

Och! alaeth! pan ddymchwelodd, – och y fi!
Pawb o'r un stori a'i distyrodd;
Ei ddeiliaid a ddialodd, – creulondeb
Gerbron ei wyneb a enynnodd.

Ffynhonnell: Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg, II (Mai 1793), 111.

The men of Paris became inflamed with malice, which defiled
their kingdom once great in dignity;
vicious murderers drove Louis from the world
(miserable spirit) and he received a heavy penance. 28

The National Assembly arose like a rabble to the trial
(a host rejoicing grimly), many shouted;
and every steadfast man who judged Louis was of one accord,
and everyone spoke out to condemn him. 32

Harsh enemies, each and every one, became cruel,
and doomed him to be betrayed;
he suffered grievously in his days, alas the
faction of wicked ones – the rogues – who scourged him! 36

Alas, the grief when Louis was undone, woe is me!
everyone unanimously condemned him;
his subjects took vengeance,
he inspired cruelty to his face. 40

Source: Cylchgrawn Cymmraeg, II (May 1793), 111.

32. Englynion i'r democrats*, neu'r dynion sydd yn siarad yn greulon yn erbyn y brenin a rhan fawr o'n llywodraeth; a hynny a fu yn y flwyddyn 1795*

Rhyw haid, gwŷr diriaid am daro, – blin iawn,
Ac am blannu cyffro;
Ail gawri am gael curo
A thrin ein brenin a'n bro.

Dallineb o dwyll enau – a darddodd
Yn derydd i'n drysau;
Uno drwg a wna dreigiau,
Oll i gyd yn llywio gau.

Gau ddynion, creulon rai croes, – gau feddiant,
Gau fodd yw eu heinioes;
Gwŷr taera, gore teiroes,
Na bo wlad yn wyneb loes.

Llawer o wŷr, llwyr werin, – yn codi
Fal cad yn y fyddin;
Cyff o rediad cyffredin,
Â llawer bloedd llerw, blin.

Lloegr a'i thyner iaith hen, – er gwaetha'
Pob gwth a chenfigen,
A dybiaf, byth ei diben,
Er drygau a saethau sen.

Dull Ffrancod, hynod yw hyn, – dull newydd
Twyll a niwaid gelyn;
Dull y Diawl, dall yw dilyn,
A dull dost i dwyllo dyn.

Coeg ddynion, cegau a ddiwynant, – â'u rhith,
Fal cyrrith y curant;
Drwg annwn daroganant
I'n plith, ac yn oed ein plant.

32. Englynion *to the democrats, or the men who speak cruelly against the king and a large part of our government; and that in the year 1795*

There is a nasty gang of wicked men intending to attack,
and sow unrest;
like giants intending to beat
and rebuke our king and land.

Blindness from deceitful mouths sprang
fiercely to our doors;
they are dragons who desire evil,
scheming falsehood entirely.

They are false men (cruel, contrary ones) of false authority,
their lives are of a false nature;
men swear that it would be better for three ages if there were no country,
in the face of such hostility.

Many men, entire folk, rise
like a host in the army;
they are stock from a common line,
with many a weak, angry cry.

England and its gentle old language, despite
every assault and envy,
I believe its purpose is everlasting,
despite transgressions and insults.

This is the French way, it is strange, a new way
of the enemy's deceit and harm;
it is the Devil's way (it is blindness to follow it)
and a harsh way to deceive man.

Vain men, they defile mouths with their falsehood,
they thrash greedily,
they foretell an evil hell
in our midst and in our children's lifetime.

Aneirif, mewn un orig, – a ddeuant
Mewn addewid gorddig;
Llawer o ffwrn, llu ffyrnig,
Llawer o draws, ller a drig.

Rhyw gad yn mawr godi ac – yn bygwth
Yn bigog eleni;
Gwaywffyn,§ hyn yw henwi,
Blin iawn sydd o'n blaenau ni.

Dallineb gwyneb gwenwyn – a daenodd
Dynion hyd y flwyddyn;
Ar gilwg y mae'r gelyn,
Dichelldro, am daro dyn.

Gwiberod, gwae y bore – pan ddelo
Poen ddialedd i'n mangre;
Bydd y rhain, truain mewn tre,
Ar gil yng nghwr y gole.

Mewn twllwch, tariwch watworion, – tan ddaw
Addewid i'ch danfon
I rywle, ddihir alon,
Ar led o hyd o'r wlad hon.

O! grwydriaid, lleiddiaid pob llin, – gwae ichwi,
Gwae uchel a dibrin;
Ewch i wared! Och! werin,
Ewch, blaid, lle mae ochi blin!

Yno byddwch yn baeddu – a bloeddio
Gyda bleidd y fagddu;
Yn annwn cewch enynnu
Dragwyddawl gyda'r Diawl du.

Ffynhonnell: Card 3.116, ff. 2–[6] / [31–5].

§ Rhyw fath o ddagerau a wnawd yn ddichelgar er bwriad i wrthdroi'r deyrnas ac a'u dangoswyd yn y frawdle yn Llundain pan gafodd dynion eu holi ynghylch uchelfrad AD 1795.

Many come, in one hour,
with wrathful intent,
many (fierce throng) from a furnace,
where tares dwell, many wicked ones.

Some army rises up greatly and threatens
viciously this year;
namely, very grievous spears§
face us.

Men spread the blindness of a poisonous face
throughout the year;
with a threatening look (deceitful turn), the enemy
will strike man.

They are vipers, woe the morning when
the pain of vengeance arrives here;
these wretches in town
will be lurking on the edge of the light.

May you who mock tarry in darkness until
the promise comes to send you
(wicked foe) to somewhere
very far indeed from this land.

Oh! wanderers, killers of every lineage (woe to you!);
woe the highborn and wealthy;
go to hell! Woe ordinary folk,
be gone, faction, where there is awful groaning!

There you will beat and shout
with the wolves of utter darkness;
in hell you may burn
for all eternity with the dark Devil.

Source: Card 3.116, ff. 2–[6] / [31–5].

§ Some sort of daggers which were cunningly made with the intent of overturning the kingdom and which were shown in the court of law in London when men were questioned about high treason AD 1795.

JOHN THOMAS, Penffordd-wen
(1757–1835)

33. Cwynfan merch ieuanc am gwmni ei chariad, yr hwn ydoedd filwr, gyda'i dymuniad am ddiwedd ar y rhyfel

Cenir ar y dôn 'Pretty Polly', Malen dlws

Mae'n dost i'r bon'ddigion, rai bryntion eu brad,
Fynd â'r gwŷr ieuainc, oer ofid, o'r wlad;
A ninnau'r lodesi yn gweiddi am gael gwŷr;
O'n cyrraedd mae'n cariad, a'n bwriad oedd bur.
Is awyr, ysywaeth, tan alaeth tyn wy',
Mawr gilio mae'r galon, gron ddwyfron, gryn ddwy.
Rwy'n gweiddi am i'r rhyfel fynd trosodd,
Ow! Ow! na bai'r rhyfel oll drosodd!

Mae i ni bob amser ryw brudd-der a brad
Wrth weld rhif mor denau sy o lanciau'n y wlad;
Mae'r merched glân tirion un foddion â m'fi
Y nos ar ôl gorwedd, modd croywedd eu cri:
Myfi sydd fy hunan, modd gwantan mewn gwŷn,
Pawb ŵyr yn ddilys ei ddolur ei hun.
Rwy'n gweiddi am i'r rhyfel fynd trosodd,
Ow! Ow! na bai'r rhyfel oll drosodd!

Mae'n brudd i ni fyned mewn lludded i'r llan,
I ffair ac i dyrfa, un modde i bob man;
A'r merched glân mwynion mor radlon mawr ri',
Tri thwll am un botwm, peth mawrdrwm i mi;
Y llanciau aeth yn lluoedd dros diroedd a dŵr,
Mae'n dost ar ferch wiwlun a morwyn am ŵr.
Rwy'n gweiddi am i'r rhyfel fynd trosodd,
Ow! Ow! na bai'r rhyfel oll drosodd!

Rwy'n blino ar wasanaeth, ysywaeth, yn siŵr,
A'r rhyfel 'dyw'r rhwystr, fel gwelir, gael gŵr;
Rhaid dal yn y teulu heb na chanu na chuwch,
Ond yr ydwy' wrth odro ar foedro efo'r fuwch,

JOHN THOMAS, Penffordd-wen
(1757–1835)

33. A young girl's lament for the company of her lover who was a soldier, and her wish for the war to come to an end

Sung on the tune 'Pretty Polly', pretty Malen

It is cruel that noblemen (whose treachery is odious),
have taken the young men from the countryside (it causes misery);
while we, the young lasses, clamour for husbands;
our intent is pure and our beloved ones are out of reach.
Unfortunately, I am in this world suffering from miserable grief,
sinking greatly are the heart and plump breasts (a considerable pair).
I wish that the wars would be over,
I pray that the war should be over!

Sorrow and disappointment are always upon us
when we see how thin on the ground young men in the countryside are;
the cry of pure and beautiful girls, in the same way as I,
is piercing after they repair to bed at night:
I am alone, weakened by grief,
everyone knows very well their own sorrow.
I wish that the wars would be over,
I pray that the war should be over!

It is sad for us, wearily, to go to church,
to the fair, and into a crowd; it is the same everywhere;
and the beautiful gentle, genial girls are numerous;
that there are three holes for every button is a very heavy blow for me;
the lads went in droves over land and sea,
and so a shapely girl and a maiden are hard pressed to find a husband.
I wish that the wars would be over,
I pray that the war should be over!

Alas, I'm getting fed up of service, indeed,
and this war is the obstacle, as you see, to getting a husband;
I must stay with the family, without song or frown,
but as I milk, I am close to going crazy with the cow,

Ow! na chawn i'm canlyn, ie, lencyn ryw lun;
Mae llawer merch enwog ariannog heb 'r un.
Rwy'n gweiddi am i'r rhyfel fynd trosodd,
Ow! Ow! na bai'r rhyfel oll drosodd!

Wrth nyddu'n iawn eiddil, wawr fingul, ar fainc,
Gwna i'n forau fyfyrio a ffraeo â gwŷr Ffrainc:
Ein bechgyn glân pybyr, ein brodyr ar bryd,
Mewn llwyddiant a'u lladdo ag â'u gwaedo nhwy i gyd,
A dychwel i Gymru, heb ballu o wlad bell;
Gwyn fyd na chawn siarad â'm cariad mewn cell.
Rwy'n gweiddi am i'r rhyfel fynd trosodd,
Ow! Ow! na bai'r rhyfel oll drosodd!

Dymuned pob meinir, air difyr ar dir,
I Frydain hyfrydwch, iawn heddwch yn hir,
I gael i'r glân wragedd, rai gwaredd eu gwŷr,
Pob lodes ei chariad os ei bwriad sai'n bur.
Success to our armies, both shore and at sea,
And all volunteers and soldiers, I say:
I wish that the wars would be over,
I pray that the war should be over.

Ffynhonnell: Telyn Arian, tt. 61–2.

Oh! that I might have, yes, any sort of lad to court me;
many famous rich girls are without one.
I wish that the wars would be over,
I pray that the war should be over!

I, thin-lipped girl, idly spin wool on a stool,
early in the morning I muse and argue with the men of France:
may our handsome ardent lads, our brothers in nature,
successfully kill the French and bleed them all,
and return to Wales, without fail, from a distant country;
Oh if I could only talk to my lover in a room on our own.
I wish that the wars would be over,
I pray that the war should be over!

Let every maiden (a merry word in the world)
desire joy to Britain; true and long-lasting peace,
so that the lovely gentle wives may get their husbands back,
and every lass get her lover, if her intention remains pure.
Success to our armies, both shore and at sea,
And all volunteers and soldiers, I say:
I wish that the wars would be over,
I pray that the war should be over.

Source: Telyn Arian, pp. 61–2.

DAVID THOMAS
(Dafydd Ddu Eryri; 1759–1822)

*34. Awdl ar ryddid***

Arddwyrea'r ddewr awen
A chyrch hyd yn entrych nen;
Dyrcha fawl bywiawl o ben, – yn ddilid,
I ryddid, wawr addien.

Lluoedd, niferoedd anfarwawl, – bodau
Y byd mawr tragwyddawl,
Canant, emynant eu mawl
Am rydid ymwaredawl.

Gwiw ryddid yn y gwreiddyn,
Yng ngwaelod cydwybod dyn:
Mae'n gysur hoywbur ei hawl,
Cry' didawl, i'r credadun.

Mae rhyddid ysbryd, pryd priodol,
Praw' iawn o degwch prynedigol,
Dawn Dduw uchod i'r dyn heddychol,
Cu wiwdeb ydyw, cydwybodol:
Gwelid, nad rhyddid treiddiol – i bechu
Yn groes i Iesu, Iôn grasusol.

A feddo'r tangnefeddawl – wir heddwch,
A'r rhyddid ysbrydawl;
I'w erbyn, ddyn diddanawl,
Ni fydd Duw, ni faidd y Diawl.

Hawddamawr heddiw yma – i ryddid
O rodd y Gorucha';
Llwydd i'r gynnes dduwies dda
Lath-arian, Eleutheria.††

** A enillodd yr ariandlws yn Llanelwy 1790.
†† Enw y dduwies Rhyddid yn y Gryw, neu'r iaith Roeg.

DAVID THOMAS
(Dafydd Ddu Eryri; 1759–1822)

34. An awdl *on liberty***

Arise, brave muse,
and go to the highest heaven;
and from that height, worthily raise spirited praise
to liberty, splendid dawn.

Multitudes, immortal hosts, beings
of the great eternal world,
they sing, they hymn their praise
about redemptive liberty.

Worthy liberty is the root
beneath man's conscience:
it is, to the believer, a comfort whose claim is happy and pure,
strong and continuous.

There is freedom of spirit, seemly guise
(true proof of redemptive beauty),
God's gift (it is dear dignity) to the peaceful
and conscientious man:
it should be evident that this is not a general freedom
to sin contrary to Christ, gracious Lord.

Whosoever possesses serene true peace
and spiritual liberty,
God will not be against such a blessed man,
and the Devil will not dare to be either.

Hail, this day, to liberty
given by the Almighty;
success to the warm and good goddess
Eleutheria,†† shaft of silver.

** Which won the silver medal in St Asaph 1790.
†† The name of the goddess Liberty in Greek, or the language of Greece.

Neud hysbys, dengys y dydd – wawr heddwch
Er hyddoeth lawenydd;
Cangen lawen olewydd
Yn ei llaw fangaw a fydd.

Fy mwriad, a fy mawredd – fwyn awydd,
Fy newis anrhydedd
Yw datgan rhan o'i rhinwedd
Bob pryd o'm bywyd i'm bedd.

Neud gwerthfawr llwyddfawr ei lles, – hoff rinwedd,
Ffrwyno trais a gormes;
I ddynolryw, ddoniol wres,
Didwyll yw'r warcheidwades.

Hi wnaeth i lawgaeth, wiwles – hoen eithaf,
Hi wnaeth i'r anghynnes
Weled haul, oleua' tes,
A thirion fawrwyrth eres.

Dan nef, ei haddef lân hi, – nod gwiwdeg,
Nid yw gydwerth iddi
Darnau aur ein daear ni,
Neu arian yn aneiri'.

Er ei mwyn, hyfwyn yw hi, – yn ufudd
Y nofir y weilgi;
Caiff y môr, holl oror lli,
Drin ei gesig draw'n gwysi.

Ein haflwydd annedwydd ni,
Echrysawl, yw ei chroesi:
Caredig cywir ydy,
Neud cas yw ei hanras hi:
Mae rhediad ei mawrhydi
O fêl a llaeth fal y lli;
Arwyrain‡‡ firain o fawl
Dragwyddawl a drig iddi!

‡‡ [Molawd, mawlgan.]

It is certain that the day when peace dawns
resulting in wise happiness,
a joyful olive branch
will be in Eleutheria's ready hand.

My intention, my great and gentle desire,
and my choice honour
is to proclaim some of liberty's virtue
at all times from cradle to grave.

Liberty, whose favour is highly fortunate, is a praiseworthy virtue,
curbing violence and oppression;
liberty is a sincere protectress
of mankind, beneficent warmth.

Liberty (worthy blessing, ultimate vigour) caused the enslaved,
and also caused the wretched,
to see the sun, the brightest light,
and a gentle, marvellous great miracle.

Under heaven, liberty's pure home (worthy and dear aim),
the countless pieces of gold
or silver of our world
are not equivalent in value to liberty.

For the sake of liberty (it is gentle), men faithfully
travel the seas;
the sea, the entire region of the ocean,
shall turn its waves into furrows.

To oppose liberty is
our dire, unhappy misfortune:
liberty is kind and true,
and its enmity is surely hateful:
its majesty flows
like a sea of honey and milk;
a beautiful song‡‡ of eternal praise
for it will continue for ever!

‡‡ [Eulogy, paean.]

Hi a amddiffyn ddyn a'i feddiannau,
Hi geidw wledydd ac adeiladau;
Mae'n puro'r Eglwys mewn pêr aroglau
O'r lli', a godwrdd, a'r holl rwygiadau;
Duw tramawr! Detyd rwymau – hen ragrith,
Er taro y geulith i'r tir golau!

Ffrwyth cynnen, bendraphen droch,
Flin wedd, yw aflonyddwch:
Ffrwyth rhyddid, trefnid di-roch,
Yw llwyddiant oll, a heddwch.

Tyn yr oes o tan oer iau, – echrysawl,
A chroesion ymbleidiau;
Dryllia goelion, gweigion, gau,
A throëdig gaeth rwydau.

Rhag dirdra aerfa erfawr – rhy athrist
Y rhuthrwyllt gleddyfawr,
Tra iesin yw y trysawr;
Penllad rhwng lleuad a llawr.

Ys berthid rhyddid yn rhwydd, – wawr liwdeg,
A wna'r wlad yn ddedwydd:
Mal yn Sparta,§§ llawna' llwydd,
A Thule,*** mewn iaith hylwydd.

Lycurgus,††† lyw cywirgoeth,
A Solon,‡‡‡ heddychlon ddoeth,
Troesant i'w llwyddiant y llid
I ryddid yn oreuddoeth.

§§ Dinas freiniol gynt, yn Peleponnes [=Y Peloponesos], a elwid hefyd Lacedemon: y trigolion oeddynt hynod oherwydd eu haelioni, a'u hymdrech yn erbyn trawslywodraeth.

*** Ynys ogleddol, a grybwyllid yn fynych amdani gan y Groegiaid a'r Rhufeiniaid gynt; ac mae'n debyg mai'r Iwerddon ydoedd; sef *Tyle Ysgawd*, neu drigfan yr *Ysgodogion*. Hwy a elwid felly oherwydd eu tueddiad i gyfanheddu mewn cysgodion, neu goedydd ac anialwch, gan mai hynny yw ystyr *Ysgodogion*; ac y mae enwau llwythau eraill o'r un genedl yn arwyddocáu yr un peth; ysef y *Gwyddelod*, neu drigolion y gwyddeli; a'r *Celyddon*, rhai yn preswylio mewn celydd. *Medd Mr Gwilym Owain*.

††† Brenin gynt yn Sparta; hefyd brenin arall yn Thrace, yr hwn a orchymynnodd ddifetha y gwinwydd, er mwyn cadw ei ddeiliaid rhag meddwi.

‡‡‡ Gosodwr cyfreithiau, neu ddeddfwr hynodol yn Athen gynt.

Liberty defends man and his possessions,
preserves countries and buildings;
it purifies the Church, from the deluge, din, and all the schisms,
with sweet incense;
Almighty God! It will undo the bonds of old hypocrisy
in order to cast heresy into the bright land!

Unrest, angry nature,
is the fruit of conflict, evil confusion:
the fruits of liberty, quiet order,
are complete success and peace.

This age passes under a cruel, terrible yoke
and contrary schisms;
liberty shatters the empty and hollow superstitions,
and perverse, captive snares.

The treasure liberty is extremely beautiful
against the dreadful evil of war,
the wild rushing sword;
it is a supreme good between heaven and earth.

The power of liberty (fair-coloured dawn) swiftly
makes the country contented:
as in most prosperous Sparta,§§
and Thule,*** in excellent language.

Lycurgus,††† true and refined leader,
and Solon,‡‡‡ wise and peaceful,
turned anger to their advantage
in order to gain good and wise liberty.

§§ Formerly an honoured city in the Peloponnese, which was also called Lacedaemon: the inhabitants were remarkable because of their generosity, and their efforts against tyranny.

*** A northern island, frequently mentioned by the Greeks and the Romans of old; and it is likely that it was Ireland; that is *Tyle Ysgawd*, or abode of the *Ysgodogion*. They were so called because of their tendency to inhabit the shadows, or woods and wilderness, since that is the meaning of *Ysgodogion*; and the names of other tribes of the same nation signify the same thing; that is the *Gwyddelod*, or inhabitants of the thickets (*gwyddeli*); and the *Celyddon*, those who dwell in bowers (*celydd*). *Says Mr William Owen.*

††† Formerly a king in Sparta; also another king in Thrace, who commanded the destruction of the vines, in order to prevent his subjects from getting drunk.

‡‡‡ A remarkable law-maker in Athens, in bygone days.

O'i phlaid yr hen Geltiaid gynt,§§§
Diddwl, anorfod oeddynt
A'u harfau yn gwau mewn gwynt,
A dynion marwol danynt.****

Llosgwyd, neu yswyd dinasoedd – hirion
Oherwydd terfysgoedd;
Dyrchafu, ymrannu'r oedd
Dân ufel hyd y nefoedd.

I gadw'n ôl gyda nerth
Orwag ynfyd rwyg anferth,
Da fu rheol lesol iawn,
A thiriawn gyfraith Iorwerth.††††

Er hardded, glaned mewn glyn – yw rhyddid,
A'r heddwch i'w dilyn;
Nid teg yw rhedeg ar hyn,
Trwst hirfaith, tros y terfyn.

Rhag blinder, o boethder byd,
Naws rhuddfaog, bradog, brwd,
Hwy na dal dial ar dud
Y sai'r hedd is y rhod;
Ei adsain, leddfsain ddilid,
Drwy'r ddaear hygar a hed;
Band rhyfedd rhinwedd y rhad!

Prif olud clau dud clodadwy, – yw hon,
A hynod gynhorthwy;
Ni fu gwlith un fendith fwy
I Frydain, le dyfradwy.

§§§ Yr enw y gelwid yr hen Gymry gynt; sef cyn-drigolion Ffrainc a Phrydain.
**** [Aneirin a ddywawd yn hynod am eu dewrder: 'Crei kyrchynt kynnullynt reiawr, / en gynnan mal taran twryf aessawr'.]
†††† Edward y 6ed.

The old Celts,§§§ long ago were in favour of liberty
with their weapons darting about on the wind,
and dead men under their feet,
they were wise and unconquerable.**** 88

Vast cities were burned or consumed
as a result of disturbances;
the flames of bonfires rose and forked
heavenwards. 92

Edward's †††† very beneficial rule
and gentle law was good
in order to keep at bay, through might,
the mad and vain great schism. 96

However lovely and pure is liberty in a region,
and the peace which accompanies it;
it is not fair to disparage it,
vast tumult, over the border. 100

From weariness, from the hot-headedness of the world
(ravaging, fervent and treacherous in nature),
peace will last longer under
the heavens than taking vengeance; 104
its echo, gentle kindly sound,
flies through the amiable earth;
how wonderful is the virtue of that blessing!

Liberty is the main wealth of a true praiseworthy nation, 108
and its remarkable succour;
there never was any greater dew of blessing upon
Britain, well-watered place.

§§§ Formerly the name given to the ancient Welsh; that is the aboriginal inhabitants of France and Britain.

**** [Aneirin said most remarkably about their bravery: 'harshly they attacked, they collected booty, / the sound of shields was loud like thunder'.]

†††† Edward VI.

Drwy nodded gogoned Gun
Trugaredd, rhinwedd y rhên,
Diau nad oes, eirioes un,
Bro dan haul fal Brydain hen.

Drwy Brydain gywrain rhoed gawr, – lawn uchder,
O lonychdod dirfawr;
Bu lawenydd i'n blaenawr
Gael aur wên a golau'r wawr.

Dan Siôr, ein llawnbor a'n llyw,
Gwawr rhyddid a geir heddiw;
Gwawr odiaeth gywir adeg,
A gwawr deg o gariad yw.

Fflwch degwch digaeth, eurwawr dymawr daeth
I'r wladwriaeth o reol dirion;
Edfryd iechyd oes, o byd glefyd gloes,
I rywiog eirioes ŵr y goron.

Dull o wiwdrefn da yw llywodraeth
Ein bro dirion, wen briodoriaeth,
Rhag ailennyn rhwyg o elyniaeth,
Ymrysonau, amryw wasanaeth.

Wele dirion wyliadwriaeth,
Penadwriaeth paun hyderus;
Iawn gloi dewrion ein gwladwriaeth,
Rhag bradwriaeth, rhwyg bryderus.

Duw a rannodd, o'i dirionwch,
I'r wen frodir, iawn hyfrydwch:
E gaed rhyddid gyda'r heddwch,
Edef euraid yw difyrrwch.

[Rhyddid cynhenid, cawn hwn – yn rhad
Anrhydedd i'r Pryffwn;
Yn lle caethder, toster twn,
Gwreichionog o eirch annwn.]

Through the support and glory of the Lord
and mercy, God's virtue,
doubtless there is not a
region under the sun like old Britain, fair land.

Through lovely Britain a shout was given out, at full blast,
of immense cheer;
our leader was pleased
to receive a golden smile and light of dawn.

Under George, our full sovereign and our chief,
the dawn of liberty exists today;
it is an excellent, timely dawn,
and also a fair dawn of love.

A bright free beauty, the season of a golden dawn came
to the state through a gentle rule;
restoring to health the kindly and gentle king
from the peril of painful illness.

The government of our gentle region is a good, worthy order;
it is a pure inheritance;
against inciting once more a bitter schism,
contentions, various services.

Behold the gentle watchfulness and
the sovereignty of a confident hero;
it is right to lock up brave men of our state
for fear of treason, troublesome rift.

God, out of his gentleness, meted out
true loveliness in this bright region:
liberty is to be had along with peace,
delight is a golden thread.

[We will have natural liberty freely,
it is an honour to the Leader;
instead of fiery confinement, broken harshness,
?at hell's request.]

Ail ryddid, wawl oreuddoeth, – mae'n eisieu
Mewn ysol ffwrn fflamboeth;
Cras enbyd le creisionboeth
Yw holl ardal Belial, boeth.

Yn nef, aur haddef y rhyddid – beunydd,
Nid oes boen nac erlid;
Na thraha, lladdfa, na llid
Rhyfel, nac unrhyw ofid.

[Wrth yrfa rhyddid o werthfawr heddwch
Deuai i Galia y diogelwch:
Duw ne' a wyrodd Ei wiw dynerwch
O'r gwaelodion, yr iâ o g'ledwch:
Fe rhydd Ei grefydd er digrifwch – llon,
Mae i'r duwiolion y mawr dawelwch.]

Rhwydd-deb, cysondeb cu sydd – a rhydid
Yn rhedeg drwy'r gwledydd;
Gwreichionen gre' ei chynnydd,
Ei mawl rhyfeddawl a fydd.

Lle bu gwenwyn a hyll baganiaeth
I bawb oddef o dan babyddiaeth;
Llaw goleuni yn lle gelyniaeth
Dirymai'r chwil-lys,‡‡‡‡ drom orchwyliaeth.

O medraf, daliaf, af i'w dilyn
I oror Eidal ar aur edyn;
Drwy Hisbania, neu dros y Penwyn,§§§§
Uchel drumawg wych olau dremyn;
Y dychymyg fyg a fyn – yn ddioer,
Dan wych wenloer dynnu i'w chanlyn.

‡‡‡‡ Enw y llysoedd mewn gwledydd pabaidd lle canlynid ar bawb yn neilltuo oddi wrth grefydd y deyrnas, ac a'u cosbid mewn amryw foddion arswydus.
§§§§ [Mynydd uchel rhwng Ffrainc a'r Eidal.]

The like of liberty, best and wise light, is not to be found
in the consuming flaming furnace of hell;
Beelzebub's region is
a terrible scorching hot place.

There is never pain or persecution
in heaven, golden home of liberty;
nor arrogance, murder, wrath
of war, nor any sorrow.

[Safety came to Galia
as a result of liberty's career of valuable peace;
God of heaven inclined His worthy tenderness
from the bottom, the coldness of cruelty:
He gives His religion for happy pleasure,
the godly enjoy the great peace.]

Prosperity, dear harmony, and liberty
spread abroad through the nations;
the strong spark of liberty's progress
will constitute its remarkable praise.

Where there was once poison and ugly paganism
suffered by all under papism;
the hand of light came instead of enmity
and abolished the court of inquisition,‡‡‡‡ wretched system.

If I can, I will hold liberty, and will follow it
on golden wings to Italy's border;
through Spain, or over Mont Blanc,§§§§
wonderful bright sight;
the sacred imagination, doubtless, insists
on following liberty under a fine bright moon.

‡‡‡‡ The name of the courts in popish countries where all who secede from the state religion are persecuted, and punished in numerous dreadful ways.

§§§§ [A high mountain between France and Italy.]

Naws gywirserch, o ynys Gorsig***** 172
Ar hyd moroedd, rhed i Amerig,
Goloywi Asia yn eglwysig;
Goleuo, deffro gwaelod Affrig.

Heb ryddid hybereiddia' – a hoywfraint 176
Ei hyfryd fwyneidd-dra,
Cysur i natur ni wna
Drwy randir daear India.

Rhyddid, calondid y cla', – ddiogel 180
A ddwg yr esmwythdra:
Os heb wres y dduwies dda
Gwae Rufain ac Arafia.†††††

Y mae'r arian a'r mererid,‡‡‡‡‡ 184
Trai annifyr, yn troi'n ofid,
Heb ryddid un boreuddydd;
Gafael gaeth, ysywaeth, sydd,
Ddol einioes ddilawenydd, 188
Ni ddichon yn foddlon fad
Ond cariad ddwyn y cerydd.

Bai ar wŷr Ewrop bêr yr awrhon
Yw eu mordwyaeth am wŷr duon;§§§§§ 192
Dwyn o India, ar denau wendon,
Aneirif gaith dan arw fygythion:
Hirddrwg, rhyw olwg greulon, – dwyn heddwch,
A mawr ddiddanwch, myrdd o ddynion. 196

***** Ynys ym Môr y Canoldir; trigolion yr hon a ymdrechasant yn wrol ym mhlaid rhyddid yn y cynamseroedd.

††††† Rhufain ac Arafia [=Arabia], ffynhonnydd budron a ddiwynasant ffrwd nefol y wir grefydd; y gyntaf sydd orsedd y pab, a'r llall Mahomet. Goronwy Owen. [Rhagynt gallwn adrodd geiriau Gwalchmai: 'A gwae ni o'r naid y'n rhyddoded / Yn rhygnawd pechawd pall gynired, / Rhag ein twyllaw byth o beth hybred / I golli teithi tanc afneued.']

‡‡‡‡‡ Maen gwerthfawr a fag mewn môr-gregyn, o liw glaswyn, a elwid *pearl* yn Saesoneg.

§§§§§ [Er anghlod i gyneddfau trigolion Prydain, ac er celwyddaw eu crefydd, wrth brynu a gwerthu y truenusion duon y maent yn cael rhan fawr o'u hennill gan gynnal eu mael drwy bob math o gywilyddus gribddail.]

Liberty, with faithful devotion, travels from the island of Corsica***** 172
over seas to America,
it brightens Asia through the Church;
it lightens, it awakens the depths of Africa.

Without sweetest liberty, and the privilege 176
of its lovely gentleness,
no comfort to nature will be done
throughout the land of India.

Liberty, the sick person's comfort 180
will safely bring relief:
woe betide Rome and Arabia†††††
if they lack the warmth of the good goddess.

Silver and margarita,‡‡‡‡‡ 184
unpleasant ebb, become an anxiety,
without the liberty of a single morning;
there is, alas, a captive hold,
a dull, unhappy life, 188
only love, with good will,
can remove the rebuke.

The men of sweet Europe are at this time at fault
because of their seafaring in search of black men;§§§§§ 192
with harsh threats, they steal away from India
numberless slaves on a thin white wave:
to steal the peace and great comfort of a multitude
is a long evil, cruel dealing. 196

***** An island in the Mediterranean sea, the inhabitants of which bravely fought for liberty in antiquity.

††††† Rome and Arabia, dirty wells which defiled the heavenly stream of the true religion; the first is the throne of the pope, and the other is Mohamed's. Goronwy Owen. [We can declaim the words of Gwalchmai against them: 'Alas the fate which is given to us, / to sin too much brings failure / in case a lovely looking thing eternally deceives us / to lose the attributes of complete peace.']

‡‡‡‡‡ A valuable stone which grows in a seashell, white-blue in colour, which is called pearl in English.

§§§§§ [To the dishonour of the nature of the inhabitants of Britain and in order to belie their religion, they have much of their profit by buying and selling the unfortunate blacks and maintain their fortunes by every sort of shameful extortion.]

Dynoldeb, purdeb mwyn pêr, – a ddylid
Ei ddilyn bob amser;
Gan ddangos, yn achos Nêr,
At yr Indiaid dirionder.

Bob amser, rhodder y rhan – o borthiant
A berthyn i'r truan;
Tynerwch, tannau arian,
Fo'n ystyr gwewyr y gwan.

Dyrano Iesu i druenusion
Rhyddid ac iechyd, rhoddiadau gwychion;
Duw a fo noddwr y difinyddion,
Llyw Ei bur eglwys o'i holl beryglon;
A rhodder i'n Nêr, ein Iôn, – fawl hyber,
Nef a addoler, o iawn feddylion.

Dwyre yn ôl i dir nes,
Fy awenydd – i'r fynwes;
Datgan fraint, hoywfraint, a hedd
Bri Gwynedd, ein bro gynnes.******

[Mawredd bro Wynedd a'i breiniau, – y wlad
Oludog ei thlysau,
A mawl hydr yn y mydr mau
Mwy a ganaf â'm genau.]

Mae sain drwy Frydain frodir, – gair annwyl,
A gwirionedd cywir,
'Fengyl o'i themyl a'i thir,
Brig yr iaith, a bregethir.

[O Ddwyfor dain a'r Ddyfrdonwy
Ceir hedd hoywdeg cyrhaeddadwy;
Hed o Lŷn wiwlan hyd Lanelwy,
Ac o 'Fionydd gu i Fynwy.]

****** [Dafydd Benfras, yn ei amser, a allai harddu mawl ei wlad ag enw Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, pan ganodd: 'A'm gwnêl . . . / I foli gwyndawd Gwyndud werin, / Gwynedd bendefig ffynedig ffin'.]

Humanity, sweet and gentle purity, should
always be followed;
by showing, in God's name, tenderness
towards the Indians.

May their share of food always be given
to the poor;
may tenderness, silver strings,
consider the anguish of the weak.

May Jesus mete out liberty and health,
excellent gifts, to the wretched;
may God protect the theologians,
may He guide His pure church away from all the dangers that it faces;
and may we give to our Lord, our God, sincere, sweet praise,
let heaven be worshipped.

Return to closer land,
my muse, to the breast;
proclaim the merry privilege, peace,
and renown of Gwynedd, our warm region.******

[Henceforth, I will sing with steadfast praise
in my verse,
the greatness of Gwynedd and her privileges;
the region rich in jewels.]

There is a sound through Britain, a dear word,
and proper truth,
the Gospel, the zenith of our language,
is preached in its temples and land.

[Sure happy peace is to be had
from the plains of the river Dwyfor and the Dee;
it flies from worthy and pure Llŷn to St Asaph,
and from dear Eifionydd to Monmouth.]

****** [Dafydd Benfras, in his time, could beautify his nation's praise with the name of Llywelyn son of Iorwerth, when he sang: 'May he make me . . . / praise the one who is the success of the men of Gwynedd, / sovereign of Gwynedd and its wide boundaries.']

Mwyn doreithiog yw y mân draethau,
Eigion y llynnoedd a gwinllannau;
Ceir pob rhywogaeth ffraeth eu ffrwythau
O'r iach hoyw frodir i'w chyfreidiau:
Da blithog, laethog lwythau – da carniog,
Ceir y da gwlanog 'r hyd y glynnau.

[Ceir trem, goleudrem glodrydd, – ar oror
Hen Eryri fynydd:
Rhyw flodau, rhif o wledydd,
I'w canfod is haul-rhod sydd.]

Trwy holl Wyndud†††††† o try llawnder,
Hoywaidd fendith, a'i haddfwynder,
Achles cynnes cawn, hafdes, gwres, a grawn,
Gair uniawn goreu-Nêr.

Trefner, cyfoder cofiadon – hynod
O henwau'r grymusion;
Iawndda cadw'n ddihocedion
Goffadwriaeth o gyff dirion,
Prawf o lwyddiant prif luyddion
Lloegr annwyl, a'i holl gywreinion,
Da wrolbarch i dir Albion,‡‡‡‡‡‡
A thir Gwalia,§§§§§§ a'i thrigolion:
Bid ein iaith, heniaith yw hon, – mewn blodau
Yn nyddiau Gwyneddion.

Na ddêl gormeilwyr, ddwylaw grymialog,
Eto i'r ynys yn wŷr tarianog;
Na bo i'r galon, yn rhai bygylog,
Lygru draw wythi hen Loegr doreithiog;

†††††† [Yr oedd yr enw yma er ystalm yn gyffredin am Ogledd Cymru, eithr Powys; enw pa un oedd Gwynfa; a Gwynedd oedd y ddeuparth ynghyd; ond gan fod yn anhawdd yn awr gael Cymro a fo gydnabyddus â hanner ei iaith gynhwynawl, felly mae enwau rhan fawr o'i wlad yn ddieithr iddo.]

‡‡‡‡‡‡ [Alban y galwai yr hen Gymry y rhan ogleddig o Brydain; hwyrach oherwydd ei bod yn fynyddig, neu o'i bod yn uchel i fyny tua'r gogledd, gan mai arwyddocâd yr enw yw *goruchel*, neu fal y gellir yn weddusach ei galw y *Blaenau*.]

§§§§§§ [Enw ar Gymru ymysg y cenhedloedd anghyfiaith; efo pha rai y mae ar alltud, er bod iddo wreiddyn pur yn y Gymraeg.]

The small beaches of Gwynedd are gentle and plentiful,
there is an abundance of lakes and orchards;
every fruitful species
is to be had from the healthy, happy region for its requirements:
dairy cows (milky hosts of horned cattle)
and woolly sheep are to be had along the valleys.

[There is a renowned bright view, of the slope
of old Snowdon's mountain:
as many kinds of flowers may be found there
as there are countries under the sun.]

Through all of Gwyndud,†††††† happy blessing,
abundance and its meekness dwell,
we will have warm refuge, summer sunshine, warmth, and grains,
and the true word of the best Lord.

Organize, raise notable remembrances
of the names of the mighty;
it is right and good to keep, without deceit,
the memory of a gentle lineage,
the evidence of the success of the chief armies
of dear England, and all her skilled people,
good brave respect to the land of Albion,‡‡‡‡‡‡
and the land and inhabitants of Gwalia:§§§§§§
may our ancient language bloom
in the days of the men of Gwynedd.

May conquerors (men armed with shields) with brawling hands
not come to our island;
may the threatening enemies
not sully the old veins of abundant England, yonder;

†††††† [This name was for a while commonly used for North Wales, excepting Powys; which was called *Gwynfa*; and Gwynedd was both regions together; but since it is now difficult to find a Welshman who is familiar with half his natural language, so the names of a great part of his country are unfamiliar to him.]

‡‡‡‡‡‡ [The old Welsh called the northern part of Britain *Alban* (Scotland); perhaps because it was mountainous, or because it is high in the north, because the significance of the name is *goruchel* (lofty), or as it is more proper to call it the *Blaenau* (summits).]

§§§§§§ [A name for Wales amongst foreign nations; with whom the name is in exile, although it has a pure root in Welsh.]

Llawn ryddid, llon rhieddog, – hyd ddiwedd
A fo holl Wynedd, hywiw feillionog.

Trwy'r byd, nid tristyd y tro, – cu rydid
Caredig a lwyddo;
Rhag i gwmwl dwl yn do,
Â chaddug, ei orchuddio.

Moli'n ddilid Duw a ddylid,
Am ein rhyddid; mwyn yw'r heddwch;
Gwawr gywiraf, dydd dedwyddaf,
O lunieiddiaf, wiw lonyddwch.

Cynnal rhyw ofal rhyfedd – a ddylid
I ddilyn ffordd rhinwedd:
Dilyn byth, hyd lan y bedd,
Gywreinwaith y gwirionedd.

Bo i deulu bydolion
Fyw'n addas i ras yr Iôn:
Dan wên dda lawen ddilid,
A rhyddid nef, a'i rhoddion.

Ffynonellau: A—*Corph y Gaingc* (1810), tt. 30–40. B—*Gorchestwaith* (1790), tt. 19–28. C—*ADCG*, tt. 16–32. D—*Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg*, I (Chwefror 1793), 52–3. E—LlGC Add 354B, tt. 35–46.

may all of Gwynedd (most worthy and covered in clover)
possess complete liberty (happy and noble) until the end of time.

May dear, kind liberty succeed throughout the world,
it is not a sad event;
lest a grim cloud should
cover it with a roof of darkness.

God should be praised gratefully
for our liberty; the peace is gentle;
it is the fitting dawn, the happiest day,
of the shapeliest, worthy tranquillity.

The utmost care should be maintained
to follow the path of virtue:
that is, to continue to follow the refined work of truth
until one's dying day.

May the family of mortal men
live properly according to the Lord's grace:
under heaven's good happy smile and
liberty and its gifts.

Sources: A—*Corph y Gaingc* (1810), pp. 30–40. B—*Gorchestwaith* (1790), pp. 19–28. C—*ADCG*, pp. 16–32. D—*Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg*, I (February 1793), 52–3. E—NLW Add 354B, pp. 35–46.

35. Newyddion o Fôn yn y flwyddyn 1796 pan oeddid yn trethu'r cŵn y tro cyntaf

Wrth werthu'n uchel gig a chaws,
Byw'n llawer haws wna hwsmyn;
Yn Arfon sir y clywyd sôn
Mai drud ym Môn yw'r menyn.

Os na cheir llawnder ym mhob llun,
Pa beth wna ddyn â'i ddannedd?
A gwaith y tafod wedi hyn
Fydd rhegi'n syn y senedd.

Am drethu ci, dro eitha' cas,
Sy'n ffyddlon was dewisol,
Y clywir cwynfan gwlad a glyn
O finion Bryn i'r Faenol.

Nid rhaid rhag llef bytheiad croch
I'r llwynog coch mo'r cychwyn;
Caiff rodio'n rhydd o lwyn i lwyn,
Lladd ieir ac ŵyn y gwanwyn.

Mae deiliaid ufudd hyd y fro
Yn taro ar draeturiaid;*******
A'r *democrats*††††††† am dynnu crwyn
Eiddilaidd addfwyn ddeiliaid.

Ffynhonnell: LlGC 6967B, tt. 92–3.

******* Bradychwyr.
††††††† *Democrats*: gwrthwynebwyr y brenin.

35. News from Anglesey in the year 1796 when dogs were taxed for the first time

Husbandmen live much easier
by selling meat and cheese at a high price;
in the county of Arfon a rumour was spread
that butter is expensive in Anglesey.

If there is no abundance in every shape and form
what will man do with his teeth?
And after this, the tongue's work
will be shockingly to curse the parliament.

For taxing (what a bad turn!) a dog,
who is an obedient, choice servant,
the complaint of local people can be heard
from the slopes of Bryn to the Vaynol estate.

The red fox need not start
at the bark of fierce hounds;
he may roam free from bush to bush,
and kill spring chickens and lambs.

Faithful tenants throughout the region
stumble across traitors,*******
and the democrats††††††† who intend to skin
weak and gentle tenants.

Source: NLW 6967B, pp. 92–3.

******* *Bradychwyr*: traitors.
††††††† Democrats: opponents of the king.

36. Cân Twm Paen

Mesur: 'Calon Derwen'

Anogaeth i ufuddhau i'r llywodraeth; cynghorion i ymfoddloni; rhybuddion yn erbyn llochesu egwyddorion gau a meddyliau aflywodraethus; gocheliadau rhag gweithredoedd terfysgus ac afreolaidd‡‡‡‡‡‡‡

Fy annwyl gymdeithion, yn dirion gwrandewch,
Cewch glywed penillion os tirion ddistewch;
Anogaeth cynigiaf, agoraf ar gainc,
I atal yn nerthol ffyrdd ffromffol wŷr Ffrainc;
Ymroddwn cyn hir, mae'n weddus yn wir,
I ddilyn iawnddeiliaid, ragorol gywiriaid,
Gan yrru'r anwiriaid, traeturiaid o'n tir:
Symuder pob maen sy'n dramgwydd o'n blaen;
Dibrisiwn yn wresog ddull Ffrencyn gwallbwyllog,
Heb garu'r gwageiriog a'r pigog Dwm Paen.

Mae'n ddiau daw terfyn ar Ffrencyn a'i ffrwst,
Er cymaint dros amser ei drawster a'i drwst;
Ni chaiff y gŵr ysgafn mo'r esgus di-syn
I ganu 'Ça Ira', bydd soriant am hyn;
Nyni oll yn awr, yn lluoedd uwch llawr,
A ganwn yn ddiflin, hoff rad yn gyffredin,
'Duw gadwo Siôr frenin, a'i fyddin sydd fawr.'
Symuder pob maen sy'n dramgwydd o'n blaen;
Dibrisiwn yn wresog ddull Ffrencyn gwallbwyllog,
Heb garu'r gwageiriog a'r pigog Dwm Paen.

‡‡‡‡‡‡‡ Cyfansoddwyd y gân hon ar ddymuniad Paul Panton, Yswain, o'r Plas Gwyn, Pentraeth, Môn; am haelioni a lletygarwch yr hwn, yn gystal â'i fab, bu yr awdwr yn cadw coffadwriaeth ddiolchgar. Mr Panton ydoedd ŵr enwog o ran ei adnabyddiaeth â hanesiaeth a hynafiaethau ei wlad gynhwynol; a gadawodd ar ei ôl gasgliadau gwerthfawr o ysgrifeniadau Cymreig &c. Yr oedd hefyd yn dra hynodol am ei haelioni yn cynorthwyo eraill a ddilynent yr unrhyw lwybr ag ef ei hun. Trwy ei haelioni yn sefydlu blwyddrodd o ugain punt ar y mab anffodus hwnnw, y Parchg Evan Evans (Ieuan Brydydd Hir), awdwr y *Dissertatio de Bardis* &c., daeth llyfrau ac ysgrifeniadau y gŵr dysgedig hwnnw yn eiddo iddo ef, yr hyn oedd ychwanegiad gwerthfawr at ei lyfrgell.

36. The song of Tom Paine

Metre: 'Calon Derwen' (Heart of oak)

An exhortation to obey the government; advice to content oneself; warnings against harbouring false principles and anarchic thoughts; caution against violent and unruly acts‡‡‡‡‡‡‡

My dear companions, listen gently,
you will hear some verses if you will be quiet;
I offer exhortation (I open on a tune),
strongly to prevent the angry and foolish ways of the French;
before long we will undertake (it is truly appropriate)
to follow true subjects (excellent upright ones),
by driving the disloyal, the traitors, from our land:
let us move every stone which impedes our progress;
we heartily disparage the ways of the raving mad Frenchy,
without love for the idle-talking and prickly Tom Paine.

It is certain that an end will come to Frenchy and his clamour,
despite the extent of his recent violence and tumult;
the thoughtless man shall not have a senseless excuse
to sing 'Ça Ira', it will cause anger;
together (earthly hosts) we all
tirelessly sing (a common blessing)
'God save King George and his great army.'
Let us move every stone which impedes our progress;
we heartily disparage the ways of the raving mad Frenchy,
without love for the idle-talking and prickly Tom Paine.

‡‡‡‡‡‡‡ This song was composed at the behest of Paul Panton, Esquire, of Plas Gwyn, Pentraeth, Anglesey; for whose generosity and hospitality, as well as that of his son, the author makes a grateful remembrance. Mr Panton was famous for his knowledge of the history and antiquities of his native country; and he left valuable collections of Welsh manuscripts &c. He was also very remarkable for his generosity in helping others who followed the same path as he himself. Through his generosity in establishing an annuity of twenty pounds for that unfortunate son of Wales, the Revd Evan Evans (Ieuan Brydydd Hir), author of *Dissertatio de Bardis*, &c., that learned man's books and manuscripts came into Panton's possession, which was a valuable addition to his library.

Wel deuwn, wŷr diwyd, yn unfryd dan ne',
Dyrchafwn, drwy burder, ffyddlonder i'w le,
Gan gadw rheolaeth, llywodraeth gwellhad,
Amddiffyn yn gywir ein brodir rhag brad;
Os addfwyn yw Siôr, mae'n llawn ein hystôr;
Mae cynnyrch ein gwledydd, digonol ar gynnydd,
Lle annwyl a llonydd o'r mynydd i'r môr.
Symuder pob maen sy'n dramgwydd o'n blaen;
Dibrisiwn yn wresog ddull Ffrencyn gwallbwyllog,
Heb garu'r gwageiriog a'r pigog Dwm Paen.

Os carwn fendithion a rhoddion hir hedd,
Rhown oll i'r awdurdod ufudd-dod hyd fedd;
Hanesion hen oesau, esiamplau i ni sydd,
Mai'r isel diymryson yn foddlon a fydd;
Dihirwyr bob tro sy'n fradwyr i'r fro:
Y dyn anfoddlonus, a feddo'n anfoddus
Ddrwg ysbryd cynhyrfus, terfysgus yw fo.
Symuder pob maen sy'n dramgwydd o'n blaen;
Dibrisiwn yn wresog ddull Ffrencyn gwallbwyllog,
Heb garu'r gwageiriog a'r pigog Dwm Paen.

Wrth chwennych ychwaneg yn fwyndeg o fael
Y gallwn lwyr golli y da gwedi ei gael;
Dymunol yw llonydd, digerydd, deg wŵr,
A chystal â chastell yw ystafell ddi-stŵr;
Gochelwn rhag loes benrhyddid yr oes;
Os carwn ddiddigrwydd, dim ddiffyg hapusrwydd,
Ond eisiau boddlonrwydd, yn digwydd nid oes.
Symuder pob maen sy'n dramgwydd o'n blaen;
Dibrisiwn yn wresog ddull Ffrencyn gwallbwyllog,
Heb garu'r gwageiriog a'r pigog Dwm Paen.

Mae cyfraith i'r gwerin a'r brenin gerbron,
A barn gysylltiedig, blethedig wrth hon;
Pur ryddid pereiddiaf, dawn uchaf y ne',
A wnaeth mewn disgleirder yn Lloegr ei lle;

Well, true men, let us come together under the heaven with one accord,
we will raise, through purity, loyalty to its rightful place,
by maintaining discipline, reforming government,
and properly defending our native land from betrayal;
if George is gentle, our store is full;
the produce of our regions, this dear and quiet place,
is sufficiently on the increase, from mountain to seashore.
Let us move every stone which impedes our progress;
we heartily disparage the ways of the raving mad Frenchy,
without love for the idle-talking and prickly Tom Paine.

If we love the blessings and gifts of long-term peace,
let us all be obedient to authority until our dying day;
the tales of bygone ages are an example to us,
showing that the lowly man who does not cause trouble will be content;
it is always scoundrels who betray our land:
a discontented man who has an unbecoming
seditious nature is rebellious.
Let us move every stone which impedes our progress;
we heartily disparage the ways of the raving mad Frenchy,
without love for the idle-talking and prickly Tom Paine.

By seeking yet more fine profit
we can lose all the good that we had;
a quiet, blameless, fair man is pleasant,
and a quiet room is as good as a castle;
may we eschew the licence of the age lest it should cause us pain;
if we love quiet, no lack of happiness,
we need only have contentment.
Let us move every stone which impedes our progress;
we heartily disparage the ways of the raving mad Frenchy,
without love for the idle-talking and prickly Tom Paine.

There is a law for the people and the king before us,
and a concomitant justice is interwoven with it;
the pleasantest pure liberty (highest blessing of heaven)
which made its bright home in England;

At grefydd dda ei llun ni rwymir yr un,
I ddewis yn barod un erthygl, neu wrthod,
Yn groes i'w gydwybod wiw hynod ei hun.
Symuder pob maen sy'n dramgwydd o'n blaen;
Dibrisiwn yn wresog ddull Ffrencyn gwallbwyllog,
Heb garu'r gwageiriog a'r pigog Dwm Paen.

Ordeiniodd rhagluniaeth unbennaeth di-ball,
A'r naill yn warcheidwad nid lleiddiad i'r llall;
Rhoi haelder i'r cefnog, yn bwyllog, heb wawd,
A rhoi gostyngeiddrwydd, boddlonrwydd i dlawd;
Cyfiawnder yn glir sy'n gwarchod y gwir;
Rhy uchel ei wrychyn i lawr myn ei ddisgyn;
Mae'n rhwym i amddiffyn cardotyn ar dir.
Symuder pob maen sy'n dramgwydd o'n blaen;
Dibrisiwn yn wresog ddull Ffrencyn gwallbwyllog,
Heb garu'r gwageiriog a'r pigog Dwm Paen.

Mae'n dda fod uniawnder, cyfiawnder yn faith,
A chyfraith a chyfri i gosbi drwg waith;
Os amgen ryw foddion e fyddai'r holl fyd,
Daearfyd o derfysg, yn gymysg i gyd;
Gan hynny pob un sy'n perchen ar ffun,
Cofleidied lonyddwch, sy'n ddawnus ddiddanwch,
Os câr ei ddedwyddwch a'i heddwch ei hun.
Symuder pob maen sy'n dramgwydd o'n blaen;
Dibrisiwn yn wresog ddull Ffrencyn gwallbwyllog,
Heb garu'r gwageiriog a'r pigog Dwm Paen.

Prif fwriad penboethion, annoethion, yn awr,
Yw dwyn drwy fradwriaeth lywodraeth i lawr;
Try'r fath gyfartalwch, o gwelwch i gyd,
Bob undeb a bendith yn felltith ar fyd;
Ac felly, drwy'r fall, bydd gormod y gwall;
Ni fydd ond bygythio, a chernod, a chornio,
A'r naill yn trwm bwyso neu'n llwytho ar y llall.
Symuder pob maen sy'n dramgwydd o'n blaen;
Dibrisiwn yn wresog ddull Ffrencyn gwallbwyllog,
Heb garu'r gwageiriog a'r pigog Dwm Paen.

no-one is bound to good religion,
nor bound readily to choose or reject a single article of faith which is
contrary to his own worthy and clear conscience.
Let us move every stone which impedes our progress;
we heartily disparage the ways of the raving mad Frenchy,
without love for the idle-talking and prickly Tom Paine.

Providence ordained a continuous monarchy,
with one a guardian rather than killer of the other;
wisely and without ridicule, making the rich generous,
and making the poor humble and contented;
it is clear that righteousness defends the truth;
it brings down anyone who is too haughty;
it is bound to protect a beggar on the land.
Let us move every stone which impedes our progress;
we heartily disparage the ways of the raving mad Frenchy,
without love for the idle-talking and prickly Tom Paine.

It is good that justice and righteousness is extensive,
and that there is a law and account to punish wrong-doing;
if there was any other means, the whole world would be
a place of violence, entirely confused;
therefore, may every living person
embrace tranquillity, which is a blessed solace,
if he loves his own contentment and peace.
Let us move every stone which impedes our progress;
we heartily disparage the ways of the raving mad Frenchy,
without love for the idle-talking and prickly Tom Paine.

The main purpose of unwise hotheads is now
to bring down the government through treason;
equality such as this, if you see it all, turns
every union and blessing into a curse on the world;
and so, through the Devil, sin will be too great;
there will be nothing but threats, blows, and attacks,
and one person pressing heavily or burdening the other.
Let us move every stone which impedes our progress;
we heartily disparage the ways of the raving mad Frenchy,
without love for the idle-talking and prickly Tom Paine.

Wrth ddilyn aflendid, penrhyddid di-rôl,
Bydd gwobrwy, gwiw ebrwydd, gonestrwydd yn ôl;
Fe gyll y diniwaid, wâr enaid, ei ran,
A'r traws a ddyrchefir, dilynir i'r lan;
Peryglus bob pryd yw'r uchel ei fryd,
Chwant hunanddyrchafiaeth sy'n dwyn aflywodraeth,
A phob afreolaeth, er bariaeth i'r byd.
Symuder pob maen sy'n dramgwydd o'n blaen;
Dibrisiwn yn wresog ddull Ffrencyn gwallbwyllog,
Heb garu'r gwageiriog a'r pigog Dwm Paen.

Erioed ni fwriadwyd, nis trefnwyd un treth
At gynnal moethustra, yn fwyndra di-feth;
Achosion y deyrnas, mae'n addas yn wir,
Sy'n gofyn y ddyled yn deyrnged ar dir;
Ninnau gerbron, mewn llwyrfryd yn llon,
A ddylem, wedd olau, amddiffyn ein breintiau,
Rhag croesion ymbleidiau a sismau'r oes hon.
Symuder pob maen sy'n dramgwydd o'n blaen;
Dibrisiwn yn wresog ddull Ffrencyn gwallbwyllog,
Heb garu'r gwageiriog a'r pigog Dwm Paen.

Mae natur yn briwio wrth synio'r byd sydd:
Ymysg ein cymdogion, rai ffolion di-ffydd,
Mae effaith gwallgofrwydd, ynfydrwydd yn fawr;
Drwy ddwylaw gwŷr Paris aeth Lewis i lawr:
Nyni dan y nen, nis haeddwn un sen,
Drwy gadw rhag ffalster ein gwlad yn ei gloywder,
Dangoswn bob amser ein purder i'n pen.
Symuder pob maen sy'n dramgwydd o'n blaen;
Dibrisiwn yn wresog ddull Ffrencyn gwallbwyllog,
Heb garu'r gwageiriog a'r pigog Dwm Paen.

Hir gynnydd a llwyddiant, a ffyniant di-ffael,
I'r hwsmon, a'r crefftwr, a'r morwr er mael;
Cu rwydd-deb cariadus, hyderus ar dir,
I'r gonest digynnwr' fo'n garwr y gwir:
Duw gadwo'r hen wlad, sef Brydain, rhag brad,
A hir y bo eto i'r senedd gydsynio
At bopeth a fyddo yn llwyddo gwellhad.

By following sin, and unruly licence,
honesty's reward (quick and excellent) will be left behind;
the innocent (meek soul) will lose his part,
and the mighty will be exalted and in control;
the ambitious man is always dangerous,
the desire for self-advancement brings anarchy
and every disorder, causing grief for the world.
Let us move every stone which impedes our progress;
we heartily disparage the ways of the raving mad Frenchy,
without love for the idle-talking and prickly Tom Paine.

No tax was ever intended or organized
to maintain luxury, a certain pleasure;
the kingdom's business, it is indeed appropriate,
requires the debt to be paid as a duty on land;
we, assembled here, should happily, with whole-hearted resolve
(in a clear way) defend our privileges
from the perverse factions and schisms of this age.
Let us move every stone which impedes our progress;
we heartily disparage the ways of the raving mad Frenchy,
without love for the idle-talking and prickly Tom Paine.

Nature is suffering as it considers the present age:
the effect of madness and insanity is great
upon our foolish and faithless neighbours;
Louis was struck down by the hands of the men of Paris:
we, on this earth, do not deserve a single rebuke,
by keeping our resplendent country from treachery
we will always show our loyalty towards our leader.
Let us move every stone which impedes our progress;
we heartily disparage the ways of the raving mad Frenchy,
without love for the idle-talking and prickly Tom Paine.

Long progress and success, and unfailing prosperity,
to the husbandman, the craftsman, and the sailor for their profit;
gentle, kindly success (fearless in the land)
to the honest, peaceful man who is a lover of the truth:
may God preserve the old country, that is Britain, from treason,
and long, too, may the parliament agree
on everything that may facilitate reform.

Symuder pob maen sy'n dramgwydd o'n blaen; 128
Dibrisiwn yn wresog ddull Ffrencyn gwallbwyllog,
Heb garu'r gwageiriog a'r pigog Dwm Paen.

Ffynonellau: A—*Corph y Gaingc* (1810), tt. 196–201. B—*Corph y Gaingc* (1834), tt. 329–44.

Let us move every stone which impedes our progress; 128
we heartily disparage the ways of the raving mad Frenchy,
without love for the idle-talking and prickly Tom Paine.

Sources: A—*Corph y Gaingc* (1810), pp. 196–201. B—*Corph y Gaingc* (1834), pp. 329–44.

37. Cywydd. At y Cymry yn gyffredinol ac at gyhoeddwyr yr Eurgrawn *yn neilltuol: annerch a llwyddiant*

Atoch annerch, llwyr serch llon,
Ddwysgu deg ddysgedigion
A garant drwy ragorwaith
Glod a hedd eu gwlad a'u hiaith;
Chwiliwch, a byddwch haelion
I weled dysg, waelod hon:
Hauwch hadau, doniau dysg,
A gwreiddiol gywir addysg:
A thaenwch wir ddoethineb
Drwy'r byd, ow! ni wrthyd neb!
Iawn rhannu, nôl meddu maeth,
Drwy'r byd draw, wir wybodaeth;
Diddanu dyddiau einioes,
A rhwyddhau holl rwystrau'r oes:
Cyfrannu cof o rinwedd,
Rhannu mawl i'r Hwn a'i medd:
Moes dda sydd gymwys i ddyn
I fyw'n addas fwyn wiwddyn:
Cyfraith y dalaith fo'n deg,
A rhyddid, cywir hoywdeg:
Llwydd i Siors ar ei orsedd,
I gu fwynhau'n gyfiawn hedd;
I grefydd, boed cynnydd cu,
Grasol, yn ôl gair Iesu:
A mawl Hwn a fo amlhau,
Pawb a'i ganiad, pob genau:
Yn eu plith yn bendithio,
Minnau fyth, Amen, a fo.

Ffynonellau: A—LlGC 325E, t. 120. B—*Y Greal, neu Eurgrawn* (Ionawr 1800), ii.

37. A cywydd *to the Welsh in general and to the publishers of the* Eurgrawn *in particular: greeting and success*

A salutation of thorough happy love
to you, earnest, dear and fair learned ones
who love, by special work,
the praise and peace of your country and your language;
seek the root of this magazine
and be generous to see learning:
sow seeds (the talents of learning)
and authentic correct education:
and spread true wisdom
throughout the world, Oh! wisdom rejects no-one!
Share correctly true information (after possessing sustenance)
throughout the wider world beyond;
delight the days of our lives,
and free up all the obstructions of the age:
contribute memorials of a virtuous nature,
spread praise to He who deserves it:
give the goodness which is appropriate
for man to live a proper and gentle life:
may the law of the land be fair,
and so too liberty, true and bright:
success to George on his throne,
so that he may enjoy just peace;
may religion flourish sweetly
and graciously, according to Jesus's word:
and may His praise increase
everyone's song and in every mouth:
I may be forever in their midst,
singing His praise, Amen.

Sources: A—NLW 325E, p. 120. B—*Y Greal, neu'r Eurgrawn* (January 1800), ii.

38. Dydd ympryd

Wel dyma'r dydd o fore i hwyr
Y dylem lwyr ymostwng,
I erfyn nawdd y nef drwy ffydd,
Rhag dialedd sydd yn deilwng.

Nid dydd i ddyn i grymu ei ben,
Fel brwynen, heb wirionedd,
Ond dydd i wneud trwy gyrrau'r tir
Weithredoedd gwir drugaredd.

Dydd yw i dorri pob rhyw iau
A datod rhwymau trymion,
Rhoi porthiant i'r newynog fyth,
Cyweirio nyth i'r noethion.

Bwriadu wnaeth y gelyn taer
Falurio'r gaer ragorol,
A chodi, drwy waedlyd wedd
Dyn estron, gledd dinistrol.

Dyrchafu wnaeth pechodau'r byd
Yn ofid hyd y nefoedd;
A phrofodd, gwelodd, llawer gŵr
Ar dir a dŵr flinderoedd.

Mae galwad llydan ym mhob lle
Yn fore i edifeirwch,
Oherwydd anufuddol fyw,
A digio Duw a'i degwch.

Ystyriwn, gwelwn oll i gyd
Y baich o ynfyd bechod,
Y drwg o fyw i Dduw yn groes,
A phwy a roes y ddyrnod.

38. Fast-day

Well, this is the day that we should
prostrate ourselves entirely from dawn to dusk,
to beg, through faith, the succour of heaven
against the vengeance which is deserved.

This is not a day for a man to bow his head,
like a rush, without truth,
but a day to undertake throughout the land
actions of true mercy.

It is a day to break all manner of yokes
and to undo tight bonds,
give sustenance henceforth to the starving,
and prepare a refuge for the vulnerable.

The fierce enemy intended to
destroy the splendid fort,
and to raise a foreigner's bloody means,
a destructive sword.

He raised the sins of the world
as a concern as high as heaven;
and many men proved and saw
tribulations on land and sea.

A loud cry in every place
calls early for repentance,
because of disobedient living,
and angering God and his fairness.

Let's all consider and behold
the burden of foolish sin,
the evil of living contrary to God
and who dealt the blow.

Os pechod sy'n dibobli'r byd,
Mae'n gyflawn bryd bwriadu
Ei lwyr gasáu, rhag bod yn ôl
O lys tragwyddol Iesu.

Erfynied pawb, cans mawr yw'r pwys
O feddwl dwys difrifol,
I ryddid teg o roddiad Duw
Ddwyn dynolryw dan reol.

Mae rheol bur i fawr a mân
Yng ngair Iôn glân goleunef,
I waelod hwn llu'r wenllys wych
Sy'n chwennych edrych adref.

Pan red Efengyl bêr trwy'r byd,
Ar fyr daw hyfryd forau,
Dydd perffaith ryddid, daw yn nes,
Disgwyliwn am des golau.

Dyletswydd ydyw, braidd bob cam,
Weddïo am faddeuant;
Ymbilied pob rhyw enaid trist
Am heddwch Crist a'i haeddiant.

Rhown hyd nef ddolef meddalwch – gwyrwn
Mewn gwir edifeirwch:
Dychweler, rhodder heddwch
I drigolion, llymion llwch.

Ffynhonnell: Corph y Gaingc (1834), tt. 319–20.

If sin is depopulating the world
it is high time that we intend
to hate it completely, lest we be left behind
from Jesus's eternal court.

May everyone beg (because it is
most important to think deeply and seriously)
for fair liberty, which is God's gift,
to bring mankind to order.

There is a pure rule for great and small
in the word of the holy Lord of bright heaven,
the host of the fine blessed court
in the depth of which desires to look homewards.

When the sweet Gospel runs through the world,
a lovely dawn will soon come,
the day of perfect liberty will come nearer;
we await bright sunshine.

It is a duty, at almost every step,
to pray for forgiveness;
may every sad soul beseech
Christ's peace and rewards.

Let us utter an abject cry to heaven
and bow in true repentance:
may peace return
to the wretched inhabitants of earth.

Source: Corph y Gaingc (1834), pp. 319–20.

39. Cân y fuddugoliaeth ar fyddinoedd y Ffrancod a'r Ysbaeniaid; a marwolaeth y pen-llyngeswr digymar Nelson. Y frwydr hon a ymladdwyd ar gyfer Penrhyn Trafalgar, yn nhalaith Andalwsia yn yr Ysbaen, 21 Hydref 1805

Mawr ryddid Cymru heddiw:
Llawen ei chân, llonwych yw.
(Goronwy Owen)

Ust! ust! clywch sain cynghanedd,
Gorfoledd gywir faith,
Erddigan wir fuddugol,
A gwrol a fu'r gwaith;
Nes datsain muriau meini
Gan uchel gerddi'n awr,
Am gael y fuddugoliaeth,
A'r wir orfodaeth fawr!

Ymdaenu'n gyffredinol
Y mae cysurol sain,
O eithaf Cymru ffyddlon,
Hyd dirion lonydd Tain:
Hir gofir llywydd enwog,
Godidog, gwiw a doeth,
O dir Iberia wastad
Hyd barthau'r Aifftwlad boeth.

Gwŷr Brydain gorchfygasant
Yn bendant Ffrainc a Sbaen,
Eu rhwysg a ddarostyngwyd,
A blygwyd oll o'u blaen;
Llonyddodd llu anoddun
Falch gorun llawer gŵr;
Gwasgarwyd eu gweis gorau
Yn ddarnau mân ar ddŵr.

Bu Nelson ddewr ryfelwr,
Ben trechwr lawer tro,
Enillodd fawredd dibrin
I frenin Brydain fro:

39. The song of the victory against the armies of France and Spain; and the death of the peerless Admiral Nelson. This battle was fought for the Peninsula of Trafalgar, in the region of Andalusia in Spain, 21 October 1805

Wales's liberty is today great:
her song is joyful, she is happy and excellent.
(Goronwy Owen)

Hush! hush! hear the sound of harmony,
extensive, just jubilation,
the work was a truly victorious song,
and brave;
until stone walls now echo
with loud poems,
about the victory
and true great triumph!

The comforting sound is
spreading generally,
from the depth of faithful Wales
to the gentle streets of Tyne:
long will a famous leader,
excellent and blessed and wise, be remembered,
from the flat land of Iberia
to the regions of hot Egypt.

The men of Britain had a decisive victory
over France and Spain,
whose pomp was brought down
and subdued before them;
the host of the deep pacified
the proud head of many a man;
their best lads were scattered
in small pieces at sea.

Nelson was a brave warrior,
chief victor on many an occasion,
he won abundant glory
for the king of Britain:

Wrth gofio ei waith yn gwyro
Rhai fyddai'n rhwystro'r hedd,
Cynydda cwynion cannoedd
Yn filoedd uwch ei fedd!

Ei ddoethder a'i wrolder,
Ŵr syber yn ei swydd,
Drwy fawrnerth Duw'r uchelder,
A barai i Loegr lwydd;
Cans Brenin y brenhinoedd,
Duw lluoedd nef a llawr,
A'i ddaliodd uwch y dyfnder
I wneud grymuster mawr!

Chwanegodd at lywodraeth
Sy helaeth dan law Siôr,
Tra bu yn rhwygo'r heli,
Fel meistr meistri'r môr;
Gŵr dewr a gwyliadwrus,
Gofalus iawn a fu
Er gosod yn yr ymlid
Calondid yn ei lu.

Ond och! i Nelson gwympo
Ymysg y cyffro maith,
Mae tristwch ar ogoniant
A llwyddiant yr holl waith;
Ar ddiwedd brwydr waedlyd,
Derfysglyd, fyglyd, fawr,
Och! daro'r llywydd dewraf,
Llaw uchaf ŵr, i'r llawr!

Ond am i Nelson gwympo,
Och! iddo golli ei chwyth,
Nid rhaid dan gŵyn i'm gynnig
Am ddagrau benthyg byth;
Adgofir Nelson enwog,
Oedd arfog yn ei ddydd,
A chalon cywir Gymro
Fel beddlech iddo bydd!

when his work to subjugate
those who hindered peace is remembered,
the lament of hundreds at his grave
becomes the lament of thousands!

His wisdom and bravery
(proper man in his role)
brought, through the great power of the God of heaven,
success to England;
because it was the King of kings,
the God of the hosts of heaven and earth,
who held Nelson above the deep
in order that he could accomplish great valour!

While he cleaved the sea
as master of all masters of the ocean,
he enhanced a government
which is bountiful under George's rule;
a brave and watchful man,
he was extremely careful
to instil courage in his army
during the pursuit.

But alas! that Nelson fell
amid the great tumult,
the glory and success of all the work
is tinged with sadness;
at the end of a great bloody battle
(violent and smoky)
woe! that the bravest leader,
the man with the upper hand, was struck down!

But because Nelson fell
(woe! that he lost his life),
I need never, despairingly, offer
borrowed tears;
famous Nelson who was armed in his day,
will be remembered,
and the heart of a true Welshman
will be like a gravestone for Nelson!

Drylliedig gyrff y meirwon,
Gwŷr eon o bob gradd,
Sydd agos yn aneiri',
Rhwng boddi, llosgi a lladd;
Diffygiodd nerth y gelyn,
Y dydd i'w erbyn aeth,
Gorchfygodd Lloegr dirion,
Ond Nelson, trengi a wnaeth!

Gorchafiaeth ddrud golledfawr,
Oedd gurfawr in a gaed,
A brynwyd ar y cefnlli',
Drwy golli gweilgi gwaed;
Mae gweddwon ac amddifaid,
Drueiniaid, lu di-ri',
Yn gweiddi yn uchel, uchel,
Drwy'n ynys dawel ni!

Tosturiwn wrth y clwyfus
A'r mawr alarus lu
Sy'n dioddef poen a thrallod
Ar ôl y diwrnod du;
Rhyfelgyrch blin Trafalgar,
Ar ddwys ddialgar ddydd,
Yn oes ein hwyrion eto
Myfyrio amdano a fydd.

Wrth gofio'r distryw erchyll,
Yn wir tra erchyll yw,
Mae rhyfel yn ei wneuthur
Ar amhur ddynolryw,
Pa ddyn o feddwl pwyllog,
Perchennog cof a chwyth,
Wrth ystyr yr erchylltod
A garai bechod byth?

Ffynonellau: A—*Corph y Gaingc* (1810), tt. 201–4. B—LlGC 325E, tt. 143–4.

Between drowning, burning and being killed,
the broken bodies of the dead
(brave men of all degrees)
are almost countless;
the enemies' strength failed,
events went against them,
dear England prevailed,
but Nelson, he perished!

A costly victory with heavy losses
was had which was very painful to us,
it was gained on the ocean
by spilling a vast sea of blood;
widows and orphans
(numberless host of wretches)
cry loudly, loudly,
through our quiet island!

We pity the wounded
and the large sorrowful host
which suffers pain and tribulation
after the black day;
the fierce military campaign of Trafalgar,
on an intense, vengeful day,
will still be pondered
in the age of our grandchildren.

Considering the horrible destruction
(indeed, it is most horrible)
which war inflicts
on impure mankind,
what man in his right mind,
who possesses memory and life breath,
when he considers the horror
could ever love sin?

Sources: A—*Corph y Gaingc* (1810), pp. 201–4. B—NLW 325E, pp. 143–4.

MORGAN JOHN RHYS
(1760–1804)

40. Coffadwriaeth o farwolaeth y Parchedig Dafydd Jones, Dôl-goch, gweinidog yr Efengyl, gynt o Bont-y-pŵl, ac yn ddiweddar o Eglwys y Graig, Castellnewydd Emlyn, yr hwn a hunodd gyda'i dadau, 24 Ionawr 1792, yn y 51 mlwydd o'i oed. A gyfansoddwyd yn Paris, Ffrainc.

Och! o'r newydd ddaeth i'm clustiau
O wlad Cambria dros y mor:
Jones aeth adre. Pam yr wyla'?
Mae e'n uno gyda'r côr
I ganu'r anthem a ddechreuodd
Ar ei daith mewn dyrys fyd;
Gryfach, gryfach ymhlith miloedd
Mae e'n canu ymlaen o hyd:

Iddo Ef yr Hwn a'n carodd,
"Ac a'n golchodd yn Ei wa'd,
Ac a'n gwnaeth ni yn frenhinoedd,
Ac offeiriaid i Dduw Dad;
Boed gogoniant ac anrhydedd,
Teilwng, teilwng ydyw'r Oen,
'R hwn a'n prynodd ac a'n dygodd
Yn ddiangol maes o'n po'n."

Ar ei daith cadd lawer ergyd
Gan elynion yn y byd,
Ond diangodd yn y cerbyd,
Fe ffodd adre rhag y llid
Sydd ar ddyfod i ddinistrio
Babel, dinas distryw yw:
A pha hwya' bo heb daro,
Tryma'n sicr tery Duw.

MORGAN JOHN RHYS
(1760–1804)

40. Remembrance of the death of the Reverend Dafydd Jones of Dôl-goch, minister of the Gospel, formerly of Pontypool, and lately from Eglwys y Graig, Newcastle Emlyn, who went to sleep with his fathers, 24 January 1792, aged 51 years. Composed in Paris, France.

Alas! the news that came to my ears
from Cambria, over the sea:
Jones has gone home. Why do I weep?
He joins with the choir
to sing the anthem that he started
on his journey in a wicked world;
stronger, stronger amongst thousands
he still sings on:

to Him who loved us,
"And who washed us in His blood,
and who made us kings
and priests to God the Father;
may there be glory and honour,
worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
who bought us, and delivered us
safely out of our pain."

On his journey he had many a blow
from enemies in the world,
but he escaped in the chariot,
he fled homewards away from the wrath
which is about to come and destroy
Babel, it is a city of perdition:
and the longer He goes without striking,
the heavier indeed will God strike.

Fe rybuddiodd y trigolion,
Teithiodd Gymru fro a bryn
I roi cysur i'r fforddolion,
Miloedd heddiw dystiant hyn:
Nid arbedai grefydd glaear,
Gwae'r rhagrithwyr safe o'i flaen;
Ac ni fedre'r tyrchod daear
Oddef grym ei nefol dân.

Tân o gariad a'i cymhellodd
I lafurio'n helaeth iawn;
Nid rhyw gornel bach a'i cadwodd,
Helaethu beunydd oedd ei ddawn:
Dawn i ddeffro hen gysgadur
Marw, yn ei fywyd cas;
Dawn i ennill y pechadur
Mwyaf yn etifedd gras.

Dawn a dyfodd yn ei winllan,
Rhedodd iddo fel ffrwd gref;
Ac ni wiw i'w frodyr cydgam
Droedio'r llwybr droediodd ef:
Nid benthyca gwisg gŵr arall,
Na dynwared neb rhyw ddyn
Wnaiff pregethwr, er ei gymell,
Gwell iddo wisgo ei gob ei hun.

Nid dweud geiriau iach dibrofiad,
A rhyw gymysg llin a gwlân,
Sydd yn gweddu i'r bugeiliaid
A dywys Sïon yn y blaen:
Ac nid dwedyd geiriau'n unig
A wnâi Jones, roedd cleddyf llym
Yn trywanu trwy bob llurig
Gyda nerth a dwyfol rym.

Fe wnâi'r dyrfa i alaru,
Galar drodd yn wynfyd rhai;
Cyn ymadael, gorfoleddu
Nes yn llwyr anghofio eu gwae:

He warned the inhabitants,
he travelled Wales over hill and dale
to give comfort to the travellers;
thousands attest this today:
he would not spare lukewarm religion,
woe betide the hypocrites who stood before him;
and the moles could not
bear the might of his heavenly fire.

Fire of love impelled him
to labour very extensively;
it was not some small corner that kept him,
his talent spread out daily:
a talent for awakening an old dead sleeper
in his hateful life;
a talent to win the greatest sinner
to be an heir of grace.

A talent that grew in his vineyard,
and ran to him like a strong stream;
and it was useless for his fraternal colleagues
to tread the same path that he trod:
a preacher will not borrow the dress of another,
nor imitate another man,
even if urged,
he would rather wear his own cape.

It is not seemly for the shepherds
who lead Zion along
to utter easy inexperienced words
and some mix of flax and wool:
and Jones did not utter mere words,
a sharp sword would
pierce through every coat of mail,
with power and divine might.

He caused the crowd to grieve,
he turned some people's grief into bliss;
before leaving, rejoicing
until they completely forgot their woe:

Golwg ffydd iacha'dd eu briwiau,
Edrych fyny tua'r pren;
Nid sarff bres, ond Iesu a'i glwyfau
Oedd eu meddyg is y nen.

Er maint ei ddawn a'i ddefnyddioldeb,
Nid oedd heb frychau, gwyddai hyn;
Fod angenrheidrwydd rhagoroldeb,
Cyfiawnder Iesu i'w wneud yn wyn:
Iachawdwriaeth rad yn unig
Oedd ei sylfaen, oedd ei farn;
Ac yr oedd ef yn ymgynnig
Cadw'r Sgrythur bob rhyw ddarn.

Nid pysgota dyfroedd lleidiog
Credo Athanasius draw,
A'r Nicean sydd mor enwog
Gyda gwŷr y grefydd law:
Cyffes ffydd, er cystled fyddo,
Rhannu'r Eglwys wnaiff yn ddwy;
Y mae'r undeb oll yn gryno
Ar y groes mewn marwol glwy.

Od oes neb yn gofyn i mi
Beth yw nghredo is y nen,
Mae gobaith am ogoniant gen i
Trwy'r Oen fu'n dioddef ar y pren:
Ac mae'r Sgrythur i mi'n gredo,
Bob sillafftyn bach o'r bron;
Nis gwn am un dysgawdwr eto,
Er maint ei ddawn, all wella hon.

Mae'r Ysgrythur wedi rhoddi
I ni'n rheol gan ein Duw;
I geryddu ac hyfforddi,
Fel y bo i'n berffaith fyw:
Nid oes i ni reol arall
Ond deddf natur gyda hon;
Y santaidd ffordd, a ffordd i'r angall,
Ydyw'r Croeshoeliedig Oen.

the eyes of faith healed their wounds,
looking up towards the cross;
not a serpent of brass, but Jesus and His wounds
were their doctor on earth.

However great his talent and usefulness,
he was not without fault, he knew this;
surpassing the righteousness of Jesus,
was needed to purify him:
nothing but free salvation
was his foundation, was his judgement;
and he endeavoured
to abide by every part of the Scriptures.

He did not fish the muddy waters
of the Athanasian Creed yonder,
and the Nicean which is so famous
with the men of the authoritative religion:
a confession of faith, no matter how good it is,
will split the Church in two;
the unity is complete
on the cross in a mortal wound.

If anyone asks me
what is my creed on earth,
I have hope for glory
through the Lamb who suffered on the cross:
and the Scripture is my creed,
every little syllable;
I know not of one teacher yet,
no matter how great his ability, who can improve upon it.

The Scripture was given
to us as a rule from our God;
to chide and instruct,
so that we can live in perfection:
we have no other rule with this
but the rule of nature;
the Crucified Lamb is the holy way,
and the way for the foolish.

Gyda Williams, gyfaill annwyl,
Ffrind i'r Cymry er ys talm,
Jones ymdrechodd roddi cannwyll
Yn eu llaw i bwyntio'r balm:
Biblau Cann fydd dyst i'w herbyn
Os gwrthodant wrando'r gwir;
Nid oes meddyg i'r rhai cyndyn
Sy'n pechu'n erbyn golau clir.

Cymru, mae dy blant yn wylo
O waith colli ffyddlon dad;
De a Gogledd lle bu'n teithio
I bregethu i chwi'n rhad:
O Bont-y-pŵl fe dorrodd allan,
Fel rhyw seren ddisglair gref,
Gyda'i Harris§§§§§§§ annwyl, fwynlan,
Nawr mae'n canu yn y nef.

Rhaid gado'r Graig a'r praidd sydd yno
I ben arglwyddiaeth Duw a'i ras,
Dan ofal Rhichards, i'w bugeilio,
Ac Evan Evans, ffyddlon was:
Rhaid gadael Hannah, er anwyled,
Yn weddw yma dros dro bach,
Nes delo'r alwad iddi hithau
I'r fforddolion ganu'n iach.

Ni wiw yma ddweud ei rinwedd,
Na chyhoeddi gwerth ei gŵr;
Mae ei waith yn well ei sylwedd;
Na lysg y tân, na ddiffydd dŵr:
Ffydd a'i ffrwythau ar ei changau,
Caru'r brodyr oll o'r bron,
Gwneud daioni i bawb heb amau
Dim, lle gwelai ddelw'r Oen.

§§§§§§§ Mr Miles Harris.

With Williams, dear companion,
a friend of the Welsh for a long time,
Jones endeavoured to put a candle
in their hands to apply the balm:
Canne's Bibles will testify against them
if they refuse to listen to the truth;
there is no physician for the stubborn ones
who sin against the clear light.

Wales, your children weep
because they have lost a faithful father;
South and North, where he travelled
to preach to you freely:
from Pontypool he broke out,
like some strong bright star,
with his dear, pure Harris§§§§§§§
he now sings in heaven.

He must leave the Graig and the flock there
to the sovereignty of God and his grace,
under the care of Richards, to shepherd them,
and Evan Evans, faithful servant:
he must leave Hannah, no matter how dear she is,
a widow here for a short while
until the call comes for her
to bid farewell to the travellers.

There is no need to relate his virtue,
nor announce her husband's worth;
his work is more substantial;
fire will not burn it, nor water extinguish it:
faith with its fruits on its branches,
loving all brothers entirely,
doing good to all without suspecting anything
wherever he saw the image of the Lamb.

§§§§§§§ Mr Miles Harris.

Beth yw'r ysbryd cul partïol,
Y condemnio, y cnoi a'r gwawd,
Ond hen genfigen fu'n ymwrol,
I annog Cain i ladd ei frawd?
Anghrist sy'n ei rym ple bynnag
Nad yw cariad yn rhyddhau;
Sylwedd crefydd yn yr enaid,
Ydyw caru a mwynhau.

Os yw cariad rhai yn oeri,
Fe fynegwyd hyn o'r blaen;
Eto rhai sydd yn ymboeni
'R nos, i gadw'r golofn dân:
Haf a gaeaf sy'n yr Eglwys,
Hwyr a bore sydd o hyd;
Ac ni bydd i'r tymor orffwys
Ynddi'n llwyr cyn diwedd byd.

Pan bo'r gweithwyr yn mynd adre,
Mae'n arfer tynnu tua'r hwyr;
Ond hyd yn hyn mae'r golau'n para,
A'r gwilwyr heb ein gado'n llwyr:
Er bod cwmwl mawr o dystion
O Frydain wedi ffoi i'r lan,
Mae'n aros eto weision ffyddlon
Sy'n treulio eu nerth i borthi'r gwan.

Ffarwél Jones, ffarwél dros ronyn,
Ti'n gadewaist ar dy ôl;
Am draed y praidd rwyf yn ymofyn,
Dan geisio dilyn ar eu hôl:
Rhaid yw gado tai a thiroedd
Pan dêl galwad oddi fry;
Da bod pabell yn y nefoedd,
Wrth adael y daearol dŷ.

What is the narrow, partisan spirit,
the condemning, the biting and the scorn,
but old jealousy which tried
to urge Cain to kill his brother?
The Antichrist is in power
wherever love does not liberate;
the substance of religion in the soul
is love and tenderness.

If the love of some becomes cold,
this had been expressed before;
yet again, some endeavour
throughout the night to keep the column of fire:
there is summer and winter in the Church,
night and day always;
and the season will not rest
in the Church entirely until the end of the world.

When the workers go home,
it is usually towards evening;
but so far the light continues,
and the watchmen have not left us entirely:
although a large cloud of witnesses
from Britain have fled upwards,
faithful servants still remain
who expend their energy to feed the weak.

Farewell Jones, farewell for a little while,
you have left us behind;
I am seeking the footsteps of the flock,
while trying to follow them:
homes and lands must be left behind
when the call from above comes;
it is good to have a tent in heaven
when leaving the earthly home.

Ni feddyliais wrth ymadael,
Yng Nghymanfa'r Deheu-dir,********
Byddai 'nghoelbren yn yr ardal
Hyn, i ddechrau traethu'r gwir:
Jones a'i delyn yn y bywyd,
Minnau ym mhrifddinas†††††††† Ffrainc
Yn pregethu cyfraith rhyddid
Lle bu'r pab a'i orsedd-fainc.

Jones y llynedd gyda'i Fiblau,
Yn eu taenu ar hyd y wlad;
Minnau leni yn dechrau printio,
I'r diben i'w cyfrannu'n rhad
I dlodion Ffrainc fu'n hir yn dwlio
Uwchben crefydd Ladin dlawd
A'r offeiriaid yn eu twyllo
I 'ddoli pren yn lle eu Brawd.

Ond mae'r llen yn dechrau treulio,
Llygaid rhai sy'n dod yn rhydd;
Y tywyllwch sydd yn cilio,
Nawr mi wela'r seren ddydd:
Fe dyr y wawr i maes 'mhen gronyn,
Fe gwyd yr haul ei gylch i'r lan
Nes bo'r ddaear yn ymofyn
Iesu'n gyfaill ym mhob man.

Mae rhyw ysbryd yn ymdaenu
Fel fflam danllyd yn y byd,
Cyfraith rhyddid sy'n gorchfygu,
Aiff nefol dân ymlaen o hyd
Nes goresgyn De a Gogledd,
Dwyrain a Gorllewin faith;
Yr Oen yn Frenin ar Ei orsedd
I bob cenhedlaeth, llwyth ac iaith.

******** Abertawe.
†††††††† Paris.

I never thought when I left
the South Wales Association********
that my lot would be to
declare the truth in this area:
Jones and his harp in the eternal life,
me in the capital city†††††††† of France,
preaching the law of liberty
where the pope and his throne once were.

Jones was last year with his Bibles
distributing them throughout the country;
me this year beginning to print,
with the intent of distributing them freely
to the poor in France who have long been bewildered
by the impoverished Latin religion
and the priests deceiving them
to worship wood rather than their Brother.

But the veil is starting to wear thin,
some people's eyes are starting to open;
the darkness is retreating,
now I see the morning star:
the dawn will break out before long,
the sun will raise its disk up
until the earth everywhere
seeks Jesus as a friend.

Some spirit is spreading itself
like a fiery flame in the world,
the law of liberty is conquering,
heavenly fire will continue
until it conquers South and North,
wide East and West;
and the Lamb is a King on His throne
to every generation, tribe and language.

******** Swansea.
†††††††† Paris.

Heded yr Efengyl hyfryd
I eithafoedd pella'r byd;
Doed teyrnasoedd oll yn unfryd,
I mofyn am y trysor drud:
Fel yn nyddiau'r Apostolion,
Boed ei phurdeb, boed ei grym;
Canu am goncwest dan yr hoelion,
Canu am hedd Calfaria fryn.

Mae'r cynhaeaf yn cynyddu,
Ac mae heddiw'n amser hau;
Ar fryniau Cymru maent yn medi!
Tu yma'r cenfor mae'n rhy glau:
Rhaid yw plannu cyn ffrwythloni,
Rhaid i'r egin darddu maes;
A chyn hyn, rhaid digaregu
'R tir, i dderbyn hadau gras.

Mi debygwn bod fy ysbryd
Yn ymaflyd yn y gwaith;
Hyn yw 'ngwynfyd, hyn yw 'ngofid,
Gan y rhwystrau sy'n y daith:
Oni bae'r addewid rymus,
"Wele'r ydwyf gyda chwi",
Ganwaith baswn wedi gorffwys
Dan rhyw groesau heb un rhi'.

O na ddoi'r palmentwyr llwybrau
Drosodd yma yn ddi-nag;
Er ei bod hi eto'n fore,
Yn yr hwyr ni byddant wag:
Dan gludo'r sgubau, hwy ddônt adre,
Ryw brydnhawngwaith melys fydd,
Wedi rhoddi heibio'u harfau,
Ac o'u rhwymau oll yn rhydd.

May the lovely Gospel fly
to the furthest extremes of the world;
may all kingdoms come together
to seek the precious treasure:
as in the days of the Apostles,
may its purity and its might be present,
singing about the conquest under the nails,
singing about the peace of the hill of Calvary.

The harvest is growing,
and today it is time to sow;
they are reaping on the hills of Wales!
It is too swift this side of the ocean:
the seed must be planted before being fertilized,
the shoots must bud;
and before this, the land must be cleared of stones
in order to receive the seeds of grace.

I thought that my spirit
was getting to grips with the work;
this is my bliss, this is my sorrow,
because of the obstacles along the journey:
if it were not for the powerful promise,
"Lo, I am with you [alway]",
I would have rested a hundred times
because of numberless afflictions.

Oh! if only the pavers of the paths
would come here without refusal;
although it is still morning,
they will not be empty in the evening:
they will come home carrying the sheaves,
it will be sweet some afternoon,
having given up their weapons,
and freed from their bonds.

Yna bydd y Jiwbil gyflawn,
Gwaredigion Duw o'r bron,
Heb frycheuyn yn y cyfiawn,
Sef cyfiawnder Duw a'r Oen:
Y Mab yn rhad yn rhoddi fyny
Ei holl blant heb un ar goll,
Ni bydd eiriolaeth mwy pryd hynny,
Ond Duw Ei Hun fydd oll yn oll.

Ffynhonnell: Coffadwriaeth.

Then the Jubilee will be complete,
all God's redeemed ones,
the righteous without blemish,
that is, the righteousness of God and the Lamb:
the Son freely putting forward
all His children without a single one lost,
there will no longer be intercession at that time,
only God Himself will be all in all.

Source: Coffadwriaeth.

WALTER DAVIES
(Gwallter Mechain; 1761–1849)

41. Arwyrain rhyddid

Solomon wnaeth sylw maith,
Mai abwyd dirym obaith
Yw breuddwyd a gwyd yn gaeth,
A chelwydd yw'r ddrychiolaeth;
Ymlid gwynt yw'r hynt dan rhod,
Ac esgus erlid cysgod.

Pan fo gwsg, poenfa gaeth
(Rôi synnwyr o'i wasanaeth),
Mae hun nos yn dangos dyn
Yn ei nwydau anhydyn;
Y gwyniau a'u delwau dig
Ddaw i chwareu'r wedd chwerig;
Hir boeni ar obennydd,
Mingamu, fel darfu'r dydd;
Y chwant, am ryw fwyniant fydd,
Aml ei fâr, 'n ymleferydd;
Ymladd gwael sawdiwr amlwg
Tonnau môr is tân a mwg,
A rhifo meirch y rhyfel;
Curlaw aur, y carl a wêl:
Gwêl newynog, chwyfiog chwant,
A berthyn at ei borthiant;
Gwêl yn fynych, sych os oedd,
Wlybyrog loyw aberoedd:
Mewn llyfr a lys megis mud,
Ar osteg, bydd yr astud;
Pob un fydd, pawb yn ei fan,
Pob enaid, pawb i'w anian.

Minnau a ges ymannos
Freuddwyd pêr yn nyfnder nos;
Dydd o'r blaen, dyddawr heb les,
I ryddid fy nghân roddes;

WALTER DAVIES
(Gwallter Mechain; 1761–1849)

41. Praise to liberty

Solomon wisely remarked
that a confined dream
is the bait of powerless hope,
and that the spectre is a falsehood;
its course is nothing but chasing the wind beneath the sky,
and pretending to pursue a shadow.

When there is sleep, confined place of distress
(it might serve to give sense),
night's slumber shows man
in his obstinate passions;
that is, the lusts and their angry forms
which come to play in jocular manner;
long worrying on a pillow,
grimacing, as the day comes to an end;
desire, whose greed is habitual,
will clamour for some satisfaction;
the common soldier fights
the sea's waves beneath fire and smoke,
and counts war horses;
the churl will see golden rain:
the starving man with his craving hunger
sees what feeds him;
if he is thirsty he will often see
bright torrential streams:
the student like a mute in his books
will hold forth in public;
everyone, each in his place,
every soul, each will be according to his nature.

One night recently, I had
a sweet dream in the depth of night;
the day before, it ponders in vain,
I gave my song to liberty,

Testun, ac nid diystyr,
Gwyneddigion, wiwlon wŷr.
Ofer ydyw yr afiaith
Heb allu yn gyrru'r gwaith;
Fy mhen heb Awen yn bod,
Oferdaith fu'r myfyrdod:
Gelwais y deg, ar glais dydd,
I chwareu, hi a'i chwiorydd;
Dygais fy ngharedigion
I fewn gerddi, llwyni llon;
Diddanydd y mennydd mau,
Cofleidiais mewn cae flodau;
Ac er hyn, cywir hanes,
Didda'n wir! nid oeddwn nes;
Digiais, ac ni fynnais fwy
Am y gerdd im ei gorddwy;
Y drist, a'r dawedog drom,
Am y Dywsul ymdawsom:
Ond nos Lun mewn hun hynod,
Mwyn i fardd mynnai hi fod,
Gan daclu i fyny faint
A gefais o ddigofaint.

Gado'r dibarch dywarchen,
Dan ei glo, dienwog len,
Wnâi f'ysbryd, am ennyd mwyn,
Ac uchel y gwnawn gychwyn
Trwy dwyllwch anialwch nos,
Hoywa' bwriad, heb aros;
Efo'r Awen, feinwen fau,
Awn ar duedd i'r Deau;
Gadawn Frydain, gain ei gwedd,
Drwy'r gwagle o du'r Gogledd.
Caer a welwn, ar dwn dydd,
Helaeth iawn ei heolydd;
Clywn adlais, unllais fanllef,
Ochi'n groch a chwyn gref:
Rhif y sŷr oedd gwŷr yn gwau,
Mawr dwrf, ym mwriad arfau;

the meaningful subject
of the Gwyneddigion Society, merry men.
Enthusiasm is pointless
without ability to drive forward the work;
since my head lacked the muse,
the contemplation was a fruitless labour:
I called upon the fair one (she and her sisters)
at daybreak, to play;
I brought my beloved ones
into gardens, happy bushes;
I embraced the comforter of my brain
in a field of flowers;
and despite this, it is true,
useless indeed! I was no closer;
I took umbrage, and would suffer no more
her oppression of me for the poem;
the sad and heavy silent one,
we remained silent on the Sunday:
but Monday night in a remarkable sleep,
she insisted on being gentle to a bard,
by making good
all the anguish I had suffered.

My spirit left the mean body
(contemptuous veil) under lock and key,
for a sweet while,
and I began to rise
through the darkness of night's wilderness
(merry intent) without delay;
with my maiden, the Muse,
I headed South;
I left fair Britain,
through the empty place from the direction of the North.
At the break of day, I saw a fortress
with very extensive roads;
I heard an echo, a loud shout in unison,
vociferous groaning and a loud complaint:
men as numerous as the stars milled around
in a large crowd, with armed intent;

Ymholais, pan welais was,
Pwy oedd yno? Pa ddinas?
Dynesodd â'i dôn isel,
"Troediog wyt, tyred a gwêl."

Ar y lle, a rhi'r lluoedd,
Bwriais i mai Baris oedd.
Torfoedd oe'nt yn gatyrfa,
Swydd bu lwydd, rhag gwasaidd bla:
Clywn, "Ho! Ust!" clau iawn osteg,
Twrw naw gwn, taran o geg,
Craig lefair, creg wylofain,
Oedd eglur yn y mur main.
Cofiais, myfyriais yn faith,
Arwraidd eiriau'r araith.
Air yng ngair, hyn o'i eiriau,
Egni a phwyll, gwna' i goffâu:

"Buom, Ffrancon dewrion, dan
Iau ar yddfau'n oer riddfan;
Daeth y diwrnod drwy nod Nêr,
Gollyngdawd o'n gwall ingder;
Blin oeddem drwy'r blynyddoedd,
Yn dwyn iau, gan mor dynn oedd;
Llefwn am leihau'r llafur,
Chwerw arw dôn, a chwareu'r dur;
Ataliwn, ffrwynwn deyrn Ffrainc
Ar ei swyddfawr orseddfainc.
Gollyngwch, torrwch ein tid,
Rhoddwch i ni ein rhyddid!
Rhyddid, goreu o'i rhoddion,
Am ein hawl, ac er mwyn hon,
Ar Baris, ni rown bris brau,
Ni hidlwn waed ein hoedlau:
Gwnawn Lewis yn is na neb,
A chwerw sias i chwaer Sioseb;
Trech yw gwlad mewn rhediad rhwydd,
Enwog eurglod, nag arglwydd.
Ni wnawn i'r pab adnabod
Ein bwriad fyth, mae'n bryd fod

when I saw a lad, I enquired,
who was there? What city is this?
he came near and said in a low tone,
"You are nimble-footed, come and see."

From the place and the volume of the crowds,
I surmised that it was Paris.
Crowds were a great multitude,
the work was successful against an enslaving plague:
I heard "Ho! Hush!" very swift proclamation,
the noise of nine guns (peal of thunder from their mouths)
and the echo (hoarse wailing)
resounded in the stone walls.
I remembered, I pondered long,
the heroic words of the address.
Word for word,
I will commemorate its words, energy and reason:

"We brave French have been groaning wretchedly
with yokes on our necks;
the day of our release from want and distress
has come through God's sign;
throughout the years we have suffered,
bearing a yoke because it was so tight;
we would cry to lighten the load,
harsh bitter tone, and play the steel;
let us stop, let us curb France's monarch
on his eminent throne.
Release, cut our chains,
grant us our liberty!
Liberty, the best of its gifts,
for our right, and for it,
on Paris we place little value,
we will spill our lifeblood:
we will make Louis lower than anyone else,
and give bitter chase to Joseph's sister;
a country running freely is mightier
(famous golden praise) than a lord.
We will make the pope recognize
our intent forever; it is time for

I'n llygaid ddiball agor,
I ganfod sail gwynfyd Siôr;
Siôr enwog sy ar ynys
Brydain hoyw, yn ei loyw lys.
Bwriadwn fod fel Brydain,
A'i dynion, rhyddion yw rhain:
Ei meibion oll o'u mebyd
Sydd ben ar deyrnasoedd byd;
Morwyr, masnachwyr mawredd,
Dewr iawn eu clod am drin cledd.
Ein moduron, gweinion gynt,
Oer fael, â hwy ryfelynt;
Nhw'n rhyddion, ddewrion arwyr,
Ninnau'n gaethion, waelion wŷr;
Gwyrthiau eu nerth, gwarth i ni!
Hwy'n curasant yn Cresi;
Eu Twysawg godidawg Du
Llwyddodd pan wnâi'n llueddu;
Pan wnâi Hywel ryfelu,
Ein Ioan falch yn wan a fu;
Caem drwy'r cledd, y drydedd drin,
Ing o ffrwd anghyffredin:
Ail Dafydd, ni fydd, ni fu,
Arwr Cam, eryr Cymru;
Ni 'dwaenai ofn, eofn oedd,
Cawr a llew'n curo lluoedd.
Gan Harri hyll, ffrewyll Ffrainc,
Drudfab a'n gwnaeth yn droedfainc,
Gyrrwyd ef, gywira' dyn,
I'n golwg ni y gelyn;
Ag ateb aeth yn gwta,
'Clyw, 'nhwysawg godidawg, da:
Mae acw ormod, ond odid,
I'w lladd, er maint yw ein llid;
Ond lladdwn, na fyddwn fyr,
Ryw filoedd o'u rhyfelwyr;
Bydd ddigon, er boddio'n bâr,
Lu i'w cyrchu i'r carchar;
Gadawn rai, na bo llai'n llwydd,
I redeg, nid yw'n wradwydd.'

our eyes to open wide,
to behold the foundation of George's paradise;
famous George who is in his resplendent court
on the happy island of Britain.
We intend to be like Britain,
and her people, for they are free:
all her sons from birth
lead the kingdoms of the world;
sailors, merchants of greatness,
celebrated for their great bravery with the sword.
Our weak kings of old
(wicked gain) waged war against them;
they were free, brave heroes,
we, base men, were enslaved;
their miraculous power was a disgrace to us!
They defeated us at Crécy;
their excellent Black Prince
triumphed when he waged war on us;
when Hywel son of Gruffudd went to war,
our proud John was weak;
through the sword, in the third battle,
we suffered anguish from an uncommon source
there never was and there never will be a second Dafydd Gam,
Wales's heroic eagle;
he knew no fear, he was daring,
he was a giant and a lion defeating armies.
He, most loyal man,
was driven into our sight, the enemy,
by fierce Harry, France's scourge,
brave son who made us his footstool;
with a brief answer, he said,
'Listen, my excellent, good prince:
there are, yonder, surely,
too many to kill, however great in our wrath;
but we will kill (we will not be sparing)
some thousands of their warriors;
there will be a plentiful host, to satisfy our anger,
to put in prison;
we will leave some, may our success be no less,
to flee, it is no disgrace.'

Dyna'n gwell, wnâi'n fflangellu,
Eres fodd, yn 'r oes a fu.
Er allo lid 'r holl wledydd,
Dyna'r dynion, Saeson sydd
Rhyddion, fel amser heddwch,
Mewn rhyfel, pob trafael trwch.
Cyfreithiau'r cuaf Frython,
Mynnwn eu hail, sail 'r oes hon;
Awn â'r ffrwyn oreu ei phris
Yn hylaw o law Lewis;
Brenin fo'n hygar waraidd,
Nid brenin mwy blin na blaidd;
Anifail dan y nefoedd
Yw brenin rhy flin ei floedd;
A'i holl awydd, llywydd llu,
I ddieithr arglwyddiaethu,
Heb ryddid (di-lid, da lwydd),
Wan ddeiliaid, byddwn ddilwydd!
Ai byw a wnawn, bai i ni,
A'n rhyddid heb ei roddi?
Dowch, Ffrancon dylion, dilwydd,
I farw, os rhaid, ar frys rhwydd;
Adfeiliwn (daliwn ein dig)
Y Bastille a'i bwys diawlig!"

Clywn ar hyn nhw'n ennyn nâd,
Drais ddolef, dros y ddwywlad:
"Er dy glod, datod y did,
Dewr rudd-deyrn, dyro rydd-did!"

Gwŷn ergyd! gan eu hoergri
(A pharhaus oedd) deffroes i.

Mawyrgais, addolais Dduw,
Dirion-Dad, oreu Un-Duw;
Am fod heb gafod o gur,
A'm hadail dan fy modur,
A chael Awen, lawen wledd,
I ganu yng ngwlad Gwynedd.
Rhywiocach gwely rhygwellt
(Dewis yw rhyw dusw o wellt)

Those were our superiors who would scourge us,
marvellous means, in an age gone by.
Despite what the malice of all countries could do,
those were the men, free Englishmen,
as in peace time,
so in war, in every hardship.
We demand the like
of the dearest Briton's laws, foundation of this age;
we will dexterously take the most valuable bridle
from Louis's hand;
we demand a king who is amiable and kind,
not a king who is more savage than a wolf;
a king whose shout is too harsh
is an animal under the heavens;
and all his desire, leader of a host,
is to rule as an alien,
without liberty (worthy, good prosperity)
we, weak subjects, will not prosper!
Shall we live (it would be wrong of us)
without being granted our liberty?
Come, dull, wretched Frenchmen,
to die, if needs must, readily;
we will ruin (we will maintain our anger)
the Bastille and its diabolical weight!"

Presently, I heard them raising a cry,
violent shout, over the two countries:
"For the sake of your fame, loose the chain,
bold bloody monarch, grant liberty!"

Angry blow! I awoke
as a result of their ceaseless miserable cry.

I glorified, I worshipped God,
gentle Father, the best One God;
because I am without a shower of pain,
and because my dwelling place is under my king,
and because I have the Muse (joyful feast)
to sing in the land of Gwynedd.
A bed of rye straw
(it is a choice posy)

Yn Arfon, le radlon rhydd,
Fro annwyl, neu Feirionnydd,
Na gwely Sbaen, gwael os bydd,
Bali gwyn, ar blu gweunydd;
Gan nad oes, heb loes, heb lid,
Yno rodd uniawn ryddid;
Rhyddid ein parch, rhodd Duw'n Pôr
Rhag trais, rhywioca' trysor,
Rhag gormesiaid, diriaid deyrn,
Ein haestalch rhag gormesdeyrn;
I'n siomi, na ddos ymaith
O Loegr gu na Chymru chwaith;
Wyd fanon ar hinon hedd,
Diarswyd yw dy orsedd;
Y dyn dichlyn dan d'achles
Gaiff fwyniant, llwyddiant a lles.

Y dyddiau gynt nid oedd gŵyn,
Dy ddeddfau di oedd addfwyn:
Yng ngwlad Groeg, le teg tau,
Ddiadell celfyddydau;
A Rhufain, dan d'adain di,
A rodiodd mewn mawrhydi;
A'n Brydain ni, bwriadodd
Dy gael fyth, diogel fodd,
Ac er dy fwyn, llwyn ein lles,
Y mae'n hynod mewn hanes.

O! Frydain, fy hoyw frodir,
Ddaearol nef, dangnef dir!
Enwog a chadarn ynys,
Grymusder a llawnder llys;
Brenhines ym mynwes mŷr,
Moliant a chlod ei milwyr;
Dychryn Ffrainc, gorseddfainc Siôr
Rudd-darian, ryddid oror;
A gwn nad oes gan y dud
O fewn Cred fainc i rydid,
Ond ym Mhrydain, gain wiw gôr,
Gardd Ewrop, a gwerdd oror!

in Caernarfonshire (blessed free place),
dear region, or Merionethshire,
is better than a bed in Spain (it is bad if it is)
of white satin, on down-feathers;
because there is no
gift of rightful liberty there (without pain and anger);
liberty, our respect, the gift of God
(finest treasure) against violence,
and against oppressors (wretched king),
and our shield against an oppressive king;
do not disappoint us by leaving
dear England, or Wales either;
you are a maiden on peace's fine day,
your throne is fearless;
the industrious man under your protection
will receive pleasure, success, and reward.

There was no complaint in bygone days,
your laws were gentle:
in Greece, your pleasant place,
community of the arts;
and Rome, under your wing,
walked in glory;
and our Britain, intended
to have you forever, safe means,
and for your sake, grove of our welfare,
Britain is remarkable in history.

Oh Britain! My fine region,
heaven on earth, land of peace!
Famous and strong island,
might and abundance of the court;
queen in the bosom of the seas,
praise and fame of her soldiers;
the throne of George of the bloody shield
is the scourge of France; region of liberty;
and I know that no region
in Christendom has a seat for liberty,
except in Britain, fine excellent choir,
the garden of Europe, and fertile region!

Er eu cwyn anfwyn, ynfyd,
Y Brython, anfodlon fyd,
Traethant yn erbyn trethi
Yn oestadol â greddfol gri:
Rhaid addef, mai rhef yw rhi'
Ein gwladwyr sydd tan gledi;
Mae cyni difri, heb dor,
Tri-mwy, mewn gwledydd tramor;
O mawr yw'r pall ym mro'r Pwyl,
Lle erchir pob hyll orchwyl.

Gwae'r trueiniaid, haid hudol,
Sydd tan gerydd y ffydd ffôl;
Y Rhufeinaidd lewaidd lys,
A chaled farn y Chwil-lys.

O'i drysor y gwan a dreisiant,
O wall eiddo, hwy a'i lladdant;
Ni rusant, er gair Iesu;
A'u cyfraith, ddu faith fethiant, – ddrwg ei moes,
Och loes! i'w hachlesu.

I'r gwael a haero ei gŵyn,
Mewn nod addfwyn, mae'n deddfau
I'w glwyf yn glau,
Weddus oddau;
Amddiffyn y dyn dinerth,
Mur iawn yw, rhag mawr ei nerth;
Cadw yr oen diboen dan berth, – a dal draw
Rhyw gadnaw rhy gydnerth.

Caerog farn, cu rywiog fodd,
Dull enwog, Duw a'u lluniodd;
Deddfau, rheolau fel rhain
I Frydain a fwriadodd.

Brydain, bydd fyth heb wradwydd,
Rhyddid di-lid yw dy lwydd;
Trefnwyd, gosodwyd dy sail
Ar dda adail, wir ddedwydd.

Despite their unkind, foolish complaint,
the Britons, discontented world,
speak against taxes
constantly with a strong cry:
it must be owned that the number of
our countrymen who suffer hardship is large;
there is serious, unbroken adversity
three times greater in foreign lands;
Oh! great is the blight in Poland,
where every ugly undertaking is demanded.

Woe the wretches, enchanted company,
who are under the sway of the foolish faith;
the Roman leonine court,
and harsh justice of the Court of Inquisition.

They oppress the weak for his treasure,
and kill him out of false ownership;
for the sake of Jesus's word, they do not take fright;
and their immoral laws, black, long failure,
protect them, alas!

To the poor man who asserts his complaint,
with gentle aim, our laws
give him swift redress
in seemly fashion;
defence of the weak man
(a proper wall) against one of great might;
they keep the lamb safe under a bush,
and keep at bay some too strong fox.

Fortified judgement, dear proper means,
famous order, designed by God;
He intended laws, rules like these
for Britain.

Britain, be forever without shame,
worthy liberty is your prosperity;
your foundation was set and established
on a good, truly blessed building.

Mae'r tlotaf, gwaelaf i gyd,
I gael gwaith, a gwiwlew ged,
A mawr dreth ar dymor drud,
Ac ŷd yn rhodd, i'w gadw'n rhad.

Nid oes wrengyn, llipryn llwm,
Os caiff gais, ryw drais ry drom,
Nad yw'r ddeddf a'i greddf mewn grym
Yn bod er gwrthod ei gam.

Nid yw'n deddf yn nodi un dyn
I farw o gosb ofer gŵyn;
Er llid, trais, inglais ynglŷn,
Heb raith gwlad, lles mad llys mwyn.

Hyfryd! caiff y diwyd dwys,
Dilwfr fyd, lafur ei faes;
Nid eill twysog, droeog drais,
Iddew o lid, iddo loes.

Rhyddid fwyn, rhoddwyd y fael
I bob dyn byw yr unrhyw hawl,
O'r brenin i'r gwerin gwael;
Yn ddi-feth rhown i Dduw fawl!

Sicrhad ddir ein tir a'n tai
Rhag gormesol ruthrol ryw;
Beth geisir, ddymunir mwy
Yn rhaid dyn, onid rhad Duw?

Wir gain hoyw addfwyn eurawg noddfa,
Hylaw a thirion, Eleutheria;
Y llafurus, bydd gwell ei fara,
Sur â'n win, os arni hi a wena.

Duwies gannaid! O! disgynner
Ei gwlith, wir fendith, wâr fwynder,
Ar Frytaniaid, eurfri tyner,
Olud annwyl, o law Duw Nêr.

The poorest, meanest of all,
have work and an excellent fair gift,
and heavy tax in a season of scarcity,
and corn as a gift to keep it cheap.

There is no common man, poor weakling
(if he has cause, some too heavy violence),
that the law and its might is not in
place to prevent the wrong-doing done to him.

Our law does not mark any man out
for capital punishment as a result of idle complaint;
despite anger, violence (anguished call in one),
without trial by jury, the good benefit of a gentle court.

Lovely! the sober industrious man,
brave world, will reap the labour of his field;
no prince, fickle violence,
a Jew in anger, can do him harm.

Dear liberty, the profit was given
to every living man by the very same right,
from the king to the lowly commoners;
may we praise God without fail!

Certain assurance of our land and houses
against an oppressive assaulting breed;
what is sought? What is more wished
in man's need, than God's blessing?

Truly lovely, gentle, golden refuge,
generous and tender, Eleutheria;
for the labourer, his bread will be better,
and vinegar will become wine, if Eleutheria smiles on him.

Bright goddess! Oh! may her
dew (sure blessing), civilized gentleness,
fall on the Britons (gentle golden privilege)
gentle treasure from the Lord God.

Rhodder, noder yn enwedig,
Hon i Frydain yn fawredig,
Tros oesoedd, heb un trais ysig;
Un fwyn odiaeth, nef-anedig!

Er ei drymlwyth, O! mor esmwyth y mae'r hwsmon!
Geill fyw'n ddichles, mewn nawdd achles mwyn heddychlon.

Er ei renti, a gloyw drethi gwladwriaethol,
Mae i'w reidiau fwy o ddoniau, yn feddiannol,

Na'r twysogion oeddynt gaethion,
Tonnog aflon, tynna' gyflwr:
O! mor hynod oedd eu trallod
Dan anafod yn Ninefwr.

Bu'n hynafiaid dan Rufeiniaid,
Du arw fleiddiaid, hir o flwyddi;
Yno'r Saeson ddeuai'n drawsion
Anwar alon i'w rheoli:

Mil a hanner, blwyddau caethder,
Heb rai tyner i'r Brytaniaid;
Tan iau greulon eu caseion,
A'u twysogion, dewrion diriaid:

Heb gael heddwch, iawn lonyddwch,
Na dedwyddwch hyd eu dyddiau;
Ond ymryson â'u twysogion,
Ne'u gelynion, eon g'lonnau.

'Trechaf treisied, gwanaf gweidded',
Heb wiw nodded yn ben iddynt;
Lladd a llosgi, gan ddifrodi
Teiau gweddi, taeog oeddynt.

Trwy galondid am gael rhyddid,
O ddwys ofid, iawn ddeisyfu;
Bu trwy'r oesoedd Gymry filoedd
Nifer ydoedd) 'n ofer waedu.

May Eleutheria be given in particular
to Great Britain
over ages, without any destructive violence,
very gentle, heaven born one!

Despite his heavy burden, Oh! how comfortable is the husbandman!
He can live securely, in gentle and peaceful protection and support.

Despite his rents, and bright state taxes,
he possesses more blessings to meet his needs,

than the princes who were captives,
turbulent restless ones, most restricted condition:
Oh! how remarkable was their tribulation
in pain in Dynevor.

Our ancestors were under the Romans
(black savage wolves) for many years;
then the Saxons came as oppressors,
a barbaric enemy, to rule us:

one thousand five hundred years of captivity
without gentle years for the Britons;
under the cruel yoke of their enemies,
and their valiant ill-fated princes:

they did not have peace, true quietness,
nor happiness throughout their days;
rather, they had contention with their princes
or their enemies, brave hearts.

'Let the strong prevail, let the weak wail',
without proper protection to lead them;
killing and burning, by destroying
houses of prayer, they were churlish.

Through inspiration to seek liberty,
from deep sorrow to petition rightfully;
thousands of Welshmen throughout the ages
(they were many) bled in vain.

Er gwasgfa, garwa' gerydd, – o dristwch
I drawster bwygilydd,
'R haul cadarn 'r ôl cawodydd
Goleuai'n deg, glana' dydd!

I Gymru, wedd gu, oedd gaeth, – wir oedfa
Er adfer llywodraeth,
Rhodd Duw i ddyn, rhyddid ddaeth;
Glewa' darian gwladwriaeth.

I Gronwy, oreu garennydd, – o hil
Gwehelyth Penmynydd,
Oedd Harri wnâi'n rhoddi'n rhydd,
A'n llonni â llawenydd.

Caent ryddid, heb lid na bloedd – galanas
Gelynion a'u lluoedd;
Ond eu cred, nid croyw ydoedd,
Pib i Ddiawl, 'ran pabaidd oedd.

Trwy gymylau, ffau y gau ffydd, – siriai
Seren y wir grefydd
Luther, goleuder gwledydd,
Hylaw mewn dawn, haul min dydd.

Er gwaethed, dihired ydoedd Harri,
Orwyr Owain, ry filain i'w foli;
Offeryn ydoedd (a phur ei nodi)
Yn llaw rhagluniaeth (llwyra' goleuni)
I symud y pab, a'i siomi – o'i hawl,
Benhudwr didawl, bu'n awdurdodi.

Difethwyd pob rhwysg, camrwysg ac ymrain
Y mynachod, oedd yma yn ochain
Tan gymylau tonnog milain;
Trawyd eu rhyfyg, torrwyd iau Rhufain.
Heb waredydd ni bu Brydain (Duw wnaeth
Ei dwyn yn odiaeth) dan Ei iawn adain.

Despite hardship (harshest punishment)
grief ever following on oppression,
the strong sun after showers
shone beautifully, the finest day of all!

To Wales, dear appearance, which was captive – true meeting
to restore government,
liberty came as God's gift to man;
the state's mightiest shield.

Harry, the best kinsman of Goronwy
was of the lineage of Penmynydd,
who made us free,
and cheered us with joy.

The Welsh had liberty, without wrath or the cry of murder
by their enemies and their troops;
but their belief was not pure
(it was an instrument for the Devil) because it was popish.

Through clouds, the lair of the false faith,
the star of the true religion heartened
Luther, light of the world,
highly talented, the sun of daybreak.

However bad, however wicked,
Harry, great-grandson of Owain (he was too villainous for praise)
was an instrument (and pure to mark)
in the hand of providence (purest light)
to move the pope (eternal arch-enchanter) who had been in authority,
and deprive him of his right.

Every pomp, tyranny and fornication
of the monks, who groaned here
under fickle angry clouds, was destroyed;
their arrogance was struck, Rome's yoke was broken.
Britain was not without a saviour, God carried
her marvellously under His good wing.

Tarian fawrwerth fu Iorwerth, fyw eryr,
Ym mhlaid rhyddid, e folid gan filwyr;
Rhy dduwiol ydoedd, rhy dda i'w wladwyr,
Duw a'i galwai i blith diogelwyr;
Rhoes deg gu osteg i ystyr – deddfau,
Mawr fu ei wyrthiau, a Chranmer ferthyr.

Ond rhyddid, arwa' llid, a drallodwyd,
Alaeth cur chwerwaidd! eilwaith carcharwyd
Dros drigain o fisoedd, drwy drais drygwyd,
Lladd o wael esgus, lluoedd a losgwyd;
Ridley enwog, o rad lanwyd – trwy dân,
Iawn esgob eirian, ei wisg a burwyd.

Ond angau ein tadau a ddatododd,
Megin 'r uffernbair, Mair a gymerodd;
A thrwy alwad, Elsbeth a reolodd,
Tywynnodd ffydd, a'r tân ddiffoddodd;
Rhyddid mewn urddas teyrnasodd, – a'r saint,
Iawn o deg ennaint, Duw a'u digonodd.

O wall angall yr Eglwys ollyngwyd,
Loyw gof ethol, yr Efengyl gyfieithwyd:
Y ffynnon win i'r gwerin agorwyd,
Un eurawg addien, yn hir a guddiwyd;
Trwy Gymru'n loywgu amlygwyd – y lân,
A'r tra gwiwlan Forgan a fawrygwyd.

Bu pedwar brenin, wiw lin olynol,
Cyn iawn osod y rhod angenrheidiol:
Un Siarlas drôi'i deyrnas yn dra darniol;
Un Iago o ysbryd anniwygiol;
Ond Wiliam ddinam ddoniol, – un di-lid,
Efe rôi inni rydid, frenin rhadol.

Rhyddid annwyl! Rhodd Duw ynad, – eurfodd
Ei arfaeth yn oestad
I ddilyn y ddyl addoliad
A fo'n beraidd, efo'n bwriad;

Edward, like a swift eagle, was a very valuable shield
in the service of liberty, he was praised by soldiers;
he was very godly, he was very good to his countrymen,
and God called him to the midst of those who have been saved;
he gave a fair, gentle proclamation to consider laws
(his miracles were great) and Cranmer the martyr.

But liberty (worst wrath) was afflicted
(bitter grievous pain!) and imprisoned a second time
over sixty months, damaged by violence,
killing for little reason, hosts were burned;
famous Ridley, filled with blessing, by fire
(true fair bishop) his body was purified.

But the death of our fathers melted away,
and hell's bellows took Mary;
and by divine calling, Elizabeth ruled,
faith shone, and the fire was extinguished;
liberty reigned in honour,
and God gave satisfaction to the saints (atonement through fair ointment).

The Church was released from foolish mistakes,
bright elect memory, and the Scripture was translated:
the source of wine was opened to the people,
the fine golden source which had long been hidden;
through Wales it was made manifest,
and pure, worthy and holy Morgan was glorified.

There were four kings, worthy hereditary lineage
before correctly placing the necessary course:
one Charles who rent his kingdom into factions;
one James of unreforming spirit;
but worthy William, perfect and beneficent,
he, gracious king, gave us liberty.

Dear liberty! The gift of God the judge
whose purpose is always golden
to follow the proper worship
which is sweet, with our intent;

A'n hewyllys heb gymhelliad,
O'i borth y ceir aberth cariad:
Dyma'r ddeddf wâr reddf wir rad, – dirionach,
Ffyrfach na'r unffurfiad.

Ond Diafol, bob hudol haid, – a daenodd
Hyd wyneb maes euraid;
Ac 'n llawn efrau'n llwyn afraid,
Twysennau pwdr, llwgr y Lloegriaid.

Duw sy chwynnu, dwys ochenaid!
I bair tân, â'r libertiniaid,
Dadlyddion dewrion, diriaid – gableddwyr,
Ddiystyr ddeistiaid.

Wir dawelwch euraid wiwlwys,
Glyd gu oglyd gwlad ac Eglwys;
Dda rwydda' ryddid,
A geidw y llanw llid
Rhag erlid graig eurlwys!

Er bod miloedd, luoedd lawer,
Dan y fendith, dien fwynder;
Mae oerwae arall,
Caethder, poender, pall,
I ddigall yn ddager.

Dager cydwybod gerydd
Yn flin saeth i aflan sydd;
Gwasgfa, ddalfa ddieilfydd,
Enaid yr hwn nid yw rydd,
Ni rodia at waredydd;
Annuwiol fab yn ôl fydd
I bechod hynod ei hoen,
Mynwes boen, mae'n was beunydd.

Annigonol, yn eu gwyniau,
Yw'n calonnau, ainc olynol,
A thueddol, annoeth oddau,
I ryw nwydau rhy niweidiol.

and our will without constraint,
from its support comes the sacrifice of love:
this is the civilized law, the impulse of true blessing – more tender,
more steadfast than the Act of Uniformity.

But the Devil (every enchanting swarm) spread
across the face of a golden field;
and full of tares, a worthless grove,
rotten, putrid English ears of corn.

God weeds (deep sigh!)
the libertines
(impudent, wretched advocates and blasphemers),
despised deists, go to the cauldron of fire.

True golden, lovely tranquillity,
of cosy sheltered and dear nation and Church;
most beautiful liberty
which keeps the tide of anger
from persecuting the golden and beautiful rock!

Although thousands (numerous hosts)
are under the blessing, certain comfort;
there is another cold woe,
imprisonment, torment, failure,
which is a dagger to the unwise.

The dagger of conscience's rebuke
is a harsh sting to the impure;
the soul of he who is not free is a place
of distress, a prison like no other,
he will not go to his saviour;
ungodly son, he will return
to the terrible sin of his lust,
he is forever a servant to it, heart's anguish.

Our hearts (in their desires)
are inadequate (unending lust)
and inclined (unwise purpose)
to some very destructive passions.

Arweiniwyd ni o'r wiw annedd
I arw ddialedd, oeredd alar,
Adda yrrwyd iddo i orwedd,
I wael ddiwedd hil y ddaear!

Duw'r digllonedd farnai'r drosedd
I bwll llosgedd, O! bell ysgar:
Cafwyd adwedd, trwy dangnefedd,
Ddoethryw agwedd Athraw hygar.

Gwaelion gwelai, rhyddion rhoddai,
Yr Iôn rannai'r iawn rinwedd;
Iesu oesawl, ni fu nefawl
Allu ollawl well allwedd.

Iôn nef, iawn air, yw'r gref wir grair;
Efe o Fair a fu fwyn;
Y gwan yn gu, i'r lân, wâr lu,
O dan y du, Duw wna'u dwyn.

Addas ras 'r Iesu, uniawn, cyfiawn, cu,
Iôn rhiallu, a wna'r ewyllys
Gaeth, maeth cnawd methiant, gwinllan a chorlan chwant,
I ddwyn addoliant i Dduw'n ddilys.

Dyna y rhyddid! Duw'n rhoi heddwch
I'r duwiolion, oreu dawelwch:
Nid eill twysogion gwaelion, gwelwch,
Yn hy flin iddynt aflonyddwch;
Cânt beunydd bob dydd ddedwyddwch, – a'r nos
Y maent yn aros mewn tynerwch.

Nid oes un brenin blin na blaenor
A'u briwa, a'u treisia o'u trysor;
Does fall nac angall gyngor, – i'w rhoi'n gaeth,
Na dim alaeth du yma'i elor.

Er gofid, er llid, a thrallodion,
Er cas galanas i'r gelynion;
Er bâr, cry alar creulon, – er poenau,
Er du loesau, er Diawl a'i weision:

We were led from the worthy home,
to harsh vengeance, sorrowful grief,
Adam was driven to it to lie down
to the lowly end of the earth's race!

God of anger judged the crime
to the burning pit, Oh! far separation:
there was a reconciliation through peace,
the wise vision of a loving Teacher.

He saw the lowly, He made them free,
the Lord dispensed the true virtue;
eternal Jesus, never was there
a better, more potent heavenly key.

God in heaven of true word is the strong, true treasure;
He was made gentle through Mary;
God will bring the weak lovingly to the pure, meek host,
under the black one.

The fitting grace of Jesus, righteous, just, loving,
God of thousands, makes the servile will
(nourishment of failing flesh, vineyard and fold of lust)
bring sure praise to God.

That is liberty! God giving peace (best tranquillity)
to the godly:
see, no wretched princes, bold and angry,
can disturb them;
they always have happiness, every day,
and stay in tenderness by night.

There is no cruel king or leader who can
injure them or steal their riches from them;
there is no evil or unwise council that will enslave them,
nor dark grief this side of the bier.

Despite sorrow, despite wrath and tribulations,
despite cruel murder by their enemies;
despite anger (deep strong grief), despite agonies,
despite sore pains, despite the Devil and his servants:

Er carcharau, er cur o chwerw-wynt,
Rhi', i Dduw'n odiaeth, rhyddion ydynt,
A'u piler ym mhob helynt, – i'w porthi,
Ni ad i oerni ddyfod arnynt.

Beth yw coron gerbron gŵr breiniawl,
Wnaed â meini gwerthfawr dymunawl,
Os na bydd yn rhydd, wir haeddawl – trwy ras,
O nef wiw ddinas yn feddiannawl?

I'r Sultan Selim dda-rym ddewra'
(Er rhi' ei filwyr i ryfela),
Heb ryddid hoyw (bereidda' – arogl thus),
Dilwydd us yw ardaloedd Asia.

Rhyddid ddiglwyf, cu rwyf ein crefydd,
A chlod bennaf ein gwych wlad beunydd,
Ond lles a rhad, ewyllys rhydd, – ei chynnyrch,
Dyna iawn lewyrch, dan Iôn Lywydd.

Y cu Dduw Iesu a ddewiswn,
Y trysor rhad, at ras y rhedwn:
Am ein rhyddid, emyn rhoddwn – i'w fawl,
Hoyw a chysonawl, awchus unwn.

Ffynonellau: A— LlGC 1861B, tt. i–ii, 1–23. B—*GPWD*, tt. 210–25.

despite prisons, despite pangs of a bitter wind,
they are a free band devoted to God,
and their pillar in all trouble to support them,
will not allow grief to afflict them.

What is a crown to a privileged man,
which is made from fine precious stones,
if he is not free, truly deserving, through grace,
and does not possess heaven, worthy city?

Despite the number of his warring soldiers,
to the bravest, mighty Sultan Selim
the regions of Asia are worthless chaff
without lovely liberty, the sweetest scent of frankincense.

Perfect liberty, dear ruler of our religion,
is always the main credit of our excellent country,
but the goodness and blessing, free will, of its produce,
that is the true prosperity under the Lord, our leader.

We choose the dear Lord Jesus,
the free treasure; we run towards grace:
we unite ardently in a hymn of harmonious praise
to Him for our liberty.

Sources: A— LlGC 1861B, pp. i–ii, 1–23. B—*GPWD*, pp. 210–25.

THOMAS EVANS
(Tomos Glyn Cothi; 1764–1833)

42. [Englyn ar ryddid]

Gwreichionen o nen i ni, – O! ryddid
A roddo'r Mawrhydi;
Duw cadarn, da yw codi
Y gwirion ei fron i fri.

Ffynhonnell: LlGC 6238A, t. 283.

THOMAS EVANS
(Tomos Glyn Cothi; 1764–1833)

42. [An englyn *on liberty]*

A spark from heaven intended for us, Oh! may the Almighty
give liberty;
Almighty God, it is right to exalt
the innocent of heart. 4

Source: NLW 6238A, p. 283.

43. Englynion i'r Gwir Ddianrhydeddus William Pitt

Pitt, iauwr, llethwr, â llwythi – gwarrau
Gwerin mewn caledi.
Pwll uffern! Pwy eill hoffi
Dy oer droeon duon di?

Cigydd annedwydd ei nodiad; – bradwr
I Brydain yn wastad;
Gelyn llym gwiwlawn wellhad,
Oer fariaeth arw ei fwriad.

Ffynonellau: A—LlGC 6238A, t. 282. B—LlGC 21399E, eitem 20.

43. Englynion *to the Right Dishonourable William Pitt*

Pitt, yoker who burdens the backs of an oppressed people
with heavy loads,
hell's Pitt! Who can admire
your cold, dark turns?

Miserable-looking butcher; always
a traitor to Britain;
the keen enemy of worthy and full reform,
cold wrath of cruel intent.

Sources: A—NLW 6238A, p. 282. B—NLW 21399E, item 20.

44. Cywydd ar heddwch

Y testun hwn a ddewiswyd i ganu arno yn eisteddfod Alban Hefin (sef 21 Mehefin) a gynhaliwyd ar Fynydd y Garth, yn agos i Ben-tyrch, yn swydd Forgannwg, yn y flwyddyn 1797

Heddwch, gyfeilles hoywddawn,
Mam gwynfyd a llawnfyd llawn,
O! dyred, dduwies dirion,
Braint fo it ym mhob bron;
Henffych well! Moes di bellach,
Wên a wnêl wan yn iach.
Yn wrol, dy ganmol, gwn
Dda mwyniant, a ddymunwn;
Oer wan yw yr awenydd,
Llwyrgyfod at fwynglod fydd.
Er hyn mi geisiaf ddyrchafu
I'r dduwies, fawl gynnes gu.

Heddwch â Duw, rhwyddwych Dad,
A estyn gymorth gwastad.
Gwiraf mai'r heddwch gorau
Yw hwn i ddyn, briddyn brau,
(Gwir addas) ei gyrhaeddyd,
O flaen gwagedd, balchedd byd.

Ynglŷn â hwn, gwn heb gêl,
Diwall gydwybod dawel;
Os bydd y fron llon er lles
(Guaf hollawl gyfeilles)
Rhydd hon lawn obaith rhwydd hynt
Ar Dduw hael (wir dda helynt)
Am drugaredd a gwledda
Yng ngwlad yr hedd, diwedd da.

Nodded rhwng dynion heddiw
Yw hedd brawdol, reiol ryw:
Anghydfod, nod annedwydd,
A wna galon a bron brudd;

44. A cywydd *on peace*

This subject was chosen for composition at the summer solstice eisteddfod (that is, 21 June) that was held on Garth Mountain, near Pen-tyrch in Glamorganshire, in the year 1797

Peace, bountiful friend,
mother of bliss and plenty,
Oh! come, gentle goddess,
may every breast honour you;
hail! May you now bestow
a smile that will restore the weak.
I would wish to praise you
manfully (I know good enjoyment);
the poet is cold and weak,
he will have to stretch up to sweet praise:
nonetheless, I will attempt to raise up
warm and dear praise to the goddess.

Peace with God the excellent, bountiful Father,
extend steadfast succour.
I assert that this is the best peace
for man (frail dust)
to attain (truly appropriate)
before the vanity and pride of the world.

An adjunct to this peace (I know without concealment)
is a blameless and quiet conscience;
if the happy heart (the most dear and true friend)
works for the good,
it puts full and confident hope
in generous God (truly good course)
for mercy and feasting
in the land of peace; a good end.

Brotherly peace (splendid sort)
is a sanctuary between men today:
contention (miserable mark)
causes a heavy heart and breast;

Hedd mewn byd, er gwynfyd gwiw,
Wna y ddwyfron yn ddifriw.
Gwâr heddwch, gywir hyddawn,
I deyrnasoedd, lluoedd llawn,
Ddwg rif gwlith o fendithion
A mawr iechyd llwyddfyd llon.
Ond gan ddynion coronawg,
Ni fynnir hedd fwyn yrhawg:
Hwyr y dymunant gael hedd,
Iawn dawel, yn y diwedd;
Ei chymdeithas loyw raslon,
Ryw bryd chwenychant o'r bron.

Dwg cymydog, serchog swydd,
Helaeth (o roi parch hylwydd
A choledd heddwch hwylus)
Gysur llon i'w fron ar frys.

Hedd mewn teulu sydd hardd,
A chynnen sydd faich anhardd
A wasg i'r bedd, llechwedd llwm,
Gadarn, trwy anferth gwdwm.
O'i weled pwy na wylai,
Yn mysgu, yn tynnu tai,
O fwynder a gwychder gwedd,
I gynnal rhyw wag annedd?
Brodyr a cheraint brawdol,
O gynnen a'i pherchen ffôl,
Yn annoeth a enynnwyd,
Er rhoi ei gilydd i'r rhwyd:
Y cyfreithiwr câi fritho,
Gan dwyllo rhain, druan dro,
Ryw lennu oer, wael annerch,
Er diwreiddio, suro serch.

Hefyd rhwng cydmar hyfwyn
A'i gydmares, fynwes fwyn,
Hedd sy'n well i'w castellu,
Nac unrhyw borth, cymorth cu.
Iawn addfwyn, does fath noddfa
Rhag pob gerwin a blin bla.

peace in the world (for a true bliss)
heals the heart.
Civilized peace, true and bountiful,
brings countless blessings
to kingdoms and hosts of people,
great health and happy prosperity.
But crowned men do not
wish to have peace:
they are slow to wish for peace,
true and tranquil, in the end;
sometime they will fully long for
its gracious company.

An affectionate neighbour soon gives
happy comfort to his heart
if he gives ready respect
to fair peace and cherishes it.

Peace within a family is seemly,
and contention is an unseemly burden
which presses the mighty to the grave (bare slope)
through a great fall.
Who would not weep seeing contention
undoing and pulling down homes,
once fine and comfortable,
in order to maintain a vain dwelling?
Brothers and loving kin
were unwisely inflamed
by maddening contention
to ensnare one another:
the lawyer would make things worse,
by defrauding these, wretched turn,
some cold veiling (bad pronouncement)
in order to uproot and sour love.

Also, between a tender husband
and his wife (dear heart),
peace is a better shelter for them
than any other support, loving aid.
Just and gentle, there is no other such refuge
against every severe and grievous plague.

I ferch, rhydd hedd 'tifeddiaeth,
I wraig briod, fwynglod faeth;
Gwir drysor goreu drwsiad
I'r rhain yw hedd mwynwedd mad.

Bu, gwn, i feibion heb gêl
Bur iechyd rhag bâr uchel;
Rhag ymladd, rhegi, ymlid,
A chur llym, och! oer, a llid.
O chedwch bob yn chydig,
O blith beilchion dynion dig,
E fydd hwn, wiw fodd hynod,
I feithrin hedd, glirwedd glod;
Rhith gyfeillach y rhain
Rhydd achos rhwydd i ochain,
A diweddar alaru,
Dan drwm drallod, ddyrnod ddu.
A hedd dry yn hoywaidd draw,
Er galw yn oer ac wylaw:
Boed i'r ienctid gloyw-wrid glân,
Yn hollawl o hyn allan,
Geisio gwir heddwch gyson
Ym mhob ystyr, difyr dôn.

Mewn cyfoeth mwyn, O! cofier
Mai da calon bodlon, bêr
(Hynaws fryd er hoenus fri)
Rhag balchedd, suredd sorri;
Hedd a dawn hywaidd a doeth
Geidw i'ch haf gyda chyfoeth.

Mewn iechyd mae iawn achos
Alw ei nawdd oleu a nos,
A than droeon trymion trwch
Goreu rhwydd garwr heddwch:
Heddwch i glaf, araf ŵr,
Hynod yw hedd i henwr,
Ac i blant y mae'n fantais
A'u try o gam lwybrau trais;
I dlodion ac i fonedd
Rhydd gymorth hyd borth y bedd.

Peace gives a girl a legacy,
for a married woman, it is praiseworthy nourishment;
gentle natured and seemly peace
is to these women a true treasure, the best ornament.

It was, I know well, true deliverance
from great adversity for young men;
from fighting, cursing, pursuing,
and severe beating (sad woe!) and wrath.
If you keep away little by little
from the company of proud, angry men,
this will be an excellent way
to foster peace, bright praise;
the false friendship of these men
will give a ready cause for groaning,
and eventual grieving,
under heavy tribulation, a bitter blow.
And peace will turn out merrily,
despite the sad calling and crying:
may the handsome glowing youth,
strive completely from now on,
for constant peace
in every sense, pleasant tune.

In fine wealth, Oh! remember
that a content and sweet heart
(a gentle nature despite glittering honour)
is good against pride (sulking bitterness);
peace, and a docile and wise talent,
will retain summer for you along with wealth.

In health there is good cause
to call day and night for peace's protection,
and under the heavy turns of adversity
devotion to peace is best
for an invalid (slow man)
peace is a fine thing for an old man,
and it is advantageous to children,
turning them away from the crooked path of violence;
to poor and noble
peace gives support until death.

Heddwch, y mae'n rhaid addef,
Digon yw a'n dwg i nef;
Ac elw yw heddwch, gwelir,
Mewn ail fywyd, hawddfyd hir.

Heddwch a'i harddwch, hi
Wna i filoedd iawn foli
Brenin y nef â llef llon,
Heb gilwg, a byw galon,
Mewn cariad ar rediad rwydd,
Er eurgloi clod i'r Arglwydd.

Heddwch, ni oddef rhoddi
Brychau brwnt ar barch a bri
Am ddilyn rhwym addoliad
Wrth 'wyllys Iôn, dirion Dad,
Yn ôl y modd, cufodd call,
Goreu gan un ac arall.
Ond rhai i'n plith mewn chwith chwant
Ar led a boeth erlidiant.

Does gobaith daw esgobion,
Ofer haid, i fawrhau hon;
A brenhinoedd heb floedd flwng
Dalu iddi barch deilwng:
Gynnen llawn ac ennyn llid,
A rhyfel, pob rhyw ofid,
Ydyw gwynfyd a bryd bron
Ceidwaid pob rhyw hocedion;
A bradwyr, heb wiw rodiad,
I'r werin yw'r gerwin gad.

Difwyn i borthi'r defaid
Yw'r 'ffeiriadon hyllion haid;
Ceisiant, heb gêl, ryfeloedd
Â geiriau blin, garw eu bloedd.
Meddwant, rhegant yn rhwydd,
Ac eilwaith tyngant gelwydd;
Rhwyddaidd y gwerthir heddwch,
Orau ced am fflaced fflwch

Peace, it must be owned,
is enough to bring us to heaven;
and it will be seen that peace is profit
in the next life, long bliss.

Peace and her beauty
make thousands justly praise
the King of heaven with a cheerful voice
(without a scowl) and eager heart,
out of love on an easy course,
in order to sing bright praise to the Lord.

Peace does not bear
defiling a man's respect and honour
for following strict worship
according to the will of the Lord, dear Father,
in the dear and sensible way
favoured by one and all.
But some in our midst, out of aberrant lust,
persecute hotly abroad.

There is no hope that bishops
(dissolute swarm) will exalt peace;
and no hope either that kings without a cruel cry
will pay peace its due respect:
utter contention and inciting wrath,
and war, and every sort of trouble
is the bliss and heart's desire
of the keepers of all sort of deceits;
and this cruel band
are devious traitors to the people.

The priests (ugly swarm) are
useless to nourish the flock;
openly, they wage war
with angry words and with a harsh cry.
They get drunk, swear readily
and, again, swear falsely;
peace (the best gift)
is readily sold for a full flagon

Gan wŷr llên, cynnen eu cais,
A mêl i'r rhain yw malais.

Ond rhai o'r rhain a'u sain sydd,
Wâr glyd, heddychwyr gwledydd;
Mae mwy mewn brys, hwylus haint,
A'u gafael ar ddigofaint.
Sheridan fwynlan o'i fodd,
A hefyd Fox a safodd;
E seinient yn y senedd
Rhag adfyd dros hyfryd hedd.
Traethodd Watson, llon mewn llu,
A cheisiodd ei llochesu,
Ond rhwng bleiddiaid, haid ddi-hedd,
Oer dawai hwn o'r diwedd.
A Stanob, ŵr da obaith
A mwyn, wedi ymdrech maith,
E giliodd draw o'r golwg,
Rhag yr haid drueiniaid drwg.
A Grey hefyd, gŵr hyfwyn,
Dynnai'n llesg o dan y llwyn,
Er mwyniant, llwyddiant a lles
Cynnar, heddychfyd cynnes.
E gair rhai a gâr rhinwedd
Ymysg mawrion, wychion wedd,
Ond o rhain, nid yw y rhi'
Hynaws ond bach i'w henwi.

Duw'r heddwch, da yw'r haeddiad,
Wir ganlyn Iôn, dirion Dad,
Ffynnon pob math o ffyniant,
Heb lai, a phorthwr ei blant.
Tywysog Hedd mewn gwedd gu,
A digas wir deg Iesu,
O'i gariad Ef agorodd
Ffordd y bywyd, fwynglyd fodd,
Trwy ddychweliad heb wadu
I lwybrau hedd, lanwedd lu.
Tangneddyfwyr, mwyn wŷr mad,
A ragorant trwy gariad;

by clergymen (they seek strife)
to whom malice is as sweet as honey.

Although some of these promote peace between countries,
a meek refuge,
there are more in haste (fervent disease)
to promote hostility.
Gentle and pure Sheridan at his own cost,
stood fast, and so did Fox;
in parliament, they spoke out
against adversity and in favour of lovely peace.
Watson made a lively speech in a crowd
and tried to shelter peace,
but, being between wolves (peaceless swarm),
in the end he became dejectedly silent.
And gentle Stanhope, a man of good hope,
after a long-lasting endeavour
he retreated out of sight,
from the swarm of evil wretches.
And Grey also, truly gentle man,
pulled wearily from under the bush
for the benefit and good
of a warm peaceful world.
Some who love virtue are to be had
amongst the great and good,
but amid them, the number of
genial ones which can be named are but few.

God of peace, the merit is good of
truly following the Lord, dear Father,
the fount of all sort of prosperity,
no less, and sustainer of his children.
Prince of Peace in dear form,
and beloved true and fair Jesus,
opened, out of His love for us,
the path of life (gentle and safe way)
by returning without denial
to the paths of peace, pure host.
Men of peace (gentle and good men)
excel through love;

Plant i'r Iôn, dirion heb dwyll,
Ydynt, heddychwyr didwyll.
Dyma nod, hynod yw hyn,
Dedwydd a gwir gredadun;
Gwir heddwch o'i gyrhaeddyd,
Gwiwlan berl, dwg elw i'n byd.
Iôn, gyr o'n gwlad anffynadwy
Bob rhyw drais a malais mwy,
Ac o'r byd, O! gyr heb wall
Ingaidd ddigofaint angall.

Y beirdd, o hyd, buraidd hwyl,
Archaf yn benna' gorchwyl
Ar i hedd (fel gwledd wiw glain)
A iechyd, mwyn, diochain,
Eich dilyn mewn bryn a bro,
A siriol eich cysuro;
A llwyddiant gwellwell addysg,
Hael wych maeth, hwylio i'ch mysg;
A boed hedd cain, rhag sain sŷr,
Cryf addas rhwng crefyddwyr.

Gwybodaeth, hoyw odiaeth hwyl,
Geiriau enwog Iôr annwyl,
Ac edrych, am gu rodiad,
Wrth Ei ddeddfau, moddau mad,
Ddwg lwyddiant mwyniant i'n mysg,
Heddwch a chywir addysg;
Yn llwyr, cyn ein cau mewn llwch,
Rhoddwn ein bryd ar heddwch.

Ffynhonnell: LlGC 6238A, tt. 271–80.

sincere peacemakers are children of God,
they are tender without deceit.
This is the mark (it is remarkable)
of the happy and true believer;
true peace, if it is achieved
(pure pearl), brings prosperity to the world.
Lord, drive from our unprosperous country
every sort of oppression and malice for ever more,
and from the world, Oh! drive away without fail
crazy agonizing wrath.

I pray that the chief undertaking
of peace (as in a pure and holy feast)
and health (gentle and uncomplaining),
is to follow you, the bards, over hill and dale,
and give you cheerful comfort
still (pure delight);
and may ever more flourishing education
(bountiful, excellent sustenance) flow to your midst;
and may fair peace, against the sound of stars,
strong and fitting, exist between those who profess religion.

Knowledge (excellent happy delight)
of the famous words of our dear Lord,
and observing (for the sake of a sweet path through life)
His commandments (good means)
will bring the delightful prosperity
of peace and proper education to our midst;
before we are enclosed in the grave,
may we set our hearts completely on peace.

Source: NLW 6238A, pp. 271–80.

45. Dydd ympryd

Fel y mae mintai o ladron yn disgwyl gŵr, felly y mae cynnulleidfa'r offeiriaid yn lladd ar y ffordd yn gytûn: canys gwnânt sgelerder (Hosea 6: 9)

Ar ôl pregethu oddi wrth y geiriau uchod, gellir canu y geiriau canlynol o hymn:

Fel mintai ladron yn ddi-stŵr
    Yn disgwyl gŵr i'w sbeilio,
Un wedd yw haid o 'ffeiriaid hyll,
    Mewn erchyll ddull yn twyllo.

Hwy wnânt sgelerder, trawster trwch,
    Dan rith difrifwch dwyfol:
Am lid a chynnen gwaedda rhain
    Mewn ffyrnig sain uffernol.

Gelynion heddwch, fel un llaw,
    Croch floeddiant draw dros ryfel;
Blaenoriaid ŷnt mewn twyll a bâr
    Ac awchus lafar uchel.

Ffynhonnell: LlGC 6238A, t. 204.

45. Fast-day

And as troops of robbers wait for a man, so the company of priests murder in the way by consent: for they commit lewdness (Hosea 6: 9)

After preaching on the above words, the following words of a hymn may be sung:

A swarm of ugly priests
who deceive people in a terrible way
is just like a troop of thieves
silently waiting for a man whom they can rob.

They commit villainy, atrocious oppression,
in the guise of sacred solemnity:
these men shout for wrath and conflict
with a fierce and hellish sound.

The enemies of peace, as one,
cry vociferously in favour of war;
they are leaders in deceit and wickedness
and in fierce, loud speech.

Source: NLW 6238A, p. 204.

46. Y Parchg T. Evans, Aberdâr, a'i cyfieithodd o'r Hog's Wash

Nid oes dim dan haul na lleuad
Na ddaw iddo gyfnewidiad:
Geiriau'r gwir a'r bod anfeidrol,
Digyfnewid yw'n dragwyddol. 4

Ffynhonnell: LlGC 4363B, t. 18.

46. The Revd T. Evans, Aberdare, translated it from Hog's Wash

There is nothing under the sun or moon
that does not undergo revolution:
words of truth, and the infinite being,
are eternally constant. 4

Source: NLW 4363B, p. 18.

ROBERT MORRIS / ROBIN MORUS,
Bryn y Gro
(Robin Ddu Eifionydd; 1767–1816)

47. Ar ddydd ympryd

Dewch, drigolion daear lawr,
I foli'n awr yn felus,
Yr Hwn a'n cadwodd yn fyw cyd
O fewn y byd enbydus.

Mae galwad arnom bawb mewn pryd,
Mewn ympryd ac mewn gweddi,
I blygu o flaen gorsedd Iôn;
O ddwyfron, bawb o ddifri.

Os ydyw'n teyrnas, parthau'n tir,
Dan gwmwl hir am gamwedd,
Achos ochain sy inni'n awr
Am gael i lawr drugaredd.

Os llwydda Lloegr mewn un lle,
Fel Ninife y llwydda:
Mewn edifeirwch, llaid a llwch,
Am heddwch a dihangfa.

Na fyddo galw am gleddyf main
I Frydain, i ddifrodi;
Efengyl gras fo yn ei grym,
Bawb gennym, yn ei gweini.

Cyfiawnder glân ynghyd â barn
A wnelo gadarn godi;
A chledd yr Ysbryd Glân, a'i glwy,
Fo'n rhedeg trwy fawrhydi.

Ffynhonnell: Corph y Gaingc (1810), t. 287.

ROBERT MORRIS / ROBIN MORUS,
Bryn y Gro
(Robin Ddu Eifionydd; 1767–1816)

47. On a fast-day

Come, inhabitants of the whole earth,
sweetly to praise
He who for so long kept us alive
in this dangerous world.

We are all called to
fast and pray in time,
to kneel before the Lord's throne;
everyone in earnest, from the heart.

If our kingdom, regions of our land,
are, because of wrong-doing, under a vast cloud,
we now have cause to beg
for mercy from on high.

If England succeeds at all,
it will succeed like Nineveh:
in repentance, mud and ashes,
for peace and deliverance.

May a sharp sword never be called for in order for
Britain to undertake destruction;
may the Gospel of grace be in power,
and every one of us serving it.

May pure righteousness, together with judgement
steadfastly rise;
and may the sword of the Holy Spirit, and its wound,
run in majesty.

Source: Corph y Gaingc (1810), p. 287.

ROBERT DAVIES
(Bardd Nantglyn; 1769–1835)

48. On Peace. *Croesawiad heddwch gan Robert Davies, Bardd Cymdeithas y Gwyneddigion yn Llundain*

Ar y dôn 'Duw gadwo y brenin'

Mae dydd gorfoledd, hawddgar fyd,
A dydd o heddwch glân ei bryd
    Yn gloywi'n bro;
Dydd o alar, carchar, cur,
Dydd o ddiodde arfau dur
    A ddarfu, do:
Pob pib organ, diddan dewch,
Cloch a thafod, fyth na thewch,
Addas dannau, na ddistewch;
    Chwarewch eich rhan:
Henffych, clywed heddwch clyd,
Pwy a'i carai fyddai'n fud?
Seinio 'nghyd boed i'r byd
    O'i bedwar ban.

Trowyd drylliau, gloeau glân,
Baratoed i boeri tân
    Mewn bwriad hy,
Heddiw'n llariaidd iawn a llwm,
A'u boliau dig mor wag o blwm
    Â'r ddraig o blu.
Tywallt gwaed a wnaed yn hir,
A merthyrdod môr a thir,
Ond wele'n wir, heddwch clir,
    Lonyddwch clyd:
Ffrainc a Lloegr law yn llaw,
Da iawn newydd wedi naw
Mlynedd drom o ryfel draw,
    Amrafael drud.

ROBERT DAVIES
(Bardd Nantglyn; 1769–1835)

48. On Peace. Welcoming peace, by Robert Davies, Bard of the Gwyneddigion Society in London

On the tune 'God Save the King'

A day of rejoicing (pleasant world)
and a day of pure peace
brightens our region;
the day of grief, imprisonment, pain,
the day of suffering weapons of steel
has come to an end, yes indeed:
every pipe organ, be merry,
bell and clapper, never be silent,
worthy strings, do not be quiet;
play your part:
hail, upon hearing warm peace,
how could any who love it be silent?
May the world resound in unison
from all its four corners.

Guns, hard locks,
which were prepared to spit fire
with bold intent,
today are turned very mild and bare,
and their angry bellies are as bereft of lead
as the dragon is of feathers.
Long was blood spilt,
and martyrdom enacted on land and sea,
but behold, indeed, bright peace,
safe tranquillity:
France and England are hand in hand,
excellent news after nine
heavy years of distant war,
a bitter quarrel.

Coder colofn ddofn, hardd wedd,
Ar fedd y cledd i gofio'r hedd
    Yn gyfair hyd;
Y wlad a dwnno'n leuad wen,
Tân enynno oll ar ben
    Canhwyllau'r byd:
Llosger pyg a phowdr mân
I wir oleuo'r awyr lân;
Chwe chan tunnell ar lawn tân
    Yr helynt hon;
Chwthed gynnau, tyrfau tes,
Raffau cochion, wreichion wres,
I Fawrth, rhyfeles, tresi o bres
    Ar draws ei bron.

Gwelwn bellach, glewion byd,
Yma wrth elw môr a thud,
    Mewn mawr waith oll;
Ceiff llongau'n bro dramwyo mŷr
Heb golyn saeth y gelyn sur,
    Na chur na choll;
I bob rhyw ddyn partôdd hedd
Yn ei wyneb, newydd wedd,
Codiad calon, gostwng cledd
    Rhag estyn clwy;
Ceiff milwyr blinion ryddion draed,
Derfydd gwisgo arwydd gwaed;
Gwisgoedd heddwch gynt a wnaed
    A gânt yn hwy!

Rhyfedd dynnu fydd ar dir,
Bawb i'w gartre, gore gwir,
    Yn gry a gwan;
Llawer un ag esgyrn briw,
Hanner byw, llesg ei liw
    Yn llusgo i'r lan;
A mawr weled amryw un
Wedi claddu llaw neu glun
Yn 'r Aifft neu Holand bell ei hun,
    Heb allu hwy;

Build a stout, beautiful column an acre long
on the grave of the sword
in order to commemorate the peace;
let the country shine like a white moon,
let fire kindle
on all the world's candles:
let pitch and fine powder be burnt
to fully illuminate the bright sky,
six hundred tons on full fire
to this end;
may guns blow (hot thunderbolts)
red ropes, sparks of heat;
to Mars, warrior woman, chains of brass
across her breast.

We now see, brave ones of the world,
here, for the profit of land and sea,
all in great work;
our country's ships will be able to travel the oceans
without the sting of an arrow from the bitter enemy,
nor pain or loss;
peace has prepared for every man
a new beginning,
it has cheered the heart, and dropped the sword
lest it should inflict a wound;
tired soldiers will be free;
they will no longer wear the sign of blood;
from now on they will have clothes of peace
which were once made for them!

It will be wonderful on land
as everyone, weak and strong, returns to their homes,
this is the best truth;
many with broken bones,
half alive, and weak,
will drag themselves back;
and some will be seen
who have buried a hand or leg
in Egypt or distant Holland,
no longer able-bodied;

Eraill dônt i ddiwall dir,
Fu maes y celaneddau'n hir,
Yn ddedwydd wir a'u bronnau'n glir
    Heb ronyn glwy.

Gwedi heilltion ddagrau hir
Caiff llawer mam ei mab i dir
    Mewn bywyd iach;
Pob gwraig i'w gŵr yn cyfarch gwell,
A llawer tad yn troi o bell
    At ei rai bach:
Beth am dorri cloeau glân
Carcharau myrdd yn chwilfriw mân?
Y caethion alar iawn fwynhân'
    Yn fuan hedd;
Llon eu gwedd, llenwi gân'
Eu geneu â chwerthin ac â chân,
Fel Israel glir, luosog lân,
    Felusa' gwledd.

Pethau mawrion freisgion fri
Diau wnaeth Duw i ni,
    A da iawn oedd;
Yn lle newyn, llawenhawn,
Wele lluniaeth hael a llawn
    A gawn yn goedd;
Darfu cri a gweiddi gwall,
Lli yn llygaid naill y llall,
Cefn a bol mewn cyfyng ball,
    Ac ofn y bedd:
Caned pawb ar flaenau'i draed,
Darfu sŵn a gollwng gwaed,
Arfau rhyfel a fawrhaed,
    I fôr o hedd.

Croesaw heddwch, gwres o ha'!
Yn iach, ryfel, ymbellha,
    Dydi beth llwm;
Croesaw heddwch, degwch da!
Iach, gawodydd ffôl o bla,
    A pheli o blwm:

others, who have long been on the battlefield of slaughter,
will come to the perfect shore,
truly content, without heavy hearts
and without a single wound.

After crying bitter tears for a long time,
many a mother will have her son returned to her
in good health;
every wife will welcome her husband,
and many a father will return from distant lands
to his little ones:
what about breaking the hard locks
of a multitude of prisons into tiny shards?
The sorrowful prisoners will
soon fully enjoy peace;
in gladness, they will be able to
fill their mouths with laughter and song,
like bright Israel, pure and numerous,
in the sweetest feast of all.

God has certainly done
great renowned things for us,
and it was good;
rather than starve, we rejoice,
behold generous and ample sustenance
which we are clearly given;
the cry and shout of wrong has come to an end,
floods of tears in many eyes,
back and belly in tight straits,
and the fear of the grave:
let everyone sing aloud,
the sound of war and of spilling blood is over,
the weapons of war which were once celebrated,
in a sea of peace.

Welcome peace, summer heat!
Farewell, war, be gone,
you mean thing;
welcome peace, fair beauty!
Farewell, foolish showers of plague,
and balls of lead:

Parhâd i frenin Prydain Fawr,
Yn golofn heddwch, wenffrwch wawr,
Cawn yn awr y bwyd i lawr,
    Ar hyd i'w le;
Awdwyr rhyfel, aed y rhain
O barth a bro i borthi brain;
A chleddyf main mwy mewn gwain,
    Amen ag e.

Ffynhonnell: Chester Chronicle, 25 October 1801.

long live the king of Great Britain
(in a column of peace, the dawn of a blessed eruption),
we will now have food down,
in its place everywhere;
may the authors of war
be taken from hearth and region to feed crows;
with the sharp sword now sheathed,
Amen to it.

Source: Chester Chronicle, 25 October 1801.

EVAN PRICHARD
(Ieuan Lleyn / Bardd Bryncroes; 1769–1832)

49. [Erchyllterau rhyfel]

Parawdd rhyfel fod uchel ochi,
Caeth, anwar gyllaeth yn hir gelli,
Dylaith, erchyll waith archolli – miloedd,
Lluddiaw'r gwleddoedd a lladd arglwyddi.

Och! wele adwyth a chaledi,
A loes i ddwyfron Lewis ddifri';
Galar ac anwar gyni – tra eres
I'r gynnes frenhines fronheini.

Ffynhonnell: Cwrtmawr 513B, t. 203.

EVAN PRICHARD
(Ieuan Lleyn / Bardd Bryncroes; 1769–1832)

49. [The horrors of war]

War caused loud groaning,
captive, terrible grief in vast woodland,
bar, the awful work of wounding thousands,
which hinders feasts and kills lords.

Woe! behold evil and hardship,
and an ache in sad Louis's breast;
and truly surprising grief and grim adversity
for the warm tender-hearted queen.

Source: Cwrtmawr 513B, p. 203.

50. [Heddwch]

Prysured, deued tawel – wir heddwch
A rhyddid oruchel;
Wedi'r hyn, nid air i hel
Unrhyw ofid na rhyfel.

Daw dydd y derfydd llid, arfau – a thrais,
Uthr, ysol, o'n caerau;
Cenfigen a'i holl bennau
Deflir i ffwrn y Diafl arw ffau.

Ffynhonnell: Cwrtmawr 513B, t. 118.

50. [Peace]

May quiet true peace hurry, may it come,
and sublime liberty;
after this, no trouble or war
will be pursued.

A day when anger, weapons and awful destructive violence
will disappear from our strongholds;
jealousy and its many heads
will be thrown to the Devil's furnace, grim lair.

Source: Cwrtmawr 513B, p. 118.

DIENW
(*fl.* 1790au)

51. Ar ddydd ympryd a gweddi

Arglwydd grymus, llywydd lluoedd,
Penrheolwr pob rhyfeloedd,
Unig roddwr buddugoliaeth,
Gwrand' 'ngweddi o'm milwriaeth.

Ry'm ni yma ym mhlaid y Goron,
Prins, a'n gwlad, a'n da, a'n dynion,
Yn rhyfela â gwŷr diras
Sy'n amcanu treisio'r deyrnas.

Arglwydd mawr, nid llai Dy bŵer
Mewn ychydig nag mewn llawer,
Os mewn gwendid rwyt fynychaf
Yn mynegi D'allu mwyaf.

Di ddifethaist trwy law gwerin
Ben-tywysog Brenin Jabin,
Ac a wnaethost i'r planedau
Ymladd trosto yn eu graddau.

Gelli, Arglwydd mawr, os mynni,
Roi i ninnau rym a gallu
I orchfygu ein gelynion,
Er nad ŷm ond milwyr gweinion.

Cryfach ydoedd gweddi Judith
Na'r holl welydd cedyrn aruth
I amddiffyn tre Bethania
Rhag i'r gelyn ei difetha.

Hen Elias, heb ddim arfau
Ond ei weddi, a ddifethai
Ddau ben capten a'u cwmpeini:
Beth sydd gryfach nag yw gweddi?

ANONYMOUS
(*fl.* 1790s)

51. On a day of fasting and prayer

Powerful Lord, leader of hosts,
commander-in-chief of all wars,
sole giver of victory,
listen to my prayer of military feats.

We are here, in defence of the Crown,
the prince, our country, our property and our men,
fighting against wicked men
who aim to violate the kingdom.

Great Lord, Your power is no weaker
in few rather than many men,
if You most frequently
express Your greatest might in a time of weakness.

You destroyed the tyrant, King Jabin,
through the hands of the people
and made the planets, in order,
fight over him.

God, great Lord, You can, if You wish,
give us power and might
to conquer our enemies,
even though we are but lowly soldiers.

Judith's prayer was stronger
than all the extremely strong walls
to defend the town of Bethany
lest the enemy should destroy it.

Old Elias, without any weapons
except his prayer, destroyed
two chief captains and their companies:
what is stronger than prayer?

Tydi'n unig sydd ryfelwr,
Gennyt Ti mae sgìl a chryfdwr:
Ti sydd roddwr buddugoliaeth,
Ti sy'n achub rhag marwolaeth.

Dod D'angylion i'n castellu
Rhag pob gelyn tra ni'n cysgu;
A dod lu o'th filwyr penna'
I'n cyfnerthu wrth ryfela.

Arglwydd, achub ni Dy weision,
A gwradwydda ein gelynion;
Cadw ein brenin a'i frenhiniaeth,
A rho iddo'r fuddugoliaeth.

Ffynhonnell: LlGC 794A, t. 1145.

You alone are a warrior,
You have skill and strength:
You are the giver of victory,
You deliver men from death.

Give Your angels to defend us
from every enemy while we sleep;
and put a host of Your best soldiers
to support us in battle.

Lord, save us, Your servants,
and shame our enemies;
save our king and his sovereignty,
and grant him the victory.

Source: NLW 794A, p. 1145.

W. DAVIS, Aberogwr
(*fl. c.*1793)

52. Dydd ympryd pabaidd, yn amser Chwyldroad Ffrainc

I'r ympryd, bobl, deuwch,
Fel hyn canfyddwch fod
Y pab a'i holl esgobion,
Yn erchi i ddynion ddod;
Does le i 'mesgusodi,
Nac oedi dod ynghyd;
Pob swyddog sydd mewn dychryn
O'r bron ar hyn o bryd,
Rhag lladd o'r Ffrancod gerwin
Bob brenin sy'n y byd.

Rwy'n ofni, dull eich ympryd,
Mai arfer ynfyd yw,
Y daw o'i ddyfal gynnal
I dynnu dial Duw;
Nid uchel ŵyl am bechod
Yw'r ddefod hynod hon,
Ond erfyn llwydd i'ch arfau
Trwy gyrrau'r ddaear gron,
Er difa trwy fawr ofid
Drigolion byd o'r bron.

Mae cadw dyddiau gwylion
I ddynion ddod at Dduw
Am ladd eu cyd-greduriaid
Yn boen i enaid byw;
Does brenin nac esgobion
Trwy'r byd, ni wyddom p'un,
All dderbyn un awdurdod,
Ar deg gydwybod dyn,
A roed mewn deddf naturiol
Yn hollol iddo'i hun.

W. DAVIS, Ogmore-by-sea
(*fl. c.*1793)

52. A popish fast-day in the time of France's Revolution

Come, people, to the fast-day,
like this you will discover that
the pope and all his bishops
command men to come;
there is no room to make excuses,
nor delay coming together,
every officer is in fear,
through and through at the moment,
lest the cruel French kill
every king in the world.

I fear by the manner of your fast-day
that it is a foolish custom,
and that it will bring God's vengeance
if it is assiduously practised;
this remarkable ritual
is not a high festival for sin,
but praying for success for your weapons
in the corners of the whole world,
in order to destroy, with great sorrow,
all the inhabitants of the world.

It is painful to every living soul
that feast-days are observed
for men to approach God
in order to kill their fellow-creatures;
there is no king or bishop
in the entire world (we know not which one)
who can take authority
over man's fair conscience,
which was given by natural law
to him to use for himself.

Nid teg fod gweinidogion,
O gau ddibenion cyd,
Yn haeru fod rhyw arfaeth
Ar benllywodraeth byd;
Gan geisio gosod rhyfel
O gyngor dirgel Duw,
Athrawiaeth gas ddinistriol,
Ddiras i ddynolryw,
Sy'n lledu hyll drallodion
O boen i ddynion byw.

Cynhyrfiad gwyniau arfog,
A llidiog, dyma'r llun,
Gwael enw pob galanas,
A dardd i ma's o'r dyn;
Mae Duw'n gorchymyn heddwch,
Hyfrydwch, harddwch yw,
I deulu daearolion,
Iawn foddion, inni fyw
Mewn cwlwm glân cariadlon,
Bob rhan o ddynolryw.

Pan bo rhyw ben-concwerwr,
Rhyfelwr, milwr mawr,
Yn difa gwlad a threfi,
Trwy'u llosgi hyd y llawr,
E genir ei ogoniant
A'i lwyddiant oll ar led,
A'i enw mewn anrhydedd,
Yn rhyfedd iawn a red:
Anfeidrol yw'r ynfydrwydd,
Er gwradwydd mawr i Gred.

Mae codi trethi trymion,
Ar ddynion mor ddidduw,
A'r gwan yn cael ei wasgu,
A braidd yn gallu byw;
Gwaith diras ben-swyddogion,

It is not fair that ministers have
for so long with false intent
asserted that there is something providential
in the sovereignty of the world;
attempting to place war
as part of God's mysterious council,
an evil and harmful doctrine,
which is wicked for mankind,
and which spreads ugly tribulations
which afflict living men.

The incitement of armed and angry lusts
(this is the image),
and every wretched murder,
emanates from man;
God commands peace
(it is delightful, beautiful)
for the family of men on earth
(true means), for us,
every part of mankind, to live
in pure, loving bonds.

When some arch-conqueror,
warrior, great soldier,
destroys town and country,
by razing them to the ground,
his glory will be sung,
and his name in honour,
and all his success will go abroad,
and run very wonderfully:
this madness is boundless,
much to the shame of Christendom.

Raising heavy taxes
on such ungodly men,
and the weak who are pressed so hard,
that they can barely live;
this is the work of wicked ministers

Afradlon, blinion blaid,
O'u rhyfyg sy'n dwyn rhyfel,
Ymrafel nad yw raid;
Dan ddwylo'r fath flaenoriaid,
Pen-ffyliaid byth ni phaid.

Ble nawr mae'ch holl esgobion,
Sy'n ben-duwiolion byd,
Na soniant yn eich senedd
Un gair am hedd o hyd?
Os rhyfel yw eu crefydd,
A llosgi gwledydd glân,
Dwys drawiad, a distrywio,
A mwrddro mawr a mân,
Na ddeled byth, gobeithio,
I'n blino yn y bla'n.

Ffynhonnell: Y Llinos, tt. 24–6.

(wasteful, grievous party)
who, from their own arrogance bring war,
an unnecessary quarrel;
in the hands of such leaders
(arch-fools!) war never ends.

Where now are all your bishops,
those who are the head-churchmen of the world,
who have not yet spoken a single word
about peace in your parliament?
If war is their religion,
and so too burning pure countries
(deep blow), and destroying,
and murdering weak and strong,
let us hope that they may never come
to trouble us in the future.

Source: Y Llinos, pp. 24–6.

DAFYDD RISIART / DAVID RICHARD,
Waun-lwyd
(*fl.* 1794–8)

53. Cân newydd ar yr amser

Trigolion gwlad Britannia, rai daera' yn eich dydd,
Deffrowch a dewch i styried yr amser blin y sydd;
Trwy'n hynys ni mae'n ddistaw, terfysgoedd blin sydd draw,
A miloedd sydd yn cwympo trwy'r cleddyf ar bob llaw.

Trugaredd rad anfeidrol yn awr na buasem ni
O fewn i'r ynys nesaf,‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡ lle mae'r aruthrol gri;
Terfysgoedd a rhyfeloedd, a gwrthryfeloedd sydd,
A phob dyn byw mewn pryder o'u bywyd nos a dydd.

Er cael rhybuddion beunydd, ar ôl rhybuddion prudd,
Ar draul ein doeth athrawon, rai dewrion yn eu dydd,
I ado'n drwg arferion, a'n coeg amcanion cas,
Sy'n galw ar Dduw yn fore am hogi'r cleddau glas.

Er clywed am ryfeloedd, sôn am ryfeloedd pell,
Dy'm ni'n ymwrol mymryn am fod un gronyn gwell;
Po hwyaf cawn ein harbed trwy'n drwg fucheddau draw,
Mae achos gennym ofni, mai trymaf gyd y daw.

O! cofiwn eiriau'n Harglwydd trwy'r Efangylau gwir,
Lle dengys Ei gyfiawnder a'i drugareddau pur;
Sef am y dynion hynny, o achos buchedd gas,
Lle syrthiodd tŵr Siloam ar bennau'r rhai di-ras.

"Ai achos bod y rheiny yn bechaduriaid mwy
Y daeth y farnedigaeth, mor dosted arnynt hwy?"
"Nage, nage, dywyllwch, rwy'n dwedyd i'ch ar go'dd,
Oni byddwch edifeiriol, difethir chwi'r un modd."

‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡ Ffrainc.

DAFYDD RISIART / DAVID RICHARD,
Waun-lwyd
(*fl.* 1794–8)

53. A new song on the present time

Inhabitants of Britannia's land, most fervent in your day,
awake, and consider the current troubled time;
it is quiet throughout our island, but beyond, there is grievous strife,
and thousands fall by the sword on every side.

Free and infinite mercy now ensure that we are not
in the next island,‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡ where the terrible cry is;
there are conflicts, wars, and rebellions,
and every living man fears for his life, night and day.

Despite having daily warnings, after grim warnings,
at the expense of our wise teachers, brave ones in their day,
to leave our bad habits, and our arrogant and cruel intentions,
which call on God soon to sharpen the steel sword.

Despite hearing about wars, and mention of distant wars,
we're not striving at all to be the least bit better;
the longer we are spared in evil conduct yonder,
we have cause to fear that judgement will come more heavily upon us.

Oh! let us remember the words of our Lord in the Gospels,
where He shows His righteousness and pure mercies;
that is, about those people, because of cruel conduct,
where the tower of Siloam fell on the heads of the godless ones.

"Was it because they were greater sinners
that judgement was delivered upon them so harshly?"
"No, no, darkness, I tell you publicly,
if you are not repentant, you will be destroyed in the same way."

‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡ France.

Gan hynny, O! Frytaniaid, yn gryno yma 'nghyd,
Rhown heibio'n coeg deganau a'n gwag bleserau gyd;
Erfyniwn ar Duw beunydd, pen-llywydd ar bob llu,
Nes delo'r cledd dialus i mewn i'n hynys ni!

Gwyn fyd a welai'r amser addawd yng ngeiriau Duw,
I 'Fengyl Iesu hedeg a chael gogoned gwiw;
A holl derfysgoedd daear yn ddistaw trwy bob lle;
Pe byddai hyn yn unol â'i sanctaidd feddwl E.

Troi'r waywffon yn bladur, dymunol fyddai'i gwedd,
A'r holl gleddyfau'n sychau, arwyddion hardd o hedd;
Ac enw'r Iesu'n glodfawr trwy holl deyrnasoedd byd:
O! Dduw, prysura'r amser! O! brysia'r dedwydd bryd!

Duw cadw Siors y trydydd yn llywydd ar ein gwlad,
Amddiffyn e'n wastadol rhag pob gelynol frad;
Bydd iddo'n ben cynghorwr, dadleuwr ar ei ran;
A phawb o'r tŷ brenhinol, rhinweddol ym mhob man.

Ffynhonnell: VSP (1795), 13–14.

And so, Oh, Britons! gathered here together,
let us cast aside our vain toys and all our empty pleasures;
let us pray daily to God, the commander-in-chief of every army,
until the vengeful sword comes into our island!

Blessed is he who lives to see the time promised in God's word,
when Jesus's Gospel spreads abroad and receives worthy glory;
and all earthly conflicts are everywhere quiet;
if this was in accordance with His holy purpose.

It would be lovely to see the spear turned into a scythe,
and all the swords into ploughshares, beautiful signs of peace;
and for Jesus's name to be praised through all kingdoms of the world:
Oh! God, hasten the time! Oh quickly bring the happy occasion!

May God keep George III on our country's throne,
and protect him always from every inimical betrayal;
be his chief counsellor, an advocate on his behalf;
and protect everyone in the royal, virtuous household, wherever they go.

Source: VSP (1795), 13–14.

54. Ychydig benillion o ddiolch i Dduw am gynnal ac amddiffyn y brenin a'r deyrnas rhag syrthio'n ysglyfaeth i lidiowgrwydd ffiaidd Ffrainc, ynghyd â deisyfiad i'r bobl yn gyffredin i ymddûvyn eu beichiau yn amyneddgar. Gan D.R.

Pob moliant pur foesol fo i Dduw yn benodol,
Prif orchest iawn nerthol, anfeidrol, ddeddfawl;
Yr unig wir noddfa mewn dydd o gyfyngdra,
I'r sawl ymddirieda ynddo'n ddidawl.

Am hynny 'tolygwn ein Pen-llywydd pereiddfwyn
Yn ddyfal i amddiffyn ein brenin yn fyw;
Mewn oes ac hynawsedd, yn llwyr hyd y diwedd,
A'r wlad tan Ei adenydd i'w chadw.

Piler cadarnwiw, gwâr, odiaeth gŵr ydyw,
Ac impyn o'r Iesu, eglurwn ei glod;
Fel ffyddlon wasnaethwyr, yn ymgais obrysur,
Roi moliant tra difyr â'u tafod.

Canys llong heb un llongwr sydd b'ryglus ei chyflwr,
A dinas heb swcwr na phleidiwr i'w phlaid;
A gwlad heb un pennaeth a ddigwydd yn ddiffaith,
Gan anrhaith y gyfraith ac afraid.

Cedyrn Ffrainc ydoedd, ers talm o flynyddoedd,
Â'u bryd ar ein tiroedd a'n torri ni o'n ffydd;
Yr amser a'u dysga nad yr hydd bia'r rhedfa,
Na'r frwydyr i'r cryfa' wrth y cleddyf.

Enw Siors hynod, trwy ffydd ac awdurdod,
A nerth Duw'n ei gymod, a'n cadw'n ddiwall;
Fel saethau o fellt Seisnig i dalu am y dirmyg,
I'r ffyrnig lu Ffrengig, ffrau angall.

54. Some verses of thanks to God for maintaining and defending the king and the kingdom from falling prey to France's vile wrath, as well as a request to the common people to bear their burdens with patience. By D.R.

May every pure, moral praise be to God above all,
true powerful feat, infinite and faithful;
the only true refuge in a day of hardship,
to those who trust in Him entirely.

For that reason, we beseech our sweet and gentle Lord
devotedly to defend and keep our king alive;
to maintain in age and kindliness, entirely until the end,
and to place the country safely under His wing.

The king is a firm pillar, gentle, an excellent man,
and a scion of Jesus, we make plain his renown;
like faithful servants, very diligently seeking
to give finest praise with their tongues.

Because a ship without any sailor is in a perilous state,
as is a city without succour or a supporter;
and a country without a leader will fall barren,
by the destruction of the law and extravagance.

The strong ones of France had, for a good few years,
set their hearts on our lands and on cutting us from our faith;
the present time will teach them that the stag does not own the course,
nor does the battle belong to the one with the strongest sword.

The name of renowned George, through faith and authority,
and by the power of God, will keep us safe;
like arrows of English lightning to pay for the insult,
to the fierce French host, foolish stream.

Ymrowch i fodloni, er trwm bwys eich trethi,
Am ymladd a thrychni, mawr surni mae'r sôn;
Tra caffoch lonyddwch, yn ddiofal dioddefwch,
A gwelwch iach degwch eich digon. 28

Ffynhonnell: BML (1798), 31.

Do your best to be satisfied, despite the very great weight of your taxes,
there is talk of fighting, misfortune, and a great bitterness;
while you have peace, suffer without a care,
and be satisfied with your lot. 28

Source: BML (1798), 31.

DIENW
(*fl.* 1796)

55. Pennill ar 'Belle Isle March' yn dangos yr ymwared rhyfeddol a wnaeth y Brenin mawr i'n teyrnas pan oedd y Ffrancod wedi mordwyo i ymyl tir Iwerddon. A'u llongau yn llawn gwŷr ac arfau ar feddwl dinistrio'r wlad, cododd storm o wynt mawr, yr hwn a chwthodd eu llongau mewn modd tra gwyrthiol rhag cyflawni eu hamcan, a braidd y bu eu bywyd yn ddihangol

Trigolion Brydain, lân buredig
Drwy wir enwedig waith,
Rhown fawl ar gyhoedd i Iôr y lluoedd
Ar dir a moroedd maith,
'R Hwn sydd â'i hynod wir awdurdod
Anorfod hyd y nef;
Pob goruwchafiaeth sydd dan Ei helaeth
Lywodraeth odiaeth Ef.
Wrth dir Iwerddon draw,
Dangosodd nerth Ei law,
Diddymodd greulon ddrwg amcanion
Gelynion fryntion fraw:
Pan oedd eu llongau yn llawn o arfau
Mal tyrau wrth y tir,
Am dywallt gwirion waed
Trigolion Iwerddon oll yn wir,
Gwasgarodd Ef eu llu
Uwchben y ddyfnfor du
Trwy wyrth tra nerthol, anorchfygol,
Rhyfeddol iawn a fu.
Rhag cael eu h'wllys ar yr ynys
Haelionus fu Ei law,
Esgynnodd heddwch a mwyn dawelwch,
Fe ddaliodd dristwch draw.

Ffynhonnell: Cwrtmawr 514B, t. 58.

ANONYMOUS
(*fl.* 1796)

55. A verse on 'Belle Isle March' that shows the wonderful deliverance that the great King brought to our kingdom when the French sailed near Ireland. With their ships full of men and weapons, intent on destroying the country, a storm of great wind broke, which blew their ships in such a miraculous way that they were prevented from fulfilling their intent, and barely escaped with their lives

Inhabitants of virtuous and pure Britain,
through true notable work,
let us publicly praise the Lord of hosts
on land and wide seas,
He, whose wonderful true authority
reaches invincibly unto heaven;
every victory is under His extensive
splendid government.
He showed the power of His hand
near Ireland, yonder,
he undid the cruel, wicked intent
of vile, dread enemies:
when their ships were full of weapons
like towers near land,
about, indeed, to spill the innocent blood
of all Ireland's inhabitants
he scattered their host
above the deep dark sea
through a mighty, invincible miracle;
it was most marvellous.
lest the French should have their way on the island
God's hand was generous,
peace and gentle tranquillity arose,
He kept sadness at bay.

Source: Cwrtmawr 514B, p. 58.

ROWLAND JONES, Llanuwchllyn
(*fl.* 1798)

56. Ar y testun, 'beth oedd achos y rhyfel?', a roddwyd i'r eisteddfod, Caerwys 1798

Balchder egr ei ogwydd, – a thrais,
A thrysor y cybydd,
A meddwdod, nod annedwydd,
Arw sail, a hwrio sydd.

A'r celwydd, gwradwydd gwridog, – dost eiriau,
Distyru'r Ardderchog,
Gwadu grym Oen grog,
Dewis offeiriad diog.

Hyn a bair y rhyfel byth – gwelwn
Y pla'n ceulo'n plith;
Gyr y clwy fwyfwy ar feth
O bob un byw, bawb o'n bath.

Ffynhonnell: LlGC 6967B, t. 95.

ROWLAND JONES, Llanuwchllyn
(*fl.* 1798)

56. On the subject, 'what was the cause of the war?', which was given out at the eisteddfod in Caerwys 1798

There is overweening pride, oppression,
and the miser's treasure,
and drunkenness, wretched work,
rough foundation, and whoring.

There is also falsehood (blushing shame), harsh words,
distaining the Almighty,
denying the power of the crucified Lamb,
and choosing lazy priests.

This always causes war; we see
the plague brewing in our midst,
the disease drives ever more
every living soul, everyone like us, to perish.

Source: NLW 6967B, p. 95.

Y Parchg J. MORGAN
(*fl.* 1798)

57. Annerch at orthrymwyr

Gwrandewch, yn rhodd, frenhinoedd byd!
Ai lladd o'r bron sydd yn eich bryd?
Cyn gorffen hyn o waith
Rhaid mynd dros wledydd maith,
A gosod eu dinasoedd fflwch
Yn wael garneddau yn y llwch.

Mae'r cyfan fyd mewn cryd a braw,
Gan ofni gyd rhag llid eich llaw;
Yr hwn os ennyn wna,
Fel blin uffernol bla:
Bydd gwae ac ochain hyd y lle
Pan gwympir nifer llawer lle.

O! flin elynion greulon gri!
Ai meibion dynion ydych chi,
Neu ryw ellyllon drwg
O'r fagddu dân a mwg
A ddaeth yn lluoedd hyll eu lliw
I lwyr anrheithio dynolryw?

Ffynhonnell: LlGC 3199E, eitem 2, t. 39.

The Revd J. MORGAN
(*fl.* 1798)

57. An address to oppressors

Kings of the world, listen if you please!
Is killing entirely your heart's desire?
Before finishing this task
you must travel distant lands,
and lay their bright cities
in mean ruins in the dust.

The whole world is in dread and terror,
all fearing wrath at your hands;
which, if incited, will
be like an angry hellish plague:
there will be woe and groaning everywhere
when hosts in many places are cut down.

Oh! angry enemies whose cry is cruel!
are you sons of men,
or are you some sort of evil fiends
from the utter darkness of fire and smoke
who have come in vast ugly droves
to utterly ravage mankind?

Source: NLW 3199E, item 2, p. 39.

THOMAS FRANCIS, Trefdraeth
(*fl.* 1799)

58. Cân am y rhyfel presennol, gan Thomas Francis, gerllaw Trefdraeth yn sir Benfro

Chwi'r dynion da diddig, y Cymry caredig,
Rhowch gennad, gwnaf gynnig i ganu,
A dweud fel mae dynion yn brysur ymryson,
A'u meddwl, trwy eu moddion, i'n maeddu.

Y Ffrancod ffyrnica' sy'n gweithio eu gwaetha',
A'u rhif yn rhyfela'n rhyfygus;
'N ôl lladd llawer yno, trwy stŵr a distrywio,
Maent beunydd yn para'n bwerus.

'N ôl eu bwrw yn erwin bron pawb yn eu herbyn,
Does argoel mo'r gelyn a gilia;
Ond ymladd heb ddiwedd yn brysur â'u bysedd,
A dydd eu dialedd yn dala.

Mae bagad yn gwirio fod llaw yn eu llwyddo,
Rhy anhawdd neb gario'n eu herbyn:
Os gwir yw, hwy garian', yn lân hwy a lwyddan',
Er maint godo gyda ni gwedyn.

Yn syml, mi gota' i Samuel gynta:
Sôn yna am ryfela rhyfeloedd
Rhwng Dafydd yn ddiau a'r cawr yn ei gaerau;
Ond gwyddoch o'r gorau pwy gariodd!

Doedd Dafydd, mae'n amlwg, ond gwael o ran golwg,
I wynebu'r fath hwdwg ag ydoedd;
Ond cododd i gerdded, gan adael y defaid,
A'r llanc, er mor lleied, a'i lladdodd.

THOMAS FRANCIS, Newport
(*fl.* 1799)

58. A song about the present war, by Thomas Francis, near Newport in Pembrokeshire

You, good, content men, kind Welshmen,
permit me to attempt a song,
and thereby relate how men are busily quarrelling and clashing,
and how their minds and means are set on vanquishing us.

The fiercest Frenchmen are doing their worst,
and their number fight daringly;
after killing many there, through commotion and destruction,
they remain powerful each day.

After cruelly beating almost everyone who is against them,
there is no indication that the enemy will retreat;
rather, the French will fight to the end with busy hands,
and hold fast to their day of vengeance.

A large number confirms that the hand of God allows them to prevail,
for it is too difficult for anyone to succeed against them:
if this is true, they will carry the day, they will thoroughly succeed,
despite the number who then rise up with us.

Quite simply, I will raise the Book of Samuel first:
reference is made there to warring
between David, indeed, and the giant in his stronghold;
but you know full well who carried the day!

It is obvious that David was but humble in appearance
to face such a bogy as was Goliath;
but he got up to go, leaving the sheep,
and the youth, despite being so small, killed the giant.

Llanc ieuanc oedd Dafydd, ond efe oedd ufudd,
Yn enwi'i Waredydd yn rhedeg
I wynebu'r byddinoedd, heb amau fe'u maeddodd;
Ond cofiwn pwy gariodd y garreg!

Os daw'r dynion diras i'n taro fel teyrnas,
A'u campau o'n cwmpas i'n cwympo,
Y cryf, o ran crefydd, a'i piau hi beunydd,
A doed y dialydd pan y delo.

Dewch ata-i yma eto i Genesis joino,
Cawn hanes iawn yno am Noa:
Hwn fildodd long loyw o goed gael ei gadw,
Fel na ddelai dilyw i'w ddala.

'R hen fyd oedd pryd hynny yn llawn o ddrygioni,
A mawr oedd y pechu, nid bychan;
Ond Noa fe nofiodd, a'i wythfed ni fethodd,
A'r drwg fe a drengodd yno druan.

Darllenwn 'r un llyfr o gariad yn gywir,
Deallwn na thwyllir mohonom:
Am Lot oedd y doethyn, a'i ferched yn cychwyn,
Hwy safiwyd yn sydyn o Sodom.

A'i wraig fwyn fynwesol, we'n ddiau'n ddihangol,
Edrychodd hi drach ôl ei chefen;
Ac am na fu'n foddlon i fado â'r afradlon,
Hi a drows yn golon o halen.

Ni gofiwn yn gynnes am dri llanc a leicies,
Rhain fwriwyd i'r ffwrnes i ffreio,
Am na faent yn addoli y ddelw i ddwli,
Hwy gawsant, er synnu, eu safio.

Tri gyrchwyd o garchar i'w llosgi'n ewyllysgar,
Heb baid, roedd yno bedwar yn rhodio;
Ni chawsant hwy yna ddim gofid, mi gofia,
Na'r tân ddim eu difa na'u deifo.

David was a young boy, but he was obedient,
naming his Saviour as he ran
to face the armies, and he defeated them without doubt;
but we remember who carried the stone!

If the abominable men come to strike our kingdom,
and their trickery surrounds us in order to overthrow us,
the strong in religious faith is always successful,
and so may the avenger come when he pleases.

Come with me again to join the Book of Genesis,
where we have the true history of Noah:
he built a resplendent boat of wood to save himself,
so that the deluge would not catch him out.

This old world was at that time full of wrong-doing,
and sin was pervasive and substantial;
but Noah floated, and did not lose one eight,
and the wicked came to a pitiful end.

If we read the same book correctly with love,
we will understand that we will not be deceived:
for Lot was a learned man, and his daughters were stirring,
they were saved suddenly from Sodom.

And his gentle, dear wife, was indeed delivered,
looked back over her shoulder;
and because she was not content to leave the extravagance of Sodom,
she turned into a pillar of salt.

We remember warmly three lads whom I liked,
who were cast into the furnace to fry,
because they would not adore the graven image in foolishness,
they were, to much surprise, saved.

Three were taken from prison, willingly, to be burnt
without cessation, four walked from there;
they were not troubled there in prison at all, as I remember,
and nor did the fire consume or scorch them.

Wel, Brydain bob prydiau fo'n ufudd i weddïau,
Yn gryno bob graddau fo'n griddfan;
Nid gweled ei gily' a'u bwriad i farnu,
Ond pob un i holi ei hunan.

A'r brenin rhag bradwyr, Duw cadwo fe'n gywir,
Boed iddo fe'r cysur agosaf;
A'i ryfel a'i arfod fo'n astud yn wastod
Yn erbyn ei bechod fynychaf.

A diwedd fo'n dŵad ar ryfel a'i ruad,
Dymunwn i gariad ei gario;
Ac i'r fwyn Efengyl fynd rhagor yn rhugil,
A Llywydd pob llefydd a'i llwyddo.

Ffynhonnell: VSP (1799), 31–2.

Well, let Britain at all times observe prayers obediently,
and so too let every class of person groan,
rather than finding fault with one another,
may each and every one look to himself.

And may God properly save the king from traitors,
and be his closest comfort;
and may his war and his vanguard always be assiduous
against his most often sin.

And may an end come to war and its roaring,
I wish that love would vanquish it;
and that the gentle Gospel would proceed smoothly
with God's speed.

Source: VSP (1799), 31–2.

JOHN LLWYD, Corwen
(*fl.* 1799)

59. Cerdd o ystyriaeth ar y llyfr a elwir Seren Tan Gwmmwl, *a ddanfonodd bardd o Gymru at gyfaill i Lundain*

Y dôn yw 'Pretty Peggy'

Fy hen gyfaill mwyn gweddus a dawnus ar dwyn,
Myfi yn arbennig sy'n cynnig gwneud cwyn
Yn erbyn oer araith, ysywaeth y sydd,
Yn groes i'r Sgrythurau, ddwl foddau ddi-fudd.

Felly gwnaeth Siôn, a'i dôn anian del,
Ei draethod anwiredd, llawn ffoledd nid ffel;
O Lan-y-gors gethin, un o fyddin y fall
A gafodd y bendro, rwy'n coelio nid call.

Diolchodd yn weddedd a ffraethedd ei ffrost
I'r gwŷr a'u hawddgarwch, gwybyddwch, mewn bost;
Am agor trysorau, sef eu llyfrau modd llawn,
At ei orchwyl anufudd, dwl ddeunydd di-ddawn.

Doedd yn eu llyfrgelloedd ar gyhoedd i'w gael
Ddim llyfrau Cristnogol, anfuddiol fu'r fael;
Na'r fwynedd Efengyl, disigil ei sêl,
Ond *Llyfr y Prif Oesau*, mewn golau'n ddi-gêl.

Hanes yw hwnnw, rhyw lanw'n ei lyfr,
Gâi'r heretic styfnig, tra sarrug a syfr;
Fe'i rhoddodd, er absen, pob ddamwen drwg ddaeth
A gafodd o ynddo, a'i ffrostio wnâi'n ffraeth.

Mae henw go hynod i'w draethod di-drefn,
Seren Tan Gwmmwl, sy'r cwbwl tu cefn;
Ond ei feddwl dau-ddwbwl yw cwmwl mawr cudd
Sy yn rhwystro i'w enaid hoff welaid trwy ffydd.

JOHN LLWYD, Corwen
(*fl.* 1799)

59. A poem reflecting upon the book called Seren Tan Gwmmwl *(Clouded Star; 1795) that a poet from Wales sent to a friend in London*

The tune is 'Pretty Peggy'

My dear old friend, clearly respectable and gifted,
I, in particular, offer a complaint
against a sad work, which is, alas,
contrary to the Scriptures, foolish useless manners.

Thus did Siôn with his rough-natured style
make his false essay, which is full of no-good foolishness;
one of hell's host, from wild Glan-y-gors,
had an attack of light-headedness; I don't believe that he is sane.

For your information, in a boast, he thanked men and their geniality,
with seemly and eloquent bragging;
for opening treasures, that is their books (full means),
for his own disloyal purpose, dull and witless material.

There were no Christian books freely available
in their libraries (it was profitless);
nor the dear Gospel whose zeal is unshakeable,
only *Drych y Prif Oesoedd* (A Mirror to the First Ages), was to be had.

That book is a history, something to stuff in his own book,
which the obstinate heretic (most churlish and babbling) would have;
Siôn put in his book, in order to slander, every bad accident
that he found in it, and bragged about it wittily.

His disorderly essay has a very remarkable title,
Seren Tan Gwmmwl; which is all back-to-front;
but his duplicitous mind is a large concealing cloud,
which prevents his sweet soul from seeing things through faith.

Tan orchudd du dwllwch, gwybyddwch, mae'n byw,
Heb barchu daionus a dawnus air Duw;
Ond byw mewn gau dduwiaeth, anhywaeth o hyd,
Drwg feddwl gwrthnebol, yn fradol ei fryd.

Na fyddwch gydymeth i'r diffeth ddyn dall
Sydd heb agor ei lygaid i welaid ei wall;
Ond mynnodd yn brysur ar antur di-rôl,
Tan chwythu celanedd, gwaith ffiedd a ffôl.

Mogelwch chwi ganlyn y cyndyn ddyn cas,
Rhag ofn ichwi gwympo, a dwfn suddo i'r un sias;
Cyfeillach ddrygionus sydd warthus, yn wir,
Medd Llyfr y Diarhebion, mewn clau foddion clir.

A chofiwch am Gora, a'i lu gwaetha' mewn gwarth,
Âi i ddysgu ddwys boenau sy'n cynnau fal carth;
Am godi'n wrthnebol, nid gweddol y gwnaeth,
Tragwyddol dig dialedd, eiddigedd a ddaeth.

Na ddwedwch, Duw nefol, yn rhadol a rhwydd,
Pan ddelo'r drygionus, nid gweddus i'ch gŵydd;
Rhag ofn bod yn gydfod o'i bechod a'r bai,
Diraddol direidi, trueni di-drai.

Gwaith rheswm naturiol, tueddol yntê,
Yw barnu'n rhy gnawdol, anfuddiol yw fe;
Ond bernwch heb gyffro yn gryno efo'r graen,
Yn un â'r Efengyl, a'r Bibil o'ch blaen.

Cewch weled camsyniad dideimlad y dyn,
Yn distyru'r awdurdod, modd hynod ei hun,
Heb bwyll nac amynedd, na sylwedd o'i siôl,
Na rheol na rheswm, oer larwm a lol.

Nid oes un awdurdod o'i hanfod ei hun,
Duw sydd fel y mynno'n ordeinio i bob dyn;
Pob un sy wrthnebol i'r dwyfol air Duw,
Tan nod yr anghenfil, sef y bwystfil, mae'n byw.

He lives, you know, under the cover of black darkness,
with no respect for God's blessed and gracious word;
rather, he yet lives in rebellious idolatry,
evil, contrary mind, his nature is seditious.

Do not be a companion to this dissolute, blind man
who has not opened his eyes to see his error;
but rather, he insisted busily on an unruly adventure,
by flogging a dead horse, vile and foolish work.

Take care not to consort with this perverse nasty man,
lest you should fall, and sink deeply into the same trouble;
a wicked association is, indeed, disgraceful,
as the Book of Proverbs tells us quite plainly.

And remember Korah, and his most shameful host,
who went to learn a hard lesson which caught fire like rubbish;
because he rose up in opposition (he did not behave properly),
eternal, angry vengeance and jealousy came.

Do not, God of heaven, speak graciously and easily
when the wicked (the improper!) come into your presence;
remember this in case you share in his sin and error,
degrading wickedness, unceasing wretchedness.

The work of natural reason (it is surely biased)
is to judge too carnally (it is worthless);
but judge without agitation, completely with the grain,
according to the Gospel, with the Bible before you.

You will see the man's unfeeling error,
ignoring the authority in his own peculiar way,
without sense or patience, nor substance in his skull,
nor rule nor reason, sad babbling nonsense.

There is no authority of its own essence,
God, according to His wishes, ordains it for every man;
everyone who opposes God's divine word
lives under the sign of the beast.

A gwadwr Crist Iesu, un felly yw fe,
Yn gwyrdroi'r Ysgrythur o'i llwybyr a'i lle;
Trwy ddirmygu'r gair santedd, anweddedd ei wawr,
A phawb y sydd felly'n dirmygu'r Duw mawr.

Cablu gwir urddas mae'r diras ddyn dall,
A hynny mewn gwallgo i foddio'r hen fall;
A chadarn wrthnebu, dibarchu'r pen Pôr,
A'n brenin grasusol tra siriol, sef Siôr,

Sy â'i deyrnas tan fendith, gwlad gwenith glyd lawn
O bob rhyw ddanteithion a dynion mewn dawn;
Nid oes tan ffurfafen ail Prydain bob pryd
Am hygar reolaeth, mae'n bennaeth y byd.

Ac addfwyn pur frenin sy i'w meithrin er maeth
Yn rhagor taleithiau, rhai gorau rhy gaeth;
Mae'n llawn o bob llwyddiant, da fwyniant di-feth,
Trwy Dduw a'i drugaredd, gwir puredd yw'r peth.

Mewn rhyddid crefyddol mae'r bobol yn byw,
Cael addoli wrth eu h'wyllys, modd dawnus, eu Duw;
Yn ôl eu cydwybod, mael hynod mewn hedd,
Heb neb yn eu lluddias, gwiw addas eu gwedd.

Ond efrau mewn gwenith llawn rhagrith a rhith,
Sy am godi gwrthryfel, mae eu chwedel yn chwith;
Megis y Ffrancod, Gwyddelod gwir yw,
Dinistrio, llabyddio, anrheithio pob rhyw.

Ond methu gan Satan, ansutiol ei sen,
A Siôn ei was anfad gael eu bwriad i ben;
Duw sydd yn castellu, heb ballu bob parth,
A'u geilw'n hyderus a gweddus rhag gwarth.

Gogoniant, mil moliant yn bendant fo'n bod,
I Dduw tragwyddoldeb, eglurdeb Ei glod;
Fe gadwodd Ef Bryden yn llawen rhag llid,
Er dyfais gelwyddog rhai geuog i gyd.

One who rejects Christ Jesus, such is he,
distorting the Scriptures from their path and place;
through scorning the sacred word (he is unseemly),
and everyone like that scorns the great God.

This wicked blind man calumniates true honour,
and that through insanity to satisfy the old Devil;
he steadfastly opposes, disrespects the chief Lord,
and our gracious, most pleasant king, George,

whose kingdom is blessed, land of wheat, secure and full
of every choice food and gifted men;
there is nowhere under the heavens like Britain
for kind government, it is master of the world.

And a gentle, pure king who fosters Britain in order to sustain her
better than other provinces, the best too servile;
Britain is full of every prosperity, good unceasing enjoyment,
through God and his mercy, this is the pure truth.

The people live in religious freedom,
they may worship their God according to their will (blessed order);
according to their conscience (splendid gain in peace),
without anyone to impede them, in appropriate manner.

But those who are like darnel in wheat, full of hypocrisy and sham,
want to raise a rebellion, their words are false;
like the French, the Irish (it is true),
destroying, stoning, plundering every sort.

But Satan (his abuse is unseemly)
and Siôn, his wicked manservant, failed to achieve their aim;
God defends, and does not fail any nation,
and calls them confidently and properly away from disgrace.

May glory, and a thousand emphatic praises be
to the God of eternity, His praise is bright;
He kept Britain happily from wrath,
despite the mendacious design of all the false ones.

Am y dyrys ddyn diras, anaddas, di-nawdd,
Gwrthnebwr y brenin, modd cethin mewn cawdd;
Mae pob drwg sorod yn ei geudod yn gawl,
Fo esgorodd ar wenieth, hudolieth y Diawl.

Mae hwn yn rhyfygu, gwnaeth hynny'n rhy hy,
Diddymu amcanion y cyfion Dduw cu;
Ond chwiliwch Ysgrythur, mae'n eglur y nod,
Awdurdod frenhinol sydd fuddiol i fod.

Addawodd Duw cyfion, da foddion di-feth,
I Abraham santedd, gwir puredd y peth;
Doi o'i etifeddion, yn ffyddlon trwy ffydd,
Genhedlaeth brenhinoedd, ar gyhoedd, heb gudd.

Gwedi hyn hefyd, 'r un ffunud heb ffael,
I Jacob, yn ddiau, ran moddau'r un mael;
Y byddai genhedleth, tra heleth ei hawl,
Brenhinoedd daionus a gweddus eu gwawl.

Addewid oedd sicir, y cywir Dduw call,
Gyflawnodd Ei 'dduned, bu i'w gwared rhag gwall;
Ar ôl chwe chan mlynedd, gwaith rhyfedd mewn rhôl,
Yn frenin o'u brodyr, is awyr gwnaeth Saul.

O'i Ysbryd Glân lewyrch, gwir gynnyrch ddi-gaeth,
A newid ei galon yn union a wnaeth;
Ac yna'r Israelied yn gweled heb gudd,
Saul gwedi ei eneinio'n proffwydo mewn ffydd.

Brenin brenhinoedd ordeiniodd ar dir
Eneinio'n ddiamau, mewn clau foddion clir;
Pob un sydd yn gwawdio eneinio di-nam,
Tan felltith mawr ludded mae'n cerdded bob cam.

Brenhino'dd, trwy awdurdod sy dadmaethod er maeth
I'r Eglwys filwrus, Duw gweddus a'u gwnaeth;
Mae parch yn ddyledus, modd gweddus air gwiw,
Modd cywir mewn cariad, trwy ordeiniad air Duw.

Regarding the awkward ungracious man, improper and cursed,
opponent of the king, harsh in anger;
every rotten dross is a hotchpotch in his belly,
he brought forth flattery, the Devil's enchantment.

He dares (he did so too impudently)
to annul the designs of the dear righteous God;
but examine the Scripture, the purpose is clear,
royal authority is meant to be beneficial.

Righteous God, of unfailing good means,
promised to holy Abraham (it is absolutely true);
that, unfailingly through faith, a generation of kings
would come from his heirs, in public, without concealment.

After this too, in exactly the same way,
he promised, indeed, the same advantage in fortune to Jacob;
that there would be a generation of kings, beneficent and splendid,
whose claim would be extensive.

The true and wise God's promise was certain,
He fulfilled his promise and delivered them from evil;
after six hundred years, extraordinary work in pedigree,
He made Saul a king on earth from their brothers.

From his bright Holy Spirit, true and free prosperity,
God changed Saul's heart immediately;
and then the Israelites saw clearly,
Saul anointed, prophesying in faith.

The King of kings ordained on earth
anointment without doubt, a plain and clear manner;
everyone who scoffs at pure anointment
walks every step of the way under a curse of great pain.

Through authority, kings are foster fathers to nurture
the Church militant; worthy God arranged it;
respect is due (in a proper means and with fitting word),
appropriately, with love, through the ordinance of God's word.

Ond yr ynfyd ddyn anfad sy'n siarad yn syn,
Yn erbyn pur 'wyllys y gweddus Dduw gwyn;
A dwedai yn ei lyfrau, annethau yw ei nod,
Oni basai frenhinoedd, ryfeloedd i fod.

Duw yw y rhyfelwr a rhoddwr yr hedd,
Gall Ef yn ddisymwth gloi adwyth y gledd;
Neu roi buddugoliaeth tra helaeth trwy hyn,
A hynny'n ddiffuant i'n meddiant, os myn.

Holl gylch y ffurfafen i'w berchen sy'n bod:
Moroedd a thiroedd a'r nefoedd un nod;
Pob peth sydd i'w feddiant, yn bendant trwy'r byd:
Pob byddin, pob gwerin, a brenin pob pryd.

Nebuchadnasar oedd hawddgar ei hynt,
Yn uchder brenhiniaeth a'i gywaeth mawr gynt;
A droed yn anifel, y chwedel oedd chwith,
I'r maes i gartrefu a'i wlychu gan wlith;

Nes iddo gydnabod mai'r hynod Dduw hael
Sy'n trefnu brenhiniaeth, pob cywaeth sy i'w cael;
A Duw hollalluog, ardderchog ei ddawn,
Adferai ei ogoniant a'r llwyddiant yn llawn.

Wrth hynny mae'n eglur, disynnwyr yw Siôn,
Cyfan cyfeiliornus a beius o'r bôn;
Pob rhyw frenhiniaeth o'r arfaeth sy rioed,
Ni fyn Arglwydd cyfiawnder mo'i fater yn f'oed.

Mewn chwant yn llawn anwir, diystyr yw'r dyn,
Rhyfygus anhydyn, yn gyndyn mewn gwŷn;
Distyrwr tost araith, anhywaith yw hwn,
O'i galon afrywiog dai'r taeog air twn.

Yn ei bymtheg tudalen mae darllen barn drist,
Fe ddwedodd fawr gelwydd, er gwaradwydd i Grist;
Mai am Iddo droseddu, cadd Ei farnu i ddwys frad,
Yn erbyn llywodraeth, arglwyddiaeth ein gwlad.

But the mad wicked man speaks
shockingly against the pure will of the worthy, blessed God;
he said in his books (his purpose is evil)
that, but for kings, there would be no war.

God is the wager of war and bringer of peace,
He can, unexpectedly, bring the sword's destruction to an end;
or, if He so wishes, He can bring to us truly
very extensive victory through His power.

The whole course of the firmament exists for His purpose:
so too oceans, lands and the heavens;
certainly, everything in the world is His:
every army, every people, and every sort of king.

Nebuchadnezzar was pleasant in his way
formerly at the height of his kingship and great wealth;
he was turned into an animal, it was a sorry tale,
and made his home out in the fields where he was soaked by dew;

until he recognized that it is the great, bountiful God
who ordains monarchy, and every riches which are to be had;
and the omnipotent God, whose talent is excellent,
fully restored Nebuchadnezzar's glory and prosperity.

By this, it is clear that Siôn lacks sense,
he is entirely heretical and erroneous to the core;
every monarch is ordained by providence,
the Lord of righteousness does not wish Siôn's matter in my time.

This man is full of falsehood and contempt in his passion,
he is perversely arrogant, obstinate in a fury;
he is a despiser, whose language is harsh and unruly,
the churlish hurtful words came from his unkind heart.

A sad opinion is to be read in his book's fifteen pages,
he told a big lie, causing Christ shame;
that because He had committed a crime against the government,
sovereignty of our country, He was judged guilty of grave treachery.

Ond darllenwch Broffwydi, mae rheini, modd rhwydd,
Yn dwedyd yn bendant, mewn gwarant i'n gŵydd,
Y deuai fel dafad i'r lladdiad a'r llid,
Oherwydd pechodau, dwfn feiau'r holl fyd.

Boddlonus, haelionus, da foddus di-feth,
Fu'r Iesu bendiged, rhôi deyrnged neu dreth;
Er cael Ei gernodio a'i ddwys hoelio ddi-sen,
Ni ddwedai'r Oen gweddus air beius o'i ben.

Mae Siôn heb gydnabod mo'i bechod mawr bwn
Oedd achos dioddefaint, nid haeddiant, wnaeth hwn;
Ond mawr Ei drugaredd, o'i fawredd daeth Fe
I dynnu pechaduriaid i nodded Duw ne'.

Mae'r deist yn ddireswm, tan gwlwm tyn gas,
Heb adnabod Crist ffyddlon a'i roddion o ras;
Yn difenwi'r blaenoriaid, bugeiliaid mewn gwg,
Nid ydyw fe'n prisio, ymdreiglo mewn drwg.

Ni chablodd 'r archangel, sef Michael tra mawr,
Mo'r Diafol twyllodrus, anweddus ei wawr;
Mae hwn yn distyru a chablu mewn chwant,
Daeth geiriau cableddus, anfoddus o'i fant.

Gwnaeth *Seren Tan Gwmmwl* ran meddwl cael mael,
A *Thoriad y Dydd* hefyd, 'r un ffunud
llawn ffael;
Ond gwael fydd y dobor, a'i drysor ar drai,
Ni chaiff e faddeuant yn bendant o'r bai.

Er ei fod yn wrthnebwr, rhyw gyflwr rhy gas,
Mae eto addwydion, da roddion o ras;
Duw drotho ei 'wyllys, modd gweddus nid gwawd,
Yn ei fywyd daearol cyn breiniol ddydd brawd.

But read the Book of Prophets, they emphasize
freely and confirm before us
that He came like a lamb to the slaughter and wrath,
because of the sins, the deep vices of the whole world.

Blessed Jesus was agreeable, generous, of unceasing good means,
and He would give tribute or tax;
despite being beaten and grievously nailed without fault,
the worthy Lamb uttered not a bad word.

Siôn has not recognized his own heavy burden of sin,
which was the cause of Christ's undeserving suffering;
but Christ's mercy is great; He came by His greatness
to bring sinners to the sanctuary offered by God in heaven.

The deist lacks reason, he is under a nasty tight knot,
and does not recognize faithful Christ and His gifts of grace;
he defames with a frown the leaders and shepherds,
he does not prize them, he wallows in wickedness.

The great archangel Michael did not blaspheme
the deceitful hideous Devil;
this man passionately scorns and blasphemes,
blasphemous, immoral words came from his lips.

He wrote *Seren Tan Gwmmwl* with the intent of making a profit,
and so too *Toriad y Dydd* (The Break of Day) which is, likewise,
full of error;
but his reward will be mean, and his treasure will disappear,
for he will certainly not have forgiveness for his sins.

Though he is an antagonist (too nasty a condition),
there are still promises of good gifts of grace;
may God turn his will, in a proper rather than scornful way,
in his earthly life before the great Day of Judgement.

Fy nghyfaill mwyn ufudd, sydd brydydd mewn bri,
Mi adroddais yr awron fy achwynion i chwi;
Duw, cadw di Bryden is wybren heb sen,
A'r Brenin Siôr hefyd bob munud, Amen. 184

Ffynhonnell: Card 3.116, tt. 239–50.

My dear, obedient friend, who is an honoured poet,
I have now related to you my complaints;
God, always save Britain from insult on earth,
and so too King George, Amen. 184

Source: Card 3.116, pp. 239–50.

Notes to the Texts

All relevant bibliographical material pertaining to individual poets is included in the bibliography at the end of this volume. For the popular tunes employed by some of these poets in their free-metre poems, see Phyllis Kinney, *Welsh Traditional Music* (Cardiff, 2011), and Ffion Mair Jones, *Welsh Ballads of the French Revolution 1793–1815* (Cardiff, 2012).

EDWARD EVAN, Aberdare (Iorwerth ab Ioan; 1716–98)

After following his father's trade as a weaver briefly, Edward Evan (sometimes Evans) of Llwytgoed, near Aberdare in the county of Glamorgan, was apprenticed as a carpenter and glazier to Lewis Hopkin (1707/8–71) of Hendre Ifan Goch, who also tutored his apprentice in Welsh strict-metre verse. Evan was also reputedly an accomplished harpist. Edward Evan later became a Presbyterian minister: he was ordained in 1772 and ministered at the 'Hen Dŷ Cwrdd' (Old Meeting House) at Aberdare until 1796, although he sympathized with Unitarianism towards the end of his life. His literary tastes were moulded by the 'Gramadegyddion' (Grammarians), a local circle of poets and antiquaries in Glamorgan which comprised craftsmen with similar Dissenting backgrounds whose literary activity highlights the regional dimensions of the cultural awakening in eighteenth-century Wales: Siôn (or John) Bradford, Dafydd Nicolas, and Rhys Morgan. Evan's poetry was published posthumously by his son, Rhys Evans, *Caniadau Moesol a Duwiol* (Moral and Godly Songs; 1804) and subsequent editions were entitled *Afalau'r Awen* (The Fruits of the Muse; 1816; 1836; 1874). The collection includes translations of the poetry of Samuel Butler, Alexander Pope and Isaac Watts. Much of his verse is occasional in nature, sometimes light-hearted and often in the form of religious instruction for members of his congregation and local community. He also contributed poems to the short-

lived periodical, *Trysorfa Gwybodaeth; Neu Eurgrawn Cymraeg* (1770) (as did Ioan Siencyn and the young Edward Williams), and published didactic texts, both original and translations: *Llyfr Ecclesiastes* (The Book of Ecclesiastes; 1767), *Gwersi i Blant a Dynion jeuaingc . . .* (Lessons for Children and young Men; 1757), and *Golwg ar Gynheddfau Gwasanaeth, ac Anrhydedd Gwasanaethwyr Crist* (A View of the Nature of Service, and the Honour of those who Serve Christ; 1775).

Edward Evan and Lewis Hopkin both tutored Edward Williams (Iolo Morganwg) in the intricacies of Welsh strict-metre poetry and its ancient tradition, but they also informed his English literary tastes. As a result, the historical Edward Evan was recast by Williams as a leading light in his very own fictional bardo-druidic vision, Bardism:

> Besides Edward Williams, there is, I believe now remaining only one regular Bard in Glamorgan, or in the world: this is the Rev. Mr Edward Evans, of Aberdare, a Dissenting Minister. These two persons are the only legitimate descendants of the *Ancient British Bards*. (*Gentleman's Magazine*, LIX, part 2 (1789), 976–7.)

Williams claimed that Evan participated in some of his Gorsedd meetings in Glamorgan between 1795 and 1797. However, while Edward Evan undoubtedly shared some of Williams's liberal ideas, he himself never publicly acknowledged his alleged druidic credentials, nor used the bardic name bestowed upon him by Williams, 'Ieuan Tir Iarll' (Edward of the Earl's Land).

1. A view of the manner of government in England when William and Mary came to govern

Since Edward Evan was born in the early years of the new Hanoverian dynasty, his undated free-metre poem is clearly not a contemporary response to the Glorious Revolution of 1688–9. The poem may well be a contemporary response to the Jacobite rebellions which preoccupied both George I and George II during their reigns, but in light of the centrality of the Glorious Revolution to Revolutionary debate, it may also be read as a response to the French Revolution. See 'Introduction', pp. 9–10, 12–13.

1 *Stuarts* The Catholic Stuart dynasty ended when James II fled to France following the Glorious Revolution. His exiled son and grandson, James Stuart (the Old Pretender; 1688–1746) and Charles Edward Stuart (the Young Pretender or Bonnie Prince Charlie; 1720–88), were both unsuccessful claimants to the throne, supported in the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745. The Jacobite cause posed no political threat by the reign of George III.

17 *A tenth of the labour* A tithe was one tenth of annual income or produce which was paid to maintain the Anglican Church and its clergy. As a result of the Act of Toleration 1689, passed under the new settlement, Protestant Dissenters were allowed to follow their consciences in religious matters and were no longer required to attend services in the Anglican Church. The act also made provision for non-Anglican chapels and paved the way for the establishment of Dissenting Academies. However, the act did not waive the tithe and church rates for Dissenters. The tithe became the subject of resentment and debate in the years following the French Revolution, most cogently argued by the London Welshman Thomas Roberts (1765/6–1841) in his pamphlet, *Cwyn yn erbyn Gorthrymder* (A Complaint against Oppression; 1798). The staunch Methodists John Roberts (author of nos. 26–30) and Evan Prichard (author of nos. 49–50) also complained about tithes in their poetry and correspondence. See also 'Marwnad i'r Degymau' (An Elegy to the Tithes) by an anonymous poet in NLW 8201A, p. 11a, the commonplace book of Evan Evans of Llanina and Castellhywel, dated between 1790 and 1797: the poem rests on false sympathy for priests and curates who have stuffed their bellies on the sweat of the poor. The Welsh periodical edited by Morgan John Rhys also ran a series of articles on the provenance of the tithe, 'Hanes Degymau' (The History of Tithes), *Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg: Neu Drysorfa Gwybodaeth*, III (August 1793), 153–4. See also no. 21, line 61, and no. 23, line 72.

25 *Paul* Saul or Paul of Tarsus was a Pharisee sent by the High Priest to arrest Christian converts in Damascus. On his way there he experienced a conversion and preached Jesus's message and subsequently became one of the apostles, Acts 9–28; the letters of Paul: Romans–Philemon.

37 *The Apostles' Creed* A statement of faith in the Western Christian Church, structured according to the attributes of the Trinity and a staple element of the Anglican liturgy. The Nicene Creed was issued by the Council of Nicea (AD 325) in order to defend Christian orthodoxy from Arianism which denied the divinity of Christ.

45 *Roundheads* A reference to the Puritans of the Civil War period, used here as a term of abuse for Nonconformists in general.

57–64 *If you insist upon liberty . . .* Evan's radical politics are overshadowed here by his pastoral concern: faith in God is paramount and it is more fitting for mankind to put its trust in the world to come. Evan's tenor here may also be more religious than political as a result of political disillusionment with the limited reform that came in the wake of 1688.

2. A cywydd *composed in the time of war between us and France*

In response to the outbreak of war in 1793, Edward Evan makes a devout plea for peace and fraternity. As in no. 1, his focus is on the world to come, rather than on this world.

54–6 *swords will become ploughshares . . .* 'And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.' Isaiah 2: 4. See also Micah 4: 3. This biblical verse seems to have functioned as a motto for pacifists. However, the pacifist sentiment is turned on its head in another biblical quotation: 'Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears: let the weak say, I [am] strong.' Joel 3: 10. See also no. 53, lines 33–4.

IOAN SIENCYN / JOHN JENKIN(S) (1716–96)

Ioan Siencyn (or John Jenkins) of Cwm Du, Llechryd in Cardiganshire, was a school-teacher and poet. He was apprenticed to his father Siencyn or Jenkin Thomas, a cobbler and Dissenting preacher, who also imparted his knowledge of strict- and free-metre poetry to his son. In 1754 Griffith Jones of Llanddowror (1683–1761), an evangelical Anglican cleric and founder of the circulating charity schools in Wales, encouraged Ioan Siencyn to keep a Welsh-language school in Nanhyfer (Nevern), Pembrokeshire, where he remained until at least 1793. By his own account, Siencyn was cheated by the guardians entrusted by Madam Bevan in her will to ensure the school's future and was forced to close it as a Welsh-medium concern in 1779. In 1780 he established an English-medium school (NLW 19B, pp. 1–2). Although he learned the craft of poetry from his father, Siencyn's poetic style is heavily influenced by the poetic grammar published by Siôn Rhydderch (1673–1735) in 1728, a key text in the revival of strict-metre poetry during the eighteenth century. Despite residing in north Pembrokeshire from 1754 onwards, Siencyn remained part of the religious and poetic networks of his native county of Cardiganshire. NLW 19B, entitled 'Gwaith y Bardd Bach' (The Short Poet's Work), was transcribed by Ioan Siencyn between 1790 and 1793. It includes his own work and that of his father, as well as the work of other Cardiganshire poets, including predecessors such as Ifan Gruffydd and Alban Thomas, and contemporaries such as Evan Evans (Ieuan Fardd; 1731–88), David Davis of Castellhywel (the author of nos. 13–16), and Ieuan Thomas of Llannarth. For the most part, he composed praise poetry, elegy, and occasional verse to local gentry and Dissenters associated with the

market town of Cardigan as well as the Arminian congregation at Llwynrhydowen. His main patron was Thomas Lloyd of Cwmglöyn, although it is unclear whether this was a formal arrangement since he employed both strict and free metres in his poems to Lloyd. In this respect, and despite his necessarily amateur status and use of free metres on popular tunes of the day, he performed the role of the strict-metre poets of the ancient native poetic tradition. Although Siencyn's own manuscript compilation of poetry contains nothing older than the mid-seventeenth century, he was aware of the fragility of the ancient tradition to which he belonged: he was acquainted with the work of the cleric and antiquary Evan Evans (1731–88) and the school-teacher Edward Richard of Ystrad Meurig (1714–77), two respected neoclassical poets who may have functioned as a conduit between Ioan Siencyn and the revivalist programme of the Morris circle and Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion in London. Siencyn elegized Edward Richard, as well as the luminaries of the cultural awakening in eighteenth-century Wales, Lewis Morris and his younger brother Richard. He contributed poems to the short-lived periodical, *Trysorfa Gwybodaeth; Neu Eurgrawn Cymraeg* (1770), and also to annual almanacs; mainly those published by compilers based in south Wales – Gwilym Howel, Mathew William(s), and John Harris – and much less frequently to those published by the compiler from north-east Wales, Cain Jones. The almanacs provided invaluable poetic inspiration and support, and also allowed poets to expand their horizons beyond their immediate localities. Through them Siencyn was able to connect with poets from Pembrokeshire, Monmouthshire and Merionethshire, and was able to participate in the small scale 'almanac eisteddfodau' which were advertised in these annual publications: he attended an eisteddfod in Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire, in 1772 and organized an eisteddfod in Cardigan in 1773. Interestingly, he uses the English form of his name, John Jenkin, in a formal invitation to the Cardigan eisteddfod issued to poets throughout Wales in Gwilym Howel's almanac for 1773; a subtle linguistic and cultural indication, perhaps, of his awareness that an Anglicized nomenclature might lent him additional gravitas. A small selection of Ioan Siencyn's poems were published posthumously, *Dyddan-gerdd, sef Casgliad o Ganiadau Difyr* (1823).

3. Englynion *on the present war in France 1794*

3 *Judas* Judas Iscariot, the disciple who betrayed Jesus to Jewish leaders for thirty pieces of silver, Matthew 26: 14–16, 36–56; John 13: 18–30.

13–16 *Their king promised, without disparagement . . .* Louis XVI (1754–93) was king of France from 1774 until 1793. Awkward and indecisive, he could not control factions at court and also failed to implement vital economic reforms

in the 1780s. After 1789 he was inept in his dealings with Revolutionaries and did not honour the newly inaugurated constitutional monarchy.

17 *the hoard of fiends from Austria* Impelled by the Austro-Prussian defence treaty of February 1792, France declared war on Austria in 1792. Marie-Antoinette, queen of France, was the youngest daughter of Maria Theresa and Francis I of Austria. Her brothers, the Habsburg emperors Joseph II (1741–90) and Leopold II (1747–92), had confronted France in the ultimate hope of rescuing the French royal family. However, Austria seemed indifferent to Marie-Antoinette's plight once her nephew, Francis II, acceded the throne after the death of Leopold II in 1792. See also no. 13, line 12.

28 *second Psalm or Seth's rule* Psalm 2 is a warning to nations and kings of the earth to serve God lest he destroy them for their defiance. Seth was the third son of Adam and Eve, Genesis 4: 25. According to the Book of Genesis, Cain's descendents were destroyed by the deluge as a punishment for their sin and thus the inhabitants of the earth are all descended from Seth. In typological terms, the destruction of the sons of Cain in the Old Testament signified the subjugation of all nations under Christ's governance in the New Testament, Psalm 2: 8; 72: 1; 2 Corinthians 10: 4–6.

30 *seven kingdoms* The First Coalition against France comprised six nations: Prussia, Austria, Britain, the Netherlands, Russia and Spain. However, by 1794 France was at war with seven kingdoms: Austria, Prussia, Britain, the Netherlands, Spain, Portugal and Tuscany.

MR [EDWARD] LEWIS, Pen-llin (1719–1803)

In the manuscript source of his thoroughly loyalist poem, a letter to the Revd John Walters of Llandough, the poet signs himself only as Mr Lewis of Pen-llin. He may be identified as Edward Lewis (1719–1803) of Great House, Pen-llin, Glamorgan, a wealthy landowner and moneylender who inherited his 340-acre estate near Cowbridge in 1759. As such, he is the only member of the gentry to be included in this anthology. He is listed amongst the subscribers to Edward Williams's collection of English poetry, *Poems, Lyric and Pastoral* (1794).

4. On the great rebellion in France when King Louis XVI and his queen were beheaded

12 *the Ten Commandments* According to biblical tradition the Ten Commandments were issued to Moses by God at Mount Sinai, Exodus 20: 1–17.

97–8 *What profit is there for a man if he / gains the world, and loses his soul?* Mark 8: 36.

Postscript *the Revd Mr Walters of Cowbridge* The priest and lexicographer John Walters (1721–97) was a native of Carmarthenshire but he was educated in Glamorgan and settled there, at Llandough near Bridgend. His literary reputation rests on his *Dissertation of the Welsh Language* (1771) and his dictionary which was published in several parts between 1770 and 1794. An important figure in the cultural awakening in Glamorgan and Wales during the last half of the eighteenth century, he knew local Grammarians (see notes to no. 1) and was a corresponding member of the London-Welsh Cymmrodorion Society. He also corresponded with members of the later Gwyneddigion Society: Owen Jones, William Owen Pughe, and Edward Davies. John Walters and his sons, John and Daniel, were well acquainted with Edward Williams (Iolo Morganwg; author of nos. 17–25) from the 1760s onwards: John Walters, sen. nurtured his linguistic interests. Williams rated Walters's critical acumen highly, and Walters was certainly astute enough to realize that his bardo- druidic vision was a *bricolage*, 'a made dish' (Card 3.104, vol. 6, letter no. 3, John Walters to Edward Davies, 3 May 1793).

JONATHAN HUGHES, Llangollen (Bardd Pengwern; 1721–1805)

A native of Denbighshire, Jonathan Hughes was born in Ty'n Pistyll, a cottage on the Pengwern Estate near Llangollen, where he spent his entire life as an impoverished farmer. He learned the art of poetry as an adolescent, probably from his father in the first instance, and henceforth from poetic grammar books and anthologies. As a result of this sketchy apprenticeship he was always self-critical of his poetic ability and frequently employed modesty tropes in his verse. This innate sensitivity was deepened by his familiarity with local medieval poets and Renaissance scholars such as Guto'r Glyn, Iolo Goch, and William Salesbury, with whom he was intricately linked in the poetic succession: he likened himself to a 'corr yngafael cewri' (a dwarf in the grip of giants). Both a prolific and popular poet in free and strict metres, Hughes tended to favour free-metre carols and ballads. Throughout his life his poems were regularly published in the annual almanacs of John Prys and Cain Jones, and were also included in contemporary

anthologies, *Dewisol Ganiadau yr Oes Hon* (Choice Songs of this Age; 1759) and *Llu o Ganiadau* (A Host of Songs; 1798), collected by Hugh Jones of Llangwm and William Jones of Betws Gwerful Goch respectively. Only a fraction of his poems were published in his own collection, *Bardd a Byrddau Amryw Seigiau neu Gasgliad o Gynghanedd* (A Poet with Tables Laid with Various Dishes or a Collection of Poetry; 1778), and in the anthology published posthumously by his son, *Gemwaith Awen Beirdd Collen* (The Gems of the Muse of the Bards of Llangollen; 1806). Hughes also composed two interludes, *Y Dywysoges Genefetha* (The Princess Genovefa; 1744) and 'Twyll y Cyllyll Hirion' (The Deceit of the Long Knives). He was ostensibly a religious poet: his poems display a didactic impulse and a religiously inflected social conscience, especially the carols for which he was particularly renowned. Much like the two poems anthologized here, Hughes's poems are generally framed in providential terms and peppered with biblical exempla and allusions. As a typical country poet, he was also a key figure in his local poetic community and was much respected by his peers. Amongst his most ardent admirers were the poets David Thomas and Richard Llwyd, and the famous 'Ladies of Llangollen'. The poet Thomas Edwards (Twm o'r Nant; 1737–1810) was also a friend of his, although they both enjoyed posturing as poetic adversaries. On account of his longevity, Hughes represents continuity between the tavern eisteddfodau of the early eighteenth century and those organized by the Society of Gwyneddigion from 1789 onwards, instigated by Hughes and Thomas Jones of Corwen. Hughes competed in several eisteddfodau and was held in high esteem by the Society. In 1802 Richard Llwyd asked the duke of Somerset to recommend Jonathan Hughes to the committee of the Royal Literary Fund, and in 1803 Hughes was awarded the sum of £15.

5. A poem of encouragement to the lads of Gwynedd's six counties for rising quickly in the cause of Britannia when the kingdom was in danger of being overcome by the enemies

The fear of invasion, which haunted the popular imagination in Britain during the 1790s, provides the context for this poem. Such fears were particularly acute in Wales after the failed invasions of Bantry Bay, Ireland, in December 1796 (see no. 55) and of Fishguard in February 1797. Most of the biblical exempla cited in this poem reveal God's protection and deliverance of the faithful and thus provide a paradigm for the British populace. By calling the young men of Gwynedd in the early years of the Napoleonic wars, Hughes presents the regional (the county of Gwynedd) as an embodiment of Welsh and British loyalism which is rooted in Protestant godliness (lines 33–6, 73–100) and, in turn, upheld by biblical exempla. Indeed, Hughes's plea to the Welsh (Ancient Britons, line 44)

suggests that God is the salvation of the state as much as saviour of individual souls, lines 45–8.

Britannia The female figure of Britannia was an emblem of the sovereignty and unity of the British state and, as such, she is often accompanied by the paraphernalia of military prowess and imperial might: a spear, a shield bearing the colours of the Union Jack, a globe, and a lion which sits at her feet. See also nos. 6, 28, 53. Britannia was sometimes used as a symbol for England alone.

26 *Hesekiah* King of Judah who eradicated idolatry; 2 Kings 18–20; 2 Chronicles 29–32; Isaiah 36–9.

29 *like the king of Assyria* The Old Testament tells of King Hosea of Israel's refusal to pay tribute to the Assyrian King Shalmaneser, 2 Kings 17: 4. However, Jonathan Hughes speaks of a king who created graven images, contrary to God's bidding in Exodus 20: 3–5; Leviticus 26: 1. Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, is infamous for creating a graven image and was duly punished by God, Daniel 3–4. See also lines 85–6, below.

35, 40 *David . . . the shepherd of Judah* According to the Old Testament David was the first king of the Judean dynasty. The youngest son of Jesse, a farmer at Bethlehem, the shepherd David is remembered for his bravery slaying the giant Goliath, champion of the Philistines, with a stone from his sling. He is also renowned for playing the harp in order to soothe the madness of King Saul, whom he later replaced. Tradition also maintains that David is the author of the Psalms. Despite his sins, for which he repented sincerely, David was particularly favoured by God, 1 Samuel 16–1 Kings 2; 1 Chronicles 11–29. David is often employed by Welsh poets of the Early Modern Period as a model of faithfulness and obedience.

38 *Philistines* The Old Testament notes that the people of Philistia, feared as fierce warriors, were particularly inimical to God's chosen people, the Israelites, during the reigns of Saul and David. See notes to lines 35–40, above.

49–54 *The cunning Hivites and Amorites . . .* A reference to the Old Testament tribes which inhabited the lands that God promised to His chosen people, the Israelites. God spoke to Moses from a burning bush, with the promise that the Israelites would be liberated from captivity in Egypt from whence they would be led to the Promised Land, Exodus 3: 8. The same grouping of tribes is listed in the Book of Joshua in Joshua's account to the Israelites of God's blessings upon them: God had delivered these tribes into the hands of the Israelites, Joshua 24: 11.

55 *Joshua* Joshua (which means 'God is salvation') led the Israelites after the death of Moses. The Book of Exodus relates how he was rewarded by God for his faith and lived to occupy the Promised Land. Joshua urged the Israelites always to be faithful to God, Numbers 13–14; Joshua.

85–6 *Three perfect youths . . . unharmed from the fire* The Book of Daniel tells of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, Jewish exiles in Babylon who served King Nebuchadnezzar. Inspired by Daniel, they adhered to the laws dictated by God to the Jewish people: they would not eat food at court and also refused to worship an idol of the king. God rewarded their obedience by protecting them when they were thrown into a furnace by the angry king, Daniel 1–3.

87 *Jonah* The Book of Jonah relates the actions of this Israelite prophet. When instructed by God to go to Nineveh and condemn the wickedness of the inhabitants, Jonah disobeyed and boarded a ship in the opposite direction. God's anger manifested itself in a storm, but when Jonah asked the crew to throw him overboard, the storm subsided, and Jonah was swallowed by a great fish which deposited him safely on a beach. Having been given a second chance by God, Jonah went to Nineveh and brought about the inhabitants' repentance.

87 *Daniel* According to the Book of Daniel, Daniel was taken captive in Babylon after Jerusalem was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. Daniel and his companions, referred to in lines 85–6, counselled the king and Daniel interpreted his dreams. See also no. 59, lines 133–6. Later when King Belshazzar was deposed, Daniel was thrown into the den of lions by the Persian conquerors but was saved by God because of his strong faith. Daniel thus figures as an example of wisdom and righteousness.

6. Britannia's lament in her grief and her sorrow for her admiral (Lord Horatio Nelson) who was killed in the battle near Trafalgar, 21 October 1805

Britannia, see note to no. 5.

Nelson England's naval commander Viscount Horatio Nelson (1758–1805) commanded the Agamemnon during the Revolutionary wars and his bravery and initiative ensured victories at St Vincent (1797), Egypt (1798), Copenhagen (1801), and finally at Trafalgar (1805). Much respected by his captains and men, Nelson became a national celebrity on the strength of his naval feats and his relationship with Lady Emma Hamilton.

Trafalgar The celebrated naval battle of Trafalgar, 21 October 1805. Napoleon's Franco-Spanish fleet, commanded by Villeneuve, broke out of Cádiz and into the Mediterranean where it faced Nelson's fleet off Cape Trafalgar. The foreign fleet was devastated during close-range fighting. The victory not only attested the superiority of the British navy, but also ensured that France no longer posed a serious naval challenge to Britain.

37 *a black cloud or pillar of smoke* According to the Old Testament Book of Exodus, God provided a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night in order to guide his chosen people, the Israelites, to the Promised Land, Exodus 13: 22; 14: 19, 24.

41 *thirty-three ships* Thirty-three of Villeneuve's ships of the line faced Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar.

45 *Pharaoh* King of Egypt (probably Ramasses II) who was forced to free the Israelites from slavery in Egypt. According to the Book of Exodus, Moses was sent by God to demand their freedom. Pharaoh only conceded to liberate the Israelites after God punished Egypt with ten plagues, but changed his mind and pursued the Israelites to the Red Sea. God allowed His chosen people to cross the water to safety but drowned Pharaoh's army, Exodus 13: 17–31. Pharaoh is often shorthand for an unjust tyrant or an oppressor.

46 *Edom* Mountainous land south of the Dead Sea where Esau's descendents settled. Genesis 32: 3–19; 33: 1–16. In the New Testament, this was the home of the Herod family, known as Idumea, the land of Edom.

107 *Collingwood* Admiral Cuthbert Collingwood (1748–1810) was second in command at the battle of Trafalgar. Following Nelson's death during the battle he was promoted to commander-in-chief of the fleet in the Mediterranean.

WILLIAM JONES, Llangadfan (Gwilym Cadfan; 1726–95)

A native of Llangadfan, Montgomeryshire, William Jones was a self-educated farmer and country doctor (who envisaged a form of cryogenics), as well as an antiquary and poet in both free and strict metres. His surviving canon includes summer carols, minor eisteddfodic pieces, a series of anti-Methodist poems, and metrical versions of some psalms. He assisted Edward Jones (Bardd y Brenin; 1752–1824), author of *The Musical and Poetical Relicks of the Welsh Bards* (1784) and *The Bardic Museum* (1802), with his researches and also provided the lexicographer

William Owen Pughe (1759–1835) with examples of Welsh colloquialisms. His extant summer carols conclude with conventional loyalist sentiments and he also wrote some stanzas to celebrate George III's return to health in 1789 (*Cymru*, XLV (1913), 104; see also his correspondence, NLW 323E, p. 30). Jones's reputation, however, is that of an avowed atheist and republican. See his English stanzas, 'On the Times', in Elizabeth Edwards, *English-Language Poetry from Wales 1790–1806* (Cardiff, forthcoming). Jones is purported to have been swayed by reading the works of Voltaire, and this, together with his radical sympathies and liking for the writings of Thomas Paine, earned him the epithet 'the rural Voltaire'. His attitude in the following quotation dated 8 October 1793 is, however, ambiguous:

> As for my principles and belief, it is quite an indifferent matter to me, whether Mr. B–k–e or P–ne, will be the false prophet; I believe they are both inspired, and I believe they are both liars. (*Cambrian Register*, II (1796), 246.)

His 'republican disposition' so inflamed the local rector's ire that he alerted the authorities to Jones, and Jones's mail was subsequently monitored by government spies. Jones's surviving correspondence bristles with resentment and outrage at the oppression of the poor in his neighbourhood; many of whom left Bala and its environs for a better life in America (NLW 1806E, letter 786, William Jones to Walter Davies, 18 October 1793; NLW 13221E, p. 303, William Jones to William Owen Pughe, 7 May 1794). William Jones also intended to emigrate (see notes to no. 7, line 93, below), but even as he encouraged those who attended the eisteddfod at Llanrwst in 1791 to do the same, his own plans were thwarted by ill health and poverty (NLW 13221E, pp. 311–12, William Jones to William Owen Pughe, 15 July 1792). Jones is often considered a proto-nationalist on the strength of his arguments in favour of establishing national institutions in Wales, but his vision of Welshness remained within the scope of the British state: his free-metre poem 'Helyntiau'r Brythoniaid' (The Travails of the Britons; 1792) charts the invading nations which oppressed the Welsh throughout their history, yet he emphasizes Henry Tudor's Welsh roots in order to bring Wales into the contemporary narrative of the British state. The coronation of Henry VII is effectively considered a coup for the Welsh; a common interpretation at the time (compare with Walter Davies, no. 41, lines 332–5). The poem includes the chorus, 'I siarad ymgysurwn, lle rhodiwn eto'n rhydd, / Ac unwn lawen ganiad ar "Doriad gwawr y dydd"' (We console ourselves to talk, where we will again walk free, / and we unite in a merry song to the tune of 'The Break of Day'). After Jones's death, Walter Davies, who had been tutored by him in strict-metre poetry, published a biographical sketch of him in the *Cambrian Register*, II (1796),

237–51, in which he draws a romanticized portrait of his subject and puts a safe distance between himself and Jones's alleged republican ideals.

7. *An* awdl *in the twenty-four metres to liberty and oppression*

For the poetic form of the *awdl*, see Introduction, pp. 2–3. Jones's poem is an old-fashioned 'exemplary *awdl*' which makes use of all twenty-four traditional strict metres. Those by David Thomas (no. 34) and Walter Davies (no. 41) are modern and neoclassical in style, rejecting the most difficult strict-metre forms for the sake of clarity of diction. Many of Jones's poems survive only in nineteenth-century transcriptions. This *awdl* may have been composed with the St Asaph eisteddfod of 1790 in mind, but it was not submitted for appraisal in the competition which was won by David Thomas (Dafydd Ddu Eryri), no. 34. Jones hails liberty as a God-given, natural attribute, but as the *awdl* draws to a close the emphasis shifts towards those who inhibit liberty, and the passion of lines 101–8 echoes the disparaging comments regarding the tyranny of kings and priests which pervade Jones's surviving letters. In one example he pronounces that 'we would much sooner believe Voltaire's prediction that our island will, in the next age, contain only two sorts of creatures: tyrants and slaves' ('Llawer cynt y coeliwn ddarogan Voltaire, na bydd ein hynys yr oes nesaf yn cynnwys onid deuryw greaduriaid: teyrniaid a chaethweision', NLW 13221E, p. 268, William Jones to William Owen, 2 December 1792). This pronouncement was, no doubt, born of his own experience of the effects on local tenant farmers of tithes and rack-renting, as well as poor harvests and the resulting heavy taxes on food. See Introduction, pp. 25–6, 27.

The Welsh text printed here is based on William Jones's holograph copy of his *awdl* in A, NLW 1806E. Since the manuscript is damaged, the text in B, *Cymru*, XLV (1913), was used to fill gaps. B is itself an incomplete version of A and is possibly based on the redaction of the *awdl* in C, or even another redaction, now lost. While most textual variations are inconsequential, B contains an alternative reading for line 77, 'Gydblaid o goed a blodau' (of the same rank as trees and flowers), and lines 107–8:

> I wag ymaelyd dan gymalau,
> Ar i arferddyd gau grefyddau.
>
> (to vainly grapple with clauses,
> and to practise false religions.)

Order of lines in sources:
A—1–15, [16], 17–34, [35–6], 37–52, [53–60], 61, [62], 63–74, [75], 76–82, [83], 84–96, [97], 98–120.

B—1–70, 75–83, 71–4, 94–101, 84, [85–92], 93, 102–7, [108–20].
C—1–70, 75–83, 71–4, 94–101, 84–93, 102–7, [108–20].

82 *of old Eden* After being tempted by the serpent, Adam and Eve disobeyed God by eating from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, for which they were driven from the Garden of Eden. The Old Testament narrative of the Fall, or the loss of humankind's primal innocence, was developed into the doctrine of original sin, for which, according to the New Testament, Christ was born (the Incarnation) in order to reconcile mankind with God and to redeem the sins of man through His death on the cross (the Atonement).

92 *Adam's race* Humankind, which, according to Christian doctrine, is fallen and in need of Christ's atoning sacrifice. See line 82, above.

93 *In the land of their blessing* America. William Jones planned to emigrate to America, the land of plenty as well as the land of liberty. His plan comprised the formation of a joint-stock company which would purchase land in Kentucky and Pennsylvania where Welsh emigrants could establish 'a separate settlement' where they could 'keep up a friendly correspondence with our cousins the Padoucas' and administer their business through the medium of the Welsh language (NLW 13221E, pp. 303–5, William Jones to William Owen Pughe, 7 May 1794).

JOHN WILLIAMS (Siôn Cynwyd [1740–1821])

John Williams identifies himself as a school-teacher at Dolgellau in his contribution to *Cylch-grawn Cynmraeg* under the pseudonym Siôn Cynwyd. He may be identified as John Williams (Ioan Rhagfyr), born in Hafoty Bach, in the parish of Celynnin, Merionethshire, and moved to Tal-y-waun, near Dolgellau, who was related to Edward Samuel of Llangar (1674–1748) through his mother, and was, thus, also related to David Samwell (Dafydd Ddu Feddyg; 1751–98). He learned the craft of woollen hat-making from his father but received some education at Shrewsbury where he learned the trumpet and flute. In 1772 he took work as a solicitor's clerk and thereafter kept school in Trawsfynydd, Abermaw, Dolgellau and Llanelltyd. He wrote poetry and is perhaps better remembered as a musician and composer of anthems, tunes, gavottes and minuets. A holograph collection of his *cywyddau* and *englynion*, 'Prif Ddifyrrwch y Cymro . . .' (The Welshman's Main Delight . . . ; NLW 8331E) was collated in 1763, in which he identifies himself as a hat-maker in Dolgellau. He wrote poems to greet Dafydd Jones of Trefriw, and also exchanged poems with David Ellis of

Cricieth. Williams's *awdl* on the fragility of life (1792) was also published in William Jones of Betws Gwerful Goch's anthology, *Llu o Ganiadau* (A Host of Songs; 1798), pp. 103–7. The work of a John Williams of Dolgellau is included in NLW 794A (see note to no. 50, p. 444) but no bardic name is specified.

9. A cywydd *in relation to the present time, 11 October 1793*

37 *the beast* The pope and the Roman Catholic Church are identified here with the beast and whore depicted in Revelation 17: 6–18.

43, 57 *Whore* See line 37, above.

53–4 *they would grant peace . . . / for sound money* A reference to the practice of the Roman Catholic Church of granting indulgences; that is, the remission of temporal punishment of venial sin, on earth or in purgatory.

61 *Zion* The citadel of Jerusalem, also used allegorically to signify the heavenly city.

64 *Babylon* The Babylonian city founded by Nimrod where the people of Judah, in two consignments, were held in captivity, 2 Kings 24: 1; 25: 7–13; Isaiah 14: 1–23; Daniel 1–6. The fall of Babylon is prominent in the apocalyptic vision of St John the Divine, Revelation 18.

91 *the red horse* One of the four horses of the apocalypse. Revelation 6 relates the opening of the seven seals by the Lamb. Four horses appear on opening the first four seals: a white horse (first seal), a 'fiery red' horse (second seal), a black horse (third seal) and a pale horse (fourth seal). 'And there went out another horse [that was] red: and [power] was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another: and there was given unto him a great sword.' Revelation: 3–4; 6: 4; 9: 17; 12: 3.

JOHN THOMAS, Pentrefoelas (Eos Gwynedd; 1742–1818)

John Thomas was born at Bwlchmaenmelyn farm, Cerrigydrudion in Denbighshire. After his marriage, he settled in Pentrefoelas, Denbighshire, where he farmed and kept a shop. He was also the first parish clerk of Pentrefoelas (NLW FACS 442, vol I, 31^{r}, 30^{v}). He composed poetry mainly in free metre, and his posthumously published selected works, *Eos Gwynedd* (Nightingale of Gwynedd; [1845]) contains the traditional fare of a country poet: carols, elegies, and occasional

verse. Thomas also composed hymns. He went head to head with other local poets – John Parry of Llanelian and Thomas Edwards (Twm o'r Nant) – in a poetic contention regarding the tax on child baptism, published in *Y Wenynen Bach* (The Little Bee; 1840), pp. 71–7. Although Thomas is not considered an eisteddfodic poet as such, he did attend the eisteddfod at Caerwys, Denbighshire, in 1798. In 1817 he published a didactic treatise, *Annerch Plant a Rhieni oddi ar farwolaeth William Thomas . . .* (An Address to Children and Parents on the death of William Thomas . . .). John Thomas, Pentrefoelas is sometimes conflated with John Thomas, Penffordd-wen (author of no. 33).

10. A demonstration of the cause of the tribulation and famine experienced in the time of the French war

As in no. 11, lines 9–16, John Thomas here links war and famine as divine punishment on an unworthy nation. Bad harvests inevitably led to famine and a huge increase in the price of corn. The *El Niño* which occurred between 1789 and 1793 was the worst weather event of its kind in the past two millennia, and in France was a contributing factor to the social agitation which resulted in Revolution. This poem is one of a number of Welsh poems which bear witness to conditions during this particular *El Niño* episode, yet none link the weather specifically with political events in France. Although Thomas refers to the war with France in his title, like the hymnist Dafydd Wiliam of Glamorgan who composed a poem to the cold summer and wet autumn of 1789, it is the generic sins of Welshmen which exercise him. Similarly, William Jones of Llangadfan composed two strict-metre stanzas to the wet year of 1792, but despite his known republican views he, too, merely recorded the vile weather (NLW 1806E, letter 784, William Jones to Walter Davies, 23 April 1793; *Cymru*, XLV (1913), 189). In his poem to the fast-day, Thomas cites both war and famine as examples of divine retribution, no. 11, line 10. Thomas's poem should be compared to a poem by his namesake, John Thomas of Penffordd-wen, which thanks a Mr R. Sankey of Treffynnon (Holywell) for selling foreign corn at a reasonable price to the poor during a year of scarcity, 1800, *Telyn Arian* ([1806]), pp. 36–9. Corn riots played an important role in the evolution of the French Revolution and, in Britain, the corn riots witnessed between 1793 and 1801 endangered the nation's internal peace and are considered amongst the most dangerous popular disturbances in Britain at the close of the eighteenth century. See David J. V. Jones, *Before Rebecca: Popular Protests in Wales 1793–1825* (London, 1973).

11. Fast-day, 12 March 1800

This poem by John Thomas is true to the unifying nationalistic intent of national fast-days and he may have felt compelled to compose it by virtue of his role as parish clerk. Compare with other loyalist poems for fast-days, nos. 28, 30, 38, 47, 51, as well as more subversive poems on the same occasions, nos. 15, 45, 52.

11 *Paul* See no. 1, line 25.

12. An address to the Welsh in the time of war 1803

After a brief peace, negotiated at Amiens in 1802, Britain declared war against France in 1803. John Thomas's address to Welsh soldiers places his poem in the public sphere: a country poet was, by virtue of his role, the mouthpiece of his community, and Thomas's authority to fulfil this role was perhaps intensified by his very public office as parish clerk. The English tune of his poem, 'Britons Bold', upholds the loyalist message of the text which still attests the fear of invasion and also the growing reputation and notoriety of Napoleon Bonaparte who had gained renown through his military successes in the mid-1790s. Thomas concludes his poem by urging both Welsh soldiers and the populace at home to remain faithful to the Crown, the Church and the British state. Copious biblical allusions underline Thomas's message that the nation's success in war depends on the godliness of its people, lines 31–2.

33 *David* See no. 5, lines 35, 40.

34 *Goliath* See no. 5, lines 35, 38, 40.

DAVID DAVIS, Castellhywel (Dafis Castellhywel; 1745–1827)

The Arian minister and schoolmaster David Davis was born at Goetre-isaf, Llangybi in Cardiganshire, 14 February 1745, and was educated at the grammar school and Academy in Carmarthen. Although not an avowed Unitarian, Davis was an Arian who emphasized the unity of God, and he exchanged poems in a poetic contention with David Saunders (1769–1840) of Lampeter regarding the Trinity. In the 1770s he openly sympathized with the ideas of Joseph Priestley and Richard Price, and condemned the way in which Priestley was treated during the Birmingham riots of 1791. He was ordained at Llwynrhydowen in 1773, and he ministered at Ciliau Aeron and Llwynrhydowen before moving to Castellhywel, and from thence to Llwynrhydowen again at the very end of

his life. David Davis was well known locally as a minister and preacher. He was also renowned and well respected as a schoolmaster and competent scholar: around 1782 he opened his school in Castellhywel, Cardiganshire, having refused a post at the grammar school in Carmarthen in 1778. He translated an essay by Henry Scougal into Welsh, *Bywyd Duw yn Enaid Dyn* (The Life of God in the Soul of Man; 1779). As a poet, he composed both strict- and free-metre poetry, but tends to stray from the precise rules of the strict metres. His poems were collected in *Telyn Dewi* (David's Harp; 1824), which, in addition to original verse, includes translations of the work of Laetitia Barbauld, William Cowper, Thomas Gray, Alexander Pope and Isaac Watts. Most of Davis's poetry is religious and didactic in nature, but it also has a social edge which places him at the heart of his local community: he composed elegies and occasional verse, sometimes of a humorous nature. His 1798 translation of Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard* (1751) was much admired. He reviewed *Barddoniaeth Dafydd ab Gwilym* (1789) under a pseudonym for the *Analytical Review*, 7 (July 1790), 295–9.

Since Davis did not enjoy good health in the last few years of his life, Daniel Evans was largely responsible for compiling and editing *Telyn Dewi*. The series of *englynion* on the French Revolution (no. 13) as well as two trenchant fast-day poems were excluded, but were included in the second, enlarged edition of 1876. No. 15 survives in manuscript only and is published in this anthology for the first time. Was it simply that no manuscript redactions of these poems were ready to hand as the volume was being prepared for press? Or was editor or poet embarrassed by these subversive poems from a dangerous time which would belie Davis's reputation as an uncontroversial preacher? Were these poems deemed safer to publish at the end of the nineteenth century when the French Revolution was viewed, at a remove, as a historical curiosity rather than a potential threat to the British state and its internal cohesion?

13. France's Revolution

Davis welcomed the French Revolution in 1789 and his use of the word 'chwyldroad' for 'revolution' in this poem is one of the first examples of this usage in Welsh. Here he describes the Revolution as God's doing, and therefore urges Britons not to go to war against France, since God is plainly on France's side, lines 61–76. A selection of these stanzas (lines 41–4, 49–52, 45–8, 29–32, 25–8, 37–40, 73–6) were quoted in *Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg*, III (August 1793), 147–9, in order to strengthen another author's anti-Catholic position: in a letter addressed to the overseers of the magazine, the author, 'Philo Rectum', maintains that since Roman Catholicism and tyranny are codependent, uprooting Catholicism from the country should be within the remit of the Welsh magazine. The

writer provocatively locates himself within Enlightenment discourse of '*écrazer l'infâme*' in his false address, 'Ynys Gotha' (Gotha Island). Gotha, capital of the Duchy of Saxe-Gotha, was the home of Voltaire. He continues to assert his view that civic and religious liberty are natural concomitants, and explains his opposition to the notion of an Established Church. This may explain why so many copies of individual stanzas from the series survive in various manuscripts and commonplace books: verses may have been transmitted orally, or individuals copied only those verses that they found most pertinent or striking. For example, only three *englynion* from this series (no. 13, lines 1–8 and 13–16) are copied in the commonplace of Evan Evans of Llanina and Castellhywel (NLW 8201A, p. 1b).

7 *Brunswick* Charles William Ferdinand (1780–1826), a Prussian field marshal who commanded the allied army against Revolutionary France. He is also mentioned by Morgan John Rhys in his sermon on the fast-day held on 28 February 1794, *Cyngor Gamaliel* . . . (Gamaliel's Advice . . .; 1794), p. 16.

9 *Hanoverians* The Protestant Hanoverian dynasty of Great Britain: George I (reigned 1714–27), George II (reigned 1727–60), George III (reigned 1760–1820), and George IV (reigned 1820–30).

10 *Prussians* The north German duchy of Prussia was originally part of the First Coalition (1793–6) against France, see no. 3, lines 17, 30, and no. 41, line 233. By 1795 the coalition was fragile, and after negotiating its own peace with France, the Treaty of Basle (1795), Prussia withdrew from the coalition and took a neutral stance in the war. David Davis refers to this breaking 'a pledge with the Britons' in three *englynion* that he composed on the death of Frederick-William II (1744–97) who reigned as king of Prussia from 1786 until his death (*Telyn Dewi* (1876), p. 118). Spain restored its allegiance with France in 1796, and in 1797 Austria negotiated the Treaty of Campo Formio (1797) with France, leaving Britain alone to face the French Revolutionary armies.

12 *Austrians* The rivalry between France and Austria was exacerbated by the Revolution and the mistreatment of Marie-Antoinette, sister of emperors Joseph II and Leopold II. France declared war on Austria in April 1793, by which time Marie-Antoinette's nephew, Francis II, with whom she had no personal relationship, ruled the Habsburg empire. See also no. 3, line 17.

18 *to the dust* The dethronement and execution of Louis XVI, 21 January 1793. See also poems no. 3, lines 13–17; no. 4; no. 36, line 114; no. 41, line 103; and no. 49.

37 *of the owl's kind* The owl is not used here as a metaphor for wisdom. Since the owl is a bird of the night and a bird of prey, it is perhaps a metaphor for oppressors and tyrants. Edward Williams refers to George III as an owl, no. 17, line 64.

61 *oppressed city* Paris. Lines 65–8 refer to the fall of the Bastille.

15. A hymn on a fast-day

For fast-days in general, see Introduction, pp. 26–7. This hymn is found in Card 2.134, which contains poetry by other Cardiganshire poets, including Ioan Siencyn's *englynion* on the war with France (no. 3).

16. An answer to the cywydd *to peace by Tomos Glyn Cothi*

These *englynion* form a riposte to 'A *cywydd* on peace' (no. 44) composed by Thomas Evans for a Gorsedd meeting organized by Edward Williams on Garth Mountain, Glamorgan, in 1797 (see also no. 24).

7 *a man who sings the truth* A reference to Thomas Evans.

8 *his piglets* Dependents, in keeping with the phrase 'the swinish multitude'.

10 *badgers* Perhaps a metaphor for uncivilized and unruly people, again synonymous with 'the swinish multitude'.

13 *Will* William Pitt (1759–1806) who was prime minister from 1783 to 1801. Pitt was keen to maintain peace with France during the French Revolution, but was forced to form a coalition with other nations when France declared war against Britain in 1793. See no. 3, line 30, regarding the First Coalition. For attitudes towards Pitt in Welsh poetry of the Revolutionary period, see Introduction, p. 32, and no. 43.

EDWARD WILLIAMS (Iolo Morganwg; 1747–1826)

Born in Llancarfan, Glamorganshire, in 1747, the philomath Edward Williams lived in nearby Flimston (Flemingston) for most of his life, and earned a meagre living as a stonemason, yet he is considered a driving force in the development of modern Welsh nationhood. He was an antiquary, poet and literary forger who supported radical politics and abolitionism, and was also one of the founders of

the Unitarian cause in South Wales. As a young man he came under the influence of the first generation of cultural revivalists in Glamorgan, the Grammarians, which included Edward Evan (author of nos. 1 and 2) and the Revd John Walters (the recipient of poem no. 4), and through the Grammarians he was introduced to members of the second generation of cultural revivalists, the London-based Gwyneddigion Society. The Society's greatest achievement in the field of antiquarianism was the three-volume compendium of medieval Welsh poetry and prose, *The Myvyrian Archaiology of Wales* (1801–7). It was financed by Owen Jones, but Williams did much of the groundwork, transcribing material from the British Library and private collections in Wales, and also contributing some of his own fabrications relating to Bardism. Williams's creativity was enhanced by his addiction to laudanum: his interests and talents, including his skill as a forger of medieval Welsh poetry and prose, were all curiously combined in Bardism (Barddas), his alternative bardo-druidic vision of Wales's authentic poetic tradition; a vision that was intended as a revelation to the world of Wales's ancient civility and precocious egalitarianism and pacifist values. It was also an expression of its author's regional identity, as well as a perceived historical bias towards north Wales as the cradle of Welsh literary excellence and linguistic purity. In Bardism he upheld the primacy of the history, traditions and dialect of his native county of Glamorgan above all other Welsh counties. It also had a strong egocentric dimension, since by claiming that the bardic culture of north Wales was merely a corruption of the pure Bardism retained in south Wales, Williams could strike a pose as the last legitimate Welsh bard in existence and the only authoritative interpreter of Welsh bardic culture.

Williams was a poet in both Welsh and English: his English poems, *Poems, Lyric and Pastoral* were published by subscription in 1794. In Welsh, he was an accomplished poet in strict and free metres and wrote in a multiplicity of modes: he duped the London Welsh to include his fabrications of the poetry of the canonic fourteenth-century poet Dafydd ap Gwilym in their edition of his work, *Barddoniaeth Dafydd ab Gwilym* (1789); only a fraction of his three thousand Unitarian hymns were published in *Salmau yr Eglwys yn yr Anialwch* (Psalms of the Church in the Wilderness; 1812); and much of his love, nature and political poetry remains unpublished. The many facets of his life and legacy, and the circles in which he turned, are reflected in his voluminous correspondence, *CIM*.

17. A hymn to George the Miser

Williams also wrote a rambling anti-war and anti-monarchy address to George III (NLW 21396E, no. 11) and a series of *englynion* 'i ryfel Siôr y Crinwas' (to George the Miser's war) in Walcheren, Copenhagen, 1809 (NLW 21404F,

item 13b) in which he reused stanzas from an earlier series of *englynion* on the outbreak of war in 1802 (NLW 13148A, pp. 235–6).

21 *Judas's heir* See no. 3, line 3.

49 *The three chief vile destroyers* For the triad form see notes to no. 23.

18. Rights of man

Holograph copies in Williams's own manuscripts state that he declaimed this poem publicly in two Gorsedd ceremonies in 1793 and 1798 (NLW 13148A, pp. 292, 300). Two *englynion* function as epilogues to or summaries of the preceding text in manuscript redactions of this song: no. 19 (NLW 13148A, p. 300) and no. 20 (ibid., p. 292).

9 *lion* The lion is one of the four heavenly Living Creatures around the throne in heaven, Revelation 4: 6–9, and also a potent symbol of British Liberty in the iconography of British patriotism.

44 *conscience too is enslaved* Either a reference to the power of the papacy in France, or recognition of the restrictions upon Dissenters in Britain, despite the Toleration Act 1689, see no. 1, line 17.

46 *The female rider of the red dragon* Refers to the pregnant woman clothed with the sun, and the red dragon who stands before her, Revelation 12: 1–6. Williams identifies her (the law of her wrath, line 47) with the British state.

50 *a day is approaching* Possibly a reference to the Second Coming of Christ, or else the Last Judgement when, according to Christian doctrine, God will deliver his final verdict on each individual, consigning them either to heaven or hell, Revelation 20: 11–15.

21. [Rights of man ('Newgate Stanzas')]

88 *Old Tom Paine was burned* Thomas Paine (1737–1809) was a radical philosopher and popular writer who supported the American and French revolutions. He defended the French Revolution against Edmund Burke in *Rights of Man* (1791; 1792) and was elected to the French Convention in 1792. He opposed the execution of Louis XVI and was imprisoned in Paris during the Terror. *Age of Reason* (1794–6), his defence of deism, was so critical of orthodox Christianity that he lost the sympathy of many who had previously supported

him and he became a pariah to the state and its loyal adherents. Paine was burned in effigy in locations in both south and north Wales during 1792 and 1793 (see Introduction, pp. 9, 14–19).

22. Englynion *on the old proverb 'there is no genius without learning'*

This series of *englynion* was originally composed for a Gorsedd meeting in London planned for the autumn equinox 1794 (NLW 311E, p. 85) and he reused them in a Gorsedd meeting on Stalling Down in Glamorgan, at the midwinter solstice of 1796 (NLW 13146A, p. 420; NLW 6238A, pp. 75, 76).

23. The priest's triads sung by Iolo Morganwg in the summer solstice Gorsedd on Garth Mountain in Glamorganshire 1797

The copy of these stanzas in the commonplace book of Thomas Evans confirms Edward Williams's title, yet notes 1798 as the date, NLW 6238A, p. 215.

triads The triad form is characteristic of native culture in early Wales and Ireland. *Trioedd Ynys Prydain* (The Triads of the Island of Britain) is an index of mythological characters organized in triads for mnemonic purposes by professional poets in medieval Wales. They were part of bardic training, and were also used for didactic purposes in legal and medical contexts. The triad was a favourite form of Edward Williams and his manuscripts contain copies of numerous authentic series of triads, in addition to many of his own fabrications.

50 *a dog feeding on its own vomit* 'As a dog returneth to his vomit, [so] a fool returneth to his folly', Proverbs 26: 11.

72 *and giving a tithe to the priest* See no. 1, line 17, and also no. 21, line 61.

75 *the serpent of wickedness* The serpent which tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden according to the Old Testament account of the fall of mankind from innocence, Genesis 3. See no. 7, line 82.

24. A cywydd *invoking peace*

Again, this poem seems to have served Edward Williams well in more than one Gorsedd meeting. Both sources of this *cywydd* note that it was declaimed at a Gorsedd meeting on a hill at Dinorwig in Caernarfonshire in 1799 in the presence of David Thomas and other members of his poetic network (see Introduction,

p. 35). However, Thomas Evans's poem on the same subject notes that he had composed it for a Gorsedd meeting on Garth Mountain, Glamorganshire, in 1797 (no. 44; NLW 6238A, p. 204). Edward Williams's *cywydd* is extant in two redactions: the version in source A includes the following 98 additional lines: 7–8, 13–14, 37–8, 45–54, 85–6, 91–2, 105–30, 133–4, 139–44, 147–8, 153–6, 185–6, 189–202, 205–8, 223–4, 227–36, 261, 262–6. The shorter version of this *cywydd* was also included in the second volume of his Unitarian hymns published in 1834 (*Salmau yr Eglwys yn yr Anialwch* (1834), pp. 220–7).

120 *Nimrodian* Nimrod, great-grandson of Noah, was a mighty hunter of much skill who did not fear God, Genesis 10: 8–9; 1 Chronicles 1: 10. He was also the founder of the city of Babylon (see no. 5, lines 85–6, 87; no. 52, line 64); Genesis 10: 10. Hunting in biblical sources is sometimes synonymous with persecution and oppression of people. Nimrod is used here as an exemplar for an ungodly oppressor, as in John Jones's pamphlet, *Seren Tan Gwmmwl* (1795). See also no. 9, line 64, and no. 47, line 14.

203–4 *My poet's motto . . . / is the just word of truth*, Williams here references his philosophical bardic motto, 'Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd' (The Truth against the World), which, by design, tapped into the Enlightenment *zeitgeist* which opposed obscurantism and championed reason. See no. 17, lines 92–105, in which Williams presents the French Revolution as a revelation of truth to mankind.

25. The origin of nobility

Here Edward Williams claims that the aristocracy is a social construct and not one that is divinely ordained.

JOHN ROBERTS (Siôn Lleyn; 1749–1817)

John Roberts was born at Chwilog Bach farm, Llanystumdwy parish, in 1749, and moved to Pwllheli in the early 1780s where he is associated with the establishment of Penymount Methodist Church. He was also instrumental in establishing a Sunday school in the town and kept a regular school at nearby Rhydyclafdy. He was, by all accounts, a gentle and well-respected man whose religiosity made him one of the stalwarts of early Methodism on the Llŷn Peninsula. Roberts was a poet in both strict and free metres, and also composed hymns for use in Methodist devotion. His style can be heavy as he sometimes sacrificed clarity of meaning in order to achieve strict-metre sonority. Roberts corresponded

with local poets Evan Prichard (Ieuan Lleyn), David Thomas (Dafydd Ddu Eryri), and his nephew, the bedridden poet, John Thomas of Chwilog (Siôn Wyn o Eifion; 1786–1859). He also corresponded with the London-based goldsmith and pamphleteer, Thomas Roberts of Llwynrhudol, who nominated Roberts as a corresponding member of the Gwyneddigion Society. Some of his poems were published in Thomas's *Corph y Gaingc* (The Main Burden of the Muse; 1810) and he published poems in smaller pamphlets: *Caniadau Moesawl a Difyr* . . . (Moral and Entertaining Songs . . .; n.d.), *Caniadau Newyddion, ar Amrywiol Destynau* . . . (New Songs, on Various Subjects . . .; 1815). Roberts's poetry focuses largely on his locality and the Methodist community of the Llŷn Peninsula and beyond. He also competed in local eisteddfodau as well as those arranged by the Gwyneddigion Society. His Methodism, like that of Evan Prichard, perhaps placed him at one remove from the most prominent members of the London-Welsh societies, but he did maintain an affectionate correspondence with Thomas Roberts of Llwynrhudol, and was swift to defend Methodism from the personal attack of members of the Gwyneddigion Society. John Roberts's Methodism is also an important context for the strong loyalism which characterizes his poetry.

26. The superiority of peace over war

This is possibly an eisteddfodic poem since the material which precedes it in the manuscript source belongs to the local eisteddfod held at Penmorfa in 1795, with the official blessing and authority of the Gwyneddigion Society. The subject for the chair competition was 'war' and so these *englynion* would form a natural complement to the main competition. In the previous eisteddfod at Dolgellau in 1794 the bards had been required to write impromptu poems about the cause of the war (see no. 8), as well as peace. In 1795 Spain declared war on Great Britain and the British expedition to Quiberon Bay failed. In view of the devastating effects of war on people and places, the impact of the final stanza is that war is a choice, and the wrong choice at that.

28. A lament for the plight of Great Britain 1804

In 1804 Napoleon was crowned emperor of France, against whom Britain had gone to war in the previous year. The reference to 'fast and prayer' (line 23) suggests that this poem was written for a fast-day or at least inspired by one. See nos. 11, 28, 30, 38, 47, 51, as well as more subversive poems to fast-days, nos. 15, 45, 52.

29. Britannia's address to the English on the death of Lord Nelson

Nelson See no. 6.

30. Fast

Like nos. 11, 28, 38, 47, 51, this poem was written for a national fast-day, and reflects the desired loyalist fervour of the British government of the day. Although it is undated in the manuscript source, it may be cotemporaneous with those by John Roberts's friends, David Thomas (no. 38) and Robert Morris (no. 47) which were both published in *Corph y Gaingc* (1810).

19 *David* See no. 5, lines 35, 40.

21 *Christ's atoning sacrifice* See no. 7, line 82.

EDWARD CHARLES (Siamas Wynedd; 1757–1828)

Born in Clocaenog, Denbighshire, in 1757, by 1789 Edward Charles was a draper's assistant in London. He was a poet, a letter-writer, and author of satirical prose squibs. He was known amongst members of the London-Welsh societies as Siamas Wynedd (Charles of Gwynedd) and Sierlyn Fardd (Charlie the Bard). Charles was an active and popular member of the London-Welsh scene: he joined the Gwyneddigion Society in 1790 and was its secretary in 1796. The Society's aims were published in 1796 under Charles's name, *Dull ac Amcanion Cymdeithas y Cymreigyddion . . .* (The Manner and Objectives of the Cymreigyddion Society . . .). For their entertainment, he produced a performance of an interlude popular in Wales at the time, *Tri Chryfion Byd* (The Three Powers of the World; 1789) by Thomas Edwards (Twm o'r Nant), in which John Jones (Jac Glan-y-gors; 1766–1821) took one of the parts. His correspondence and poetry reveal connections and warm relations with the following: Walter Davies (Gwallter Mechain); John Jones; John Roberts of Tŷ-du at Llanuwchllyn; the Revd R. Williams, curate of Llansannan in Denbighshire; Thomas Jones the Exciseman (Rhaiadr); Thomas Jones (Bardd Cloff); John Roberts (Siôn Lleyn); John Edwards (Siôn Ceiriog); and David Samwell (Dafydd Ddu Feddyg). He also engaged in a prolonged and scurrilous poetic discourse regarding the tax on child baptism and Methodism with Thomas Edwards (Twm o'r Nant) of Denbighshire and John Prichard of Holywell, Flintshire. Unlike those of his friend Glan-y-gors, Charles's publications mark him out as a conservative and loyalist who was not afraid to voice his deep-seated bias in the

public sphere: they include a fervent anti-Methodist pamphlet, *Epistolau Cymraeg at y Cymry* (Welsh Letters to the Welsh People; 1797) and miscellaneous poetic and prose contributions to the new Welsh periodical press of the time, including a letter in which he critiques the alleged intellectual carelessness of Glan-y-gors's Painite pamphlet, *Seren Tan Gwmmwl* (Clouded Star; 1795). His righteous indignation chimed with his correspondent, John Llwyd of Corwen, who sent an equally vituperative critique of Glan-y-gors's pamphlet to Charles in 1799 (no. 59). He died in London, in straightened circumstances, in 1828, having received charitable donations from two London-Welsh societies in 1821 (Cymreigyddion) and 1823 (Gwyneddigion).

31. On the death of Louis XVI, king of France, whose head was cut off in public in the city of Paris on 21 January AD *1793, at the command of the National Assembly*

This elegy to Louis XVI was published in *Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg*, II (May 1793), 111, a magazine to which Edward Charles contributed regularly during its brief circulation.

1 *Louis* See no. 3, lines 13–16. See also no. 4; no. 13, lines 17–18; no. 36, line 114; no. 41, line 103; no. 49.

32. Englynion *to the democrats, or the men who speak cruelly against the king and a large part of our government; and that in the year 1795*

This series of *englynion* was composed in response to the infamous Treason Trials of 1794 (see Introduction, pp. 20–1).

27, 55 *hell* 'Annw(f)n' in the original Welsh text refers to the otherworld of ancient Welsh mythology which, under the influence of Christianity, became synonymous with hell.

JOHN THOMAS, Penffordd-wen (1757–1835)

John Thomas was born in Allt Ddu, Llannor parish in Caernarfonshire, in 1757, but lived most of his life as a farmer at Penffordd-wen, in the parish of Nantglyn, Denbighshire. Latterly he moved to Llwynbidwal (Overton), Bryn Eglwys in Flintshire, where he is buried. His poetry reveals that, like his father, he worked as a weaver, and also as an officer in a Liverpool custom-house. He composed both strict- and free-metre verse, but wrote most fluently in free metre. Both his Welsh

and English poems were published in *Telyn Arian* (Silver Harp; [1806]) and *Nabl Arian . . .* (Silver Psaltring . . .; 1827): they comprise mainly carols, moralistic poems, and occasional verses to friends and neighbours in Denbighshire, his native Caernarfonshire and Liverpool. Many of his poems attest the growing industrialization of Denbighshire at the turn of the nineteenth century. See also '[Cerdd] o ddiolchgar goffadwriaet[h] am y gorfoleddus fuddugoliaeth a dderbyniasom yn ddiweddar ar ein gelynion' (A song of thankful commemoration for the triumphant victory which we received recently over our enemies), which John Thomas published as a ballad pamphlet, together with a poem relating Nelson's death at Cape Trafalgar, 21 October 1805 (Jones, *Welsh Ballads of the French Revolution*). He also published an interlude, *Urania, neu Grefyddol Ddadleuon* (Astronomy, or Religious Arguments; 1793), on the doctrinal differences between the Quakers, Baptists and Methodists; *Drych Ysprydol* (Spiritual Mirror; [1790]), a work of moral and religious instruction; as well as an encyclopaedic educational compendium, *Annerch Ieuengctyd Cymru . . .* (Address to the Youth of Wales . . .; 1795), which is a testimony to the extent to which he was self-educated: it covers rhetoric, arithmetic, natural philosophy and astronomy.

33. A young girl's lament for the company of her lover who was a soldier, and her wish for the war to come to an end

46 *volunteers* Unlike the regular militia, the volunteer corps were an auxiliary armed force raised for temporary local defence, most notably during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. In this period the volunteers also served as a means of rallying patriotic ardour throughout the provinces. For Welsh-language ballads in praise of Welsh volunteer corps, see Jones, *Welsh Ballads of the French Revolution*. For the Caernarfonshire and Denbighshire militia, see Bryn Owen, *The History of the Welsh Militia & Volunteer Corps: 1. Anglesey and Caernarfonshire* (Caernarfon, 1989); *idem*, *History of the Welsh Militia & Volunteer Corps 1757–1908 (Part 1): Regiments of Militia* (Wrexham, 1997).

DAVID THOMAS (Dafydd Ddu Eryri; 1759–1822)

The poet David or Dafydd Thomas was born in Waunfawr, Caernarfon, in April 1759, to deeply religious, Methodist parents. He followed his father in his trade as weaver, but after his father's death about 1781, the largely self-educated Thomas became an itinerant schoolmaster in Caernarfonshire. He composed both free- and strict-metre poetry, and was introduced to the latter by a fellow-pupil at John Morgan's school at Llanberis, Abraham Williams, who also lent Thomas his copy of Siôn Rhydderch's poetic grammar. His eight-month

term of schooling at Llanberis made David Thomas a poet and a vociferous Anglican. He also wrote poetry in English but his literary reputation in Wales rests on his Welsh-language, rather than Anglophone, poetry.

David Thomas collected and transcribed manuscripts and in 1795 he inherited the manuscripts of David Ellis of Cricieth. Through the poet Robert Hughes (Ceint Bach, Robin Ddu yr Ail o Fôn; 1744–85), who moved to Caernarfon from London in the 1780s, Thomas learned much about the Gwyneddigion Society, of which he became a corresponding member. He wrote to Thomas Jones the Exciseman, William Owen Pughe, Walter Davies and others. Inspired, perhaps, by Robert Hughes's accounts of the London-Welsh societies, Thomas established a number of literary societies in north-west Wales in the early 1780s: Cymdeithas Lenyddol Beirdd Arfon (The Literary Society of the Poets of Arvonia) or simply 'Cymdeithas yr Eryron' (The Society of Snowdonia Men). Thomas also functioned as the hub of poetic and correspondence circles in the area, through which he promoted the prevailing neoclassical literary taste and standards. Thomas effectively positioned himself as a vital conduit between the various members of his local poetic networks in Caernarfonshire and the Gwyneddigion Society in London. A Tory and conservative, Thomas became uneasy with the radical sympathies and alleged deist convictions of the members of the London Welsh, and later came to resent their cultural interference in Wales. In light of his own independent eisteddfodic arrangements in north-west Wales, Thomas was perhaps envious of their prominent role in patronizing the Eisteddfod movement and dictating its literary agenda. Thomas was initially enthused by Edward Williams's ideas – he was invested as a Bard in a Gorsedd meeting held on Dinorwig hill, 16 October 1799 (see no. 24) – but he later distanced himself from Williams as soon as he deduced that Williams's bardic alphabet and metric classification were fabrications. A relatively comprehensive collection of his poetry was published in *Corph y Gaingc* (1810), which also included poems by his friends and poetic apprentices who together formed a local network which spanned Caernarfonshire, Llŷn and Eifionydd: Griffith Williams (Gutyn Peris), William Williams (Gwilym Peris), Hugh Evans (Hywel Eryri), Richard Jones (Gwyndaf Eryri), Owen Williams (Owain Gwyrfai), and John Roberts (Siôn Lleyn; see nos. 26–30). He also published a practical guide to working the land, *Arddwriaeth Ymarferol* . . . (Practical Gardening . . .; 1816).

34. An awdl *on liberty*

This was the winning *awdl* in the competition for the chair at the St Asaph eisteddfod of 1790. See also Introduction, pp. 11–13. Walter Davies's poem (no. 41) came second in the same competition. Styled 'the modern *awdl*' by the Gwyneddigion, it became a pattern for nineteenth-century eisteddfodic *awdlau*

which also conscientiously opened with classical invocations. All three of David Thomas's eisteddfodic *awdlau* from Bala (1789), St Asaph (1790), and Llanrwst (1791) were published by the Gwyneddigion Society in London, *Awdlau ar Destynau Cymdeithas y Gwyneddigion i'r Eisteddfodau . . .* (*Awdlau* on the Subjects of the Society of Gwyneddigion for their Eisteddfodau . . .; 1791), and in the magazine, *Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg*, I (February 1793), 50–4. Thomas's *awdl* on liberty proved extremely popular and a version of the manuscript redaction (NLW Add MS 354B, pp. 35–46) was published in Wrexham in 1790, again at the behest of the Gwyneddigion Society, *Gorchestwaith Beirdd Cymru, Yr Oes bresennol, yn E[i]steddfod y Bala . . .* (The Feats of the Poets of Wales of the Present Age, in the Bala eisteddfod . . .; [1790]). Not to be outdone by Walter Davies, David Thomas included scholarly notes to this winning *awdl* on liberty. The footnotes to the Welsh text presented here are Thomas's own notes from *Corph y Gaingc* (1810) and those in square brackets appeared in *ADCG*. The verses enclosed in square brackets in the body of the text and translation denote additional verses that appeared in the manuscript redaction and in *Gorchestwaith* (1790), but were not included in the other published redactions, including Thomas's own authorized text in the first edition of *Corph y Gaingc*.

26, 30 *Eleutheria* Both David Thomas and Walter Davies (no. 41, line 285) consider Eleutheria the goddess of liberty. However, Eleuthe'ria was the festival held at Platea after the victory over the Persians in 479 BC during the Persian wars. It was celebrated every five years.

79 *Sparta* The city of Sparta in the Peloponnese state of Spartē or Lacedaemon.

80 *Thule* Land in the north, possibly Norway or Iceland, that was noticed for the first time by Pytheas (fourth century BC) during his circumnavigation of Britain. Ptolemy and Agricola's fleet identified Thule with Shetland.

81 *Lycurgus* Legendary legislator of Sparta and founder of its constitution.

82 *Solon* Athenian statesman and poet, renowned for reforming the city's legislation *c.*640–*c.*561 BC.

85–8 *Celts* The work of the Breton Abbé Pezron and the Welsh antiquary Edward Lhwyd at the turn of the eighteenth century established a link between the indigenous languages of Wales, Cornwall and Brittany, and postulated the notion of a hypothetical 'Celtick' mother tongue. Their work ultimately inspired a revival of interest in the Celts and Celticism, which became a vital substrand in eighteenth-century Welsh patriotism, notably amongst the circle

which surrounded Lewis Morris, whose *Celtic Remains* (1878) gloried in the magnificent remote past of the Welsh. In his footnote to line 88 which ends his description of the Celts, David Thomas quotes from a suitably 'Celtic' text: 'Y Gododdin' (The Gododdin), a series of old-style *awdlau,* attributed to the poet Aneirin, which commemorate the fallen warriors of the Brythonic/British tribe of the Gododdin at the battle of Catraeth (Catterick, Yorkshire; *c.*600) in the territory known to the Welsh descendents of these ancient Britons as the Old North. See A. O. H. Jarman (ed.), *Aneirin: Y Gododdin* (Llandysul, 1988), p. 11, XIVA, lines 133–4; John T. Koch (ed.), *The Gododdin of Aneirin: Text and Context from Dark-Age North Britain* (Cardiff, 1997). This heroic poem was discovered by Evan Evans in 1758 and a selection of verses was published in his seminal text, *Some Specimens of the Poetry of the Ancient Welsh Bards* (1764), pp. 67–76.

93 *Edward* King Edward VI (1537–53) of England, son of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour who became king aged nine years. During his short reign, from 1547 until his death, Protestant reform gained momentum in England.

145 *hell* See no. 32, lines, 27, 35.

168 *Mont Blanc* The highest mountain in the Alps which became the focus of territorial disputes in the wake of the French Revolution. A footnote in the redaction published in *Gorchestwaith* (1790), p. 24, notes 'Appennine Mountain', the Apennine Mountain Range of peninsular Italy which is part of the older Alpine system.

174–5 *it brightens Asia . . . / it awakens the depths of Africa* David Thomas here refers to the liberating power of the Christian message, as presented by the missionary societies which flourished in the mid-eighteenth century and supported the abolition of slavery by the end of the century.

182 *Rome and Arabia* In the footnote added to this line Thomas paraphrases the poet Goronwy Owen (see notes to no. 39). He also quotes the poet Gwalchmai ap Meilyr (*fl.* 1130–80), 'Awdl i Dduw' (An *awdl* to God, lines 95–8). See R. Geraint Gruffydd (ed.), *Gwaith Meilyr Brydydd a'i Ddisgynyddion: Cyfres Beirdd y Tywysogion I* (Caerdydd, 1994), p. 279.

214 *Gwynedd, our warm region* In his footnote to this line, Thomas quotes lines 3, 7–8 of an *awdl* by the poet Dafydd Benfras (*fl.* 1230–60) to Llywelyn ab Iorwerth. R. Geraint Gruffydd (ed.), *Gwaith Dafydd Benfras ac Eraill o Feirdd Hanner Cyntaf y Drydedd Ganrif ar Ddeg: Cyfres Beirdd y Tywysogion VI* (Caerdydd,

1995), p. 406. This particular *awdl* was anthologized in Evan Evans, *Some Specimens of the Poetry of the Ancient Welsh Bards* (1764), pp. 17–19, 119–20.

224 *the river Dwyfor* The Dwyfor river flows out to the sea near Llanystumdwy, in Eifionydd.

250 *men of Gwynedd* The London-based Society of Gwyneddigion. See Introduction, pp. 3, 4, 10–12.

35. News from Anglesey in the year 1796 when dogs were taxed for the first time

Despite his usual impeccable loyalist credentials, David Thomas is here derogatory of the tax raised on dogs in 1796 by William Pitt's government. Compare Thomas's poem with an assault on this particular tax by an anonymous author from south Wales, 'Breuddwyd Sion o'r Bryn, Llandilo-Fawr, a'i Gi Ciwpit' (The Dream of John of the Hill, Llandeilo Fawr, and his Dog Cupid), document 1.5, Marion Löffler, *Welsh Responses to the French Revolution: Press and Public Discourse 1789–1802* (Cardiff, 2012).

12 *the Vaynol estate* The Vaynol (Faenol) estate is located in Caernarfonshire, near Felinheli. From 1756 onwards, the estate was owned by the Assheton-Smiths, industrialists who also owned the quarry at nearby Dinorwig.

36. The song of Tom Paine

This song was written at the behest of Paul Panton, sen. See Introduction, p. 18.

Tom Paine See no. 21, line 88, and no. 33. The Welsh 'Twm' equates to the familiar form of 'Tom'.

footnote *Paul Panton* Paul Panton, sen. (1727–97) of Bagillt near Holywell, Flintshire, was an antiquary and literary patron. He was not a Welsh speaker but maintained an interest in Wales's native literary tradition: his library included material from the Wynne family of Gwydir and the papers of Evan Evans (Ieuan Fardd / Ieuan Brydydd Hir; 1731–88), whom he had patronized. David Thomas was patronized by Paul Panton, sen. and Paul Panton, jun. (1758–1822). The Panton manuscripts are now housed at the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth.

14 *'Ça Ira'* A popular song by the street singer Ladre which became emblematic of the French Revolution. The 'Ça Ira' (it'll be fine) was first heard in 1790 and was sung in several versions, including a sans-culotte rendition which had great currency during the Terror: it relishes the thought of putting aristocrats and priests to death, notably by hanging them from lamps.

51–7 *There is a law for the people . . . /clear conscience* Liberty is depicted as an integral feature of the British state.

114 *Louis was struck down* The execution of Louis XVI, 21 January 1793. See also poems no. 3, lines 13–16; no. 4; no. 13, lines 17–18; no. 41, line 103; and no. 49.

37. A cywydd *to the Welsh in general and to the publishers of the* Eurgrawn *in particular: greeting and success*

No doubt inspired by similar Welsh-language productions, David Thomas wished to publish his own Welsh-language magazine, *Y Greal, neu Eurgrawn, sef Trysorfa Gwybodaeth . . .* (Miscellany, or Magazine, that is Treasury of Knowledge . . .). Despite the support of the Revd Peter Bayley Williams and Evan Prichard (Ieuan Lleyn) only one issue was published, in January 1800. It was almost entirely edited by Prichard since Thomas was at the time indisposed by a stomach complaint. Thomas's emphasis on education and enlightenment is not unlike the attitude expressed by Edward Williams in no. 22, Thomas's loyalism excepting!

38. Fast-day

Compare with other loyalist fast-day poems (nos. 11, 28, 30, 47, 51) and contrast with subversive poems to fast-days (nos. 15, 45, 52). David Thomas also composed a poem for a day of general thanksgiving, in which he praises God for a 'miraculous release from the hands of the enemies' and for peace, *Corph y Gaingc* (1810), pp. 205–6; NLW 325E, p. 144.

39. The song of the victory against the armies of France and Spain; and the death of the peerless Admiral Nelson. This battle was fought for the Peninsula of Trafalgar, in the region of Andalusia in Spain, 21 October 1805

Nelson See no. 6.

Trafalgar See no. 6.

Goronwy Owen The poet and Anglican priest Goronwy Owen (Goronwy Ddu o Fôn; 1723–69) was hailed as the finest living poet of his day and was upheld as a neoclassical model for subsequent generations of eisteddfodic strict-metre poets. In 1803 the Gwyneddigion Society set a commemorative *awdl* to Goronwy Owen as the main poetic competition in the eisteddfod. See also Introduction, pp. 4–5.

16 *Egypt* The location of one of Nelson's previous naval victories, namely the destruction of the French fleet in the battle of Aboukir Bay on the Nile in August 1798, which ended Napoleon's short-lived conquest of Egypt.

MORGAN JOHN RHYS (1760–1804)

Morgan John Rhys was born at Graddfa farm, near Llanbradach in the parish of Llanfabon, Glamorgan, 8 December 1760 and attended the Baptist church at nearby Hengoed. He was educated by David Williams, Pwll-y-pant, Caerphilly, and attended Bristol Academy in August 1786. Although he ministered at Pen-y-garn Baptist church, Pontypool, from 1787 to 1791, he also made itinerant preaching journeys throughout Wales. An evangelical poet, preacher, pamphleteer and editor, Rhys's literary and religious productions reveal his liberal, reformist views and sincere sense of brotherly love. Amongst other things, he published several anti-slavery works, both poetry and prose, original and translations from 1789 onwards. Enthused by the French Revolution and convinced that the French craved the freedom of the Protestant Gospel, he and others established a society to distribute Bibles to the French. Once on French soil, Rhys established English preaching stations in Boulogne and Calais, and was in Paris by late February 1792, where he preached the Gospel and distributed free Bibles from a warehouse. Once back in Wales he continued to establish societies in order to raise funds to publish French Bibles. In 1793 he established a Welsh-language periodical, *Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg*, which was a forum for a broad spectrum of political and religious opinions and which ran to only five issues (see Löffler, *Welsh Responses to the French Revolution*). He contributed under various pseudonyms and relayed British and foreign news in the column 'Arwyddion yr Amserau' (Signs of the Times). America had always been his political and religious ideal and in 1794 Rhys emigrated there. After a few years, he purchased land in north-west Somerset which he envisaged as a new Welsh colony, Cambria, whose capital, inspired by Isaiah 62: 4, was in Beulah. In 1799 he founded a newspaper, *The Western Sky*.

40. Remembrance of the death of the Reverend Dafydd Jones of Dôl-goch, minister of the Gospel, formerly of Pontypool, and lately from Eglwys y Graig, Newcastle Emlyn, who went to sleep with his fathers, 24 January 1792, aged 51 years. Composed in Paris, France.

This poem was published in two editions during 1792. The text published here is taken from the second edition which, unlike the first, refers to Paris in the title. The textual differences between the two editions are so few and so minor as to necessitate no comment here. The second edition also includes an elegy by Joseph James of Pembrokeshire to Dafydd Jones of Dôl-goch which does not echo the apocalyptic resonance of Rhys's poem. Jones was also elegized by David/Dafydd Saunders in *Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg*, III (August 1793), 168, and a biographical sketch of Jones by 'Philagathus' was published in a previous issue of the periodical, *Cylchgrawn Cynmraeg*, I (February 1793), 95–7.

Dafydd Jones David Jones (1741–92), Baptist minister at Pen-y-garn, Pontypool, and then Newcastle Emlyn, was a native of Ynysdomlyd, Cwmaman, Carmarthenshire. After a self-confessed wild and reckless youth, he was converted under the preaching of the Methodist leader, Howel Harris, while working as a tailor in Monmouthshire. He went to work at Pontypool where he met the Revd Miles Harri(s), under whose influence he became a member of the church at Pen-y-garn. He was renowned in his day for his electrifying evangelical preaching and an almost Methodistical emphasis on personal experience of Christ. He died 24 January 1792 and is buried at Troed-yr-aur church, Cardiganshire.

10–16 Versification of Revelation 5: 9–12 which describes the song of praise that the elders sing to the only one considered worthy to open the seven seals.

22 *Babel* The antecedent of ancient Babylon (see no. 5, lines 85–6, 87; no. 9, line 64). According to Old Testament tradition, Babel is the location of the origin myth which explains the creation of different languages. After the flood the people began building the city of Babel on the plain of Shinar which would include a tower so tall that it would reach heaven. God punished their pride by confusing their language, thereby halting the construction work, Genesis 11: 1–9. Here, it is an embodiment of ungodly powers, Revelation 14: 8.

63 *serpent of brass* See John 3: 14–15 regarding the serpent of brass made by Moses. 2 Kings 18: 4; Numeri 21: 5–9.

67 *righteousness of Jesus* See no. 7, line 82.

74 *Athanasian Creed* A statement of faith used in the Western Christian Church from the fifth century onwards, which asserts the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation. It is traditionally ascribed to St Athanasius, an enemy of Arianism. Morgan John Rhys was noted for his suspicion of all systematized religious statements of faith.

75 *Nicean* The Nicene Creed, see no. 1, line 37.

97 *Williams* Peter Williams (1723–96) of Cardigan. Methodist preacher who produced a pocket edition of the Welsh Bible in 1790, that included explanatory notes by John Canne.

101, 169 *Canne's Bibles* The first edition of a pocket-sized Bible in Welsh, edited by Peter Williams and David Jones, was finally published at Trefeca in 1790. It was based on the Bible of the Puritan John Canne and reproduced his marginal notes: the editors were later accused of Sabellianism. Dafydd Jones had been distributing the Bibles of John Canne in Wales in 1791, possibly with Morgan John Rhys in tow. Joseph James also refers to Jones's activity with 'Bibl bychan Cann' (Canne's small Bible) in the elegy that he composed to Jones that was published alongside Rhys's elegy in the second edition, *Coffadwriaeth o farwolaeth y Parchedig Dafydd Jones . . .* (1792), p. 11.

111 *Harris* Miles Harri or Harris (1700–76) was a native of Bedwellte, Monmouthshire. Ordained in 1729, Harris was established as the first minister at the new Baptist church at Pen-y-garn, Pontypool, in 1731. He was admired for his skill in instructing the young and in nurturing preachers, and upon his death he was elegized by Dafydd Jones of Dôl-goch.

113 *Graig* Eglwys y Graig (Graig church) in Newcastle Emlyn, Cardiganshire.

115 *Richards* John Richards (1749–1809) ministered in Eglwys y Graig, Newcastle Emlyn, and later at Maes-y-berllan, Breconshire.

116 *Evan Evans* Evan Evans of Llygadenwyn, an Independent minister, was called to minister at Pen-y-graig, Carmarthenshire, in 1790.

117, 122 *Hannah* Hannah Jones of Dôl-goch, Cardiganshire, was a widow who owned a farm and brewery when she became Dafydd Jones's second wife. He had one child with his first wife, Jane Edwards of Pontypool.

132 *Cain* According to the Book of Genesis, Cain was the eldest son of Adam and Eve who killed his brother, Abel, Genesis 4.

137 *If the love of some becomes cold* Matthew 24: 12.

140 *column of fire* See no. 6, line 37.

149 *cloud of witnesses* Hebrews 12: 1.

155 *the footsteps of the flock* Song of Solomon 1: 8.

157–60 *homes and lands must be left behind / . . . when leaving the earthly home* 2 Corinthians 5: 1.

162 *Association* An assembly or association of representatives of Baptist churches within a specific district.

180 *the morning star* Revelation 22: 16

187 *the law of liberty* James 1: 25; 2: 12.

200 *Calvary* The hill on which Jesus was crucified according to the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. See no. 7, line 82.

205–8 *the seed must be planted . . . / seeds of grace* See the Parable of the Sower, Matthew 13: 1–23, and the Parable of the Weeds (or Tares), Matthew 13: 24–43.

214 *'lo, I am with you [alway]'* Matthew 28: 20.

217 *pavers of the paths* Morgan John Rhys here refers to missionaries.

225 *Jubilee* A Hebrew concept, outlined in the Old Testament, in which, every fiftieth year, land remained fallow, seized land was returned to rightful owners, and slaves were freed, Leviticus 25. The Roman Catholic Church initially adopted it in with a view to granting remission of guilt to pilgrims to Rome but, in time, 'jubilee years' became more frequent. In this context, it is used as a general trope for the freedom from sin enjoyed by the saints in heaven at the end of time. The same sense of expectation and fulfilment of biblical prophecy is expressed in collections of hymns by Morgan John Rhys and others, *Pigion o Hymnau a Salmau* (A Selection of Psalms; Part I, 1794) and *Pigion o Hymnau a Chaniadau Ysprydol* (A Selection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs; Part II, 1794).

227 *without blemish* Ephesians 5: 27.

232 *God Himself will be all in all* 1 Corinthians 15: 28.

WALTER DAVIES (Gwallter Mechain; 1761–1849)

Walter Davies was an Anglican priest, poet, antiquary and literary critic. A native of Llanfechain, Montgomeryshire, Davies was a cooper by trade and was introduced to the art of poetry from a young age by local country poets; notably to the traditional *plygain* carol which is a feature of that area. Some of his juvenilia were published in the Welsh almanacs. Through his poetic activity, he came to the attention of Owen Jones, benefactor of the Society of Gwyneddigion, London, who supported Davies's education at St Alban's Hall, Oxford. He was ordained in 1795 and was vicar of Manafon (1807–37) and Llanrhaeadr-ym-Mochnant (1837–49). One of the most well known of the 'Old Literary Parsons', he was a keen supporter of the Eisteddfod and promoted the Gorsedd within the Regional Eisteddfod movement, ensuring that the Gorsedd became a truly national institution. He was an avid competitor in poetic competitions well into his dotage and, as an adjudicator in the Regional Eisteddfodau, he endorsed the literary standards of Goronwy Owen. He was also one of the founders of the Anglican magazine, *Y Gwyliedydd* (The Watcher; 1822–38). He edited and published the poetical works of Huw Morys and Lewys Glyn Cothi. He also conducted and published a survey of the economic situation of north Wales (1810) and south Wales (1815) at the request of the Board of Agriculture, collaborating with Edward Williams on the survey of south Wales.

41. Praise to liberty

Davies's *awdl* was awarded second prize at the St Asaph eisteddfod 1790. Its style is slightly less stilted, yet no less difficult, than the rather bombastic winning poem by David Thomas, no. 34. Its structure is also inventive, if rather ostentatious: like David Thomas he uses a classical *invocatio*, but the basic structure in which the poet's spirit leaves his body in order to receive an instructive vision is reminiscent of Ellis Wynne's prose classic, *Gweledigaetheu y Bardd Cwsc* (Visions of the Sleeping Bard; 1703). See also Introduction, pp. 11–13.

1 *Solomon* According to biblical tradition, Solomon was the son of King David and Bathsheba. As king, he is renowned for his God-given wisdom, 2 Samuel 12: 24; 1 Chronicles 22: 5–23: 1; 1 Chronicles 28–2 Chronicles 9.

21–2 *the starving man . . . / sees what feeds him* Isaiah 32: 6.

33–4 *the meaningful subject / of the Gwyneddigion Society* An allusion to the fact that liberty was the subject set by the Gwyneddigion Society for the St Asaph eisteddfod of 1790.

39 *the fair one* The Muse. See also line 61.

103 *Louis* Louis XVI (1754–93), king of France since 1774. See also poems no. 3, lines 13–16; no. 4; no. 13, lines 17–18; no. 36, line 114; and no. 49.

104 *Joseph's sister* Marie-Antoinette (1755–93), sister of Joseph II of Austria and unpopular wife of Louis XVI of France since their marriage in 1770.

110 *George's paradise* Great Britain, the paradise of George III. See also no. 34, lines 108–39, 251–6; and no. 36, lines 21–7.

124 *Crécy* The battle of Crécy was fought in northern France, 26 August 1346, between the armies of Edward III and Philip VI of France. It was one of the most important battles of the Hundred Years' War and Edward's victory is attributed to the efficacy of the English longbow.

125 *Black Prince* Edward (1330–76) was posthumously named the Black Prince, perhaps because of the black armour that he wore. He was the son of Edward III and was designated Prince of Wales in 1343. He is renowned for his heroism during the Hundred Years' War, and at Crécy in particular.

127 *Hywel son of Gruffudd* Hywel ap Gruffudd (Sir Hywel y Fwyall; d. 1381?) was a professional soldier who led a company of Welshmen at the battle of Crécy in 1346 under the banner of the Black Prince. He is famous for his bravery with his axe in the battle of Poitiers. Latterly, he was constable at Cricieth Castle. Davies would perhaps be familiar with Hywel y Fwyall in the poetry of Iolo Goch (*c.*1325–*c.*1398), whose work was regularly transcribed into eighteenth-century commonplace books.

128 *John* John II (1319–64), king of France, along with his son Philip, was captured at the battle of Poitiers, 19 September 1356, during the Hundred Years' War.

129 *the third battle* The battle of Agincourt, 25 October 1415, was one of the most important English victories of Henry V against Charles VI's France during the Hundred Years' War.

131 *Dafydd Gam* Sir Dafydd Gam (d. 1415) of Breconshire who served Henry IV and prevented Owain Glyndŵr (Owen Glendower) from gaining support in south-east Wales. According to tradition he sought to murder Glyndŵr in 1404. He was killed at the battle of Agincourt in 1415.

137 *Harry* Henry V (*c.*1387–1422), crowned king of England in 1413. As Prince of Wales he was involved in the suppression of Owain Glyndŵr's rebellion in Wales, and as king he aimed to recover the French lands of his predecessors and claim the French throne for himself.

205, 207 *Greece*, *Rome* In line with Walter Davies's neoclassical literary ideals, the civilizations of classical Greece and Rome are upheld as paragons. Compare David Thomas's comments, no. 34, lines 77–84.

233 *Poland* Between 1788 and 1792 the 'Four Years' *Sejm* (Polish parliament)' undertook constitutional reform and moved towards gaining independence from the de facto Russian protectorate that had been instituted in 1775 following the first partition of 1772. As a result, Russia and Prussia imposed a second partition of Poland in 1793.

236 *the foolish faith* Roman Catholicism. Anti-Catholicism was just one element of British loyalism.

237–8 *Roman leonine court . . . / the Court of Inquisition* The Papal Court (Roman Curia) is the administrative body of the Roman Catholic Church.

285, 287, 292 *Eleutheria* See no. 34, line 26.

303 *Dynevor* Dinefwr (Dynevor) castle near Llandeilo in Carmarthenshire, royal seat of the princes of south Wales.

308 *One thousand five hundred* Walter Davies estimates about 1,500 years from the invasion of Julius Caesar to the coronation of Henry VII in 1485.

332–3, 345 *Harry . . . kinsman of Goronwy / was of the lineage of Penmynydd* Henry VIII (1491–1547) was related to Tudur ap Goronwy of Penmynydd, Anglesey. Tudur ap Goronwy's grandson, Owain ap Maredudd (Owen Tudor) married Catherine, widow of Henry V, about 1431. Their son, Edmund, was father of Henry VII and grandfather of Henry VIII. This connection allowed the Welsh to claim that the throne of Britain had been rightfully restored to them. Henry VIII broke away from the Roman Catholic Church and established the Church

of England, interpreted here as a providential means of liberating Britain from the yoke of the Roman Catholic Church. Henry VIII also oversaw the Acts of Union of England and Wales 1536, 1543.

342 *Luther* Martin Luther (1483–1546). His polemical theological writings on the flaws of Catholicism were instrumental in initiating the Protestant Reformation.

345 *Harry, great-grandson of Owain* See lines 332–3, above.

356 *Edward* Edward VI. See no. 34, line 93.

361 *Cranmer* Archbishop Thomas Cranmer (1489–1556) was instrumental in establishing Protestantism in England under Henry VIII and Edward VI and in establishing the doctrinal foundations of the Church of England. Cranmer, like Thomas Cromwell, championed the translation of the Bible into English. After the young king's death, he favoured Jane Grey as claimant to the throne and was one of the Oxford Martyrs.

366 *Ridley* Bishop Nicholas Ridley (*c.*1500–55) was one of the Oxford Martyrs burned at the stake during the Marian persecutions. Like Thomas Cranmer, line 361, he had supported Jane Grey's claim to the throne over that of the Catholic Queen Mary.

369 *Mary* Queen Mary I (1516–58), daughter of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon, reinstated Catholicism in England upon her accession to the throne and her persecution of Protestants earned her the epithet 'Bloody Mary'.

370 *Elizabeth* Queen Elizabeth I (1533–1603), daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, restored and strengthened Protestantism in England and Wales after she succeeded to the throne following the death of her half-sister, Mary I, in 1558.

375 *Scripture was translated* The Welsh Bible is considered one of the greatest achievements of the Reformation and Renaissance scholarship in Wales and formed the basis of modern literary Welsh. It was achieved following a statute in 1563 requiring that the Bible should be translated into Welsh. William Salesbury's translation of the Book of Common Prayer was published in 1567. He published the New Testament in the same year with the assistance of Robert Davies and Thomas Huet.

379 *Morgan* William Morgan (1545–1604) translated the entire Bible into Welsh. It was published in 1588.

382 *Charles* After the death of Elizabeth I, Charles I (1600–49), son of James I (James VI of Scotland), became king of England, Scotland and Ireland. Regularly at variance with parliament, his reign culminated in civil war and he was executed in 1649.

383 *James* James II (1633–1701), son of Charles I, came to the throne after the death of his brother, Charles II. He converted to Catholicism in 1669 and promoted Catholics throughout his reign. After the birth of his son, James Francis Edward, James's son-in-law William of Orange was invited to launch an invasion of England in order to arrest a future Catholic succession.

384 *William* William III of Orange, Protestant standtholder of Holland and husband of Mary, daughter of the Catholic James II. He became king following the Glorious Revolution of 1688. Protestant Dissent thrived during the reign of William III and Mary. For the Glorious Revolution, see Introduction, p. 9, and no. 1.

391 *the sacrifice of love* The Toleration Act 1689, see no. 1, line 17.

401 *deists* Adherents of deism, a system of natural religion which believes in a Creator God who desists from further intervention in the world. Gradually, it came to reject the notion of Divine Providence, as well as the doctrines of heaven and hell. Deism developed in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and following the French Revolution it became a recognized substrand of English radical popular politics. See also no. 59, line 165.

424 *worthy home* The Garden of Eden, see no. 7, line 82.

467 *Selim* Selim III (reigned 1789–1807), reformist sultan of the Ottoman empire which was in decline by the end of the eighteenth century.

THOMAS EVANS (Tomos Glyn Cothi; 1764–1833)

Born at Capel Sant Silyn, Gwernogle in Carmarthenshire, Thomas Evans learned the craft of weaving. He became a Unitarian under the influence of David Davis of Castellhywel and Joseph Priestley, a connection which earned him the soubriquet 'Priestley Bach' (Little Priestley) in his locality. He became minister

of the first Unitarian chapel erected in Wales, about 1794. He was incarcerated between 1802 and 1804 for singing a version of the 'Marseillaise', 'Cân Rhyddid' (The Song of Liberty), and an anonymous Welsh-language version of the song is believed to be his work, see Löffler, *Welsh Responses to the French Revolution*. He ministered the Hen Dŷ Cwrdd (Old Meeting House) at Aberdare, Glamorganshire, from 1811 until his death in 1833. Evans composed Welsh poetry in both strict and free metres, as well as hymns for Unitarian worship. His fellow-Unitarian Edward Williams (Iolo Morganwg) was a friend of his: they both articulated radical ideas in their poetry (some of which was specifically composed for Williams's Gorsedd meetings, see nos. 22–4, 44) and also copied ancient and modern poetry from one another's manuscripts. Their friendship cooled when Evans had an adulterous relationship with a female fellow-prisoner during his incarceration in Carmarthen jail. Evans also published a sermon, *Amddiffyniad o Bennaduriaeth y Tad* (A Defence of the Father's Authority; 1792) as well as three issues of the radical periodical, *Y Drysorfa Gymmysgedig* (1795), and numerous pamphlets.

43. Englynion *to the Right Dishonourable William Pitt*

3 *hell's Pitt* William Pitt, see no. 16, line 13, and also Introduction, pp. 21–3.

44. A cywydd *on peace*

The subtitle to this poem notes that peace was the subject chosen for the Gorsedd meeting held at the summer solstice on Garth Mountain, near Pen-tyrch in Glamorganshire, 21 June 1797. See also David Davis of Castellhywel's response to this particular poem (no. 16) and Edward Williams's poem on the same subject (no. 24).

149 *Sheridan* Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816), dramatist and radical Whig, and MP for Stafford (1780) and Westminster (1806). He was a founding member of the Society for Constitutional Information and a member of the Society of Friends. He supported Charles James Fox in the wake of the French Revolution in 1789. He opposed the war with Revolutionary France in the early 1790s, but in 1797, fear of invasion impelled him to oppose Fox and support the volunteer movement.

150 *Fox* Charles James Fox (1749–1806) was a Whig statesman who campaigned against slavery and in favour of repealing the Acts which restricted the civil liberties of Catholics and Dissenters in Britain. He supported both the American and French revolutions. During the Revolutionary wars he called for his arch-

enemy William Pitt to negotiate peace. He also opposed George III and considered the Crown the source of political corruption. Thomas Evans also mentions other members of Fox's Whig circle: Stanhope (line 159) and Grey (line 161).

153 *Watson* Richard Watson (1737–1816), a latitudinarian, and bishop of Llandaff from 1782 until his death. He wrote *An Apology for the Bible* (1796) to counter Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason* (1794–6), and *An Address to the People of Great Britain* (1798) to justify taxes for reducing the national debt and financing the war against Revolutionary France.

157 *Stanhope* Charles Stanhope (1753–1816), third earl Stanhope, was sympathetic towards the French Revolution and, along with William Wilberforce (1759–1833), was an abolitionist. In 1794 he supported Thomas Muir who was transported to Botany Bay. He belonged to the same Whig circle as Fox (line 150) and Grey (line 161), and was married to William Pitt's sister, Hester.

161 *Grey* Charles Grey (1764–1845), second Earl Grey and viscount Howick. A political reformer, who advocated parliamentary reform, as well as Catholic emancipation which would also have benefitted Dissenters such as Thomas Evans. He was a member of the Society of Friends and was instrumental in forming the Reform Bill in 1832. He belonged to the same Whig circle as Fox (line 150), and Stanhope (line 157).

46. The Revd T. Evans, Aberdare, translated it from Hog's Wash

I have been unable to trace the original English piece that inspired Thomas Evans. Evans was an avid reader of journals and digests, and his commonplace book, 'Y Gell Gymysg' (NLW 6238A), is full of transcriptions of extracts that he copied from *The Female Jockey Club*, the *Protestant Dissenting Magazine*, and the *Cambridge Intelligencer*.

Hog's Wash *Hog's Wash; or a Salmagundy for swine*, a weekly political journal published by the radical publisher and bookseller Daniel Isaac Eaton, which was later known as *Politics for the People* (September 1793–February 1795).

ROBERT MORRIS / ROBIN MORUS, Bryn y Gro (Robin Ddu Eifionydd; 1769–1816)

Born at Pen Carth, Llanystumdwy in Caernarfonshire, Robert Morris was an impoverished flax-man and miller by trade, and worked from mills at Edern

on the Llŷn Peninsula, Melin Morgan near y Groeslon, and at Bryn y Gro near Llanllyfni, amongst other places. As a poet, he was competent in both strict and free metres, but composed mainly free-metre carols, elegies and occasional verse for his friends and neighbours, including several fellow-Baptists at Llanllyfni. He was also a member of the local poetic circle which revolved around David Thomas (Dafydd Ddu Eryri; author of nos. 34–9) who included Morris's poem 'On a fast-day' (no. 47) in a collection of his own poetry, *Corph y Gaingc* (1810). Morris also submitted strict metre *awdlau* for the prestigious chair competition in several local and national eisteddfodau, including 'Rhyfel' (War) at Penmorfa 1795. Only a dozen or so of his poems survive, but a local oral tradition, given credence by John Jones (Myrddin Fardd) in *Enwogion Sir Gaernarfon* (Famous men of Caernarfonshire; 1922), maintains that David Thomas had amassed a substantial amount of Robert Morris's poetry for inclusion in his own collected works, but that the material was accidentally lost when Thomas fell while crossing the river Llyfni at Cyrnant bridge. The story is possibly apocryphal, and may ultimately have been inferred from a note in *Corph y Gaingc* (1810), p. 288, where Thomas notes his regret that none of Morris's more substantial strict-metre poems were ready to hand as he assembled the volume. Robert Morris also collected manuscripts, or at least had his own commonplace book or books: *Y Greal, Neu Eurgrawn* (1800) includes a *cywydd* by Robert Iorwerth 'from Robert Morris's repository' ('allan o gronfa Robert Morus'), which was later reprinted verbatim, including the note about Morris, in William Edwards's anthology, *Cell Callestr* (Bower of Flint(shire); 1815). In religious matters, Morris was a fervent Baptist who published an apologist pamphlet of his faith, *Ffurf ar yr Athrawiaeth Iachus, neu'r Drych Apostolaidd* (A Form of the Healthy Doctrine, or the Apostolic Mirror; 1816). His son, Morris Roberts (Eos Llyfnwy; *c.*1797–1876), was a founder member of the Welsh Baptist cause in Liverpool, and his grandson, Ellis Roberts (Elis Wyn o Wyrfai; 1827–95), was a poet and Anglican priest who gained considerable fame, not only as an editor but as the author of interminably dull strict-metre *awdlau*. Robert Morris is buried in the Baptist cemetery at Garndolbenmaen.

In light of Robert Morris's early connections with Llanystumdwy, he is possibly the 'Robin Ddu Ystumdwy' (Black Robin of Llanystumdwy) to whom a free-metre poem on the failed French invasion of Bantry Bay in 1796 is attributed in BL Add 14957, pp. 67a–68a. The poem was not anthologized here because of the degraded nature of the transcription. For details of the poem and Bantry Bay, see Introduction, p. 25, and no. 56.

47. On a fast-day

See also nos. 11, 28, 30, 38, 47, 51, as well as subversive poems for fast-days, nos. 15, 45, 52.

14 *Nineveh* A great city in Assyria founded by Nimrod which was at its height during the reign of Sennacherib. The Book of Jonah relates how Jonah was sent to save Nineveh and that God showed mercy to its people when they repented. In typological terms, Christ is interpreted as a sign for the present generation in the New Testament, just as Jonah had been for Nineveh in the Old Testament, Luke 11: 29–32.

ROBERT DAVIES (Bardd Nantglyn; 1769–1835)

Robert Davies's birthplace at Nantglyn, Denbighshire, is echoed in his choice of bardic name. He was a tailor's apprentice when he won the chair competition at the eisteddfod at Caerwys in 1798 for his *awdl*, 'Cariad i'n Gwlad drwy adgyfodiad yr hen Eisteddfod a defodau'r Cymru' (The Love of our Country through the resurrection of the ancient Eisteddfod and customs of the Welsh), beating the venerable Thomas Edwards (Twm o'r Nant) into second place. In the same year he published a selection of carols and *englynion*, *Cnewyllyn mewn Gwisg* (Dressed Essence; 1798), which was followed much later by *Diliau Barddas* (Bardism's Honeycombs; 1827). He moved to London in 1800, perhaps motivated by his eisteddfodic success, and was appointed official poet of the Gwyneddigion Society in 1801. This office, and the status that it entailed, was clearly important to him and he advertised it in the introduction to the poem 'On Peace' that was published in the *Chester Chronicle* (no. 48). His residence in London was relatively short-lived and he returned to Nantglyn in 1804. However, he continued to compete in eisteddfodau until his last days and also served as adjudicator. He was made a member of the Gorsedd by Edward Williams (Iolo Morganwg) in a meeting held at the Carmarthen eisteddfod of 1819. He published a highly influential poetic grammar, *Ieithiadur neu Ramadeg Cymraeg* (Lexicon or Welsh Grammar; 1818), which included an unacknowledged section on the rules of Welsh poetry by David Thomas and his brother Humphrey which they had hoped to publish in 1791.

48. On Peace. Welcoming peace, by Robert Davies, Bard of the Gwyneddigion Society in London

This poem was composed to observe the Peace of Lunéville in 1801. It is not an eisteddfodic poem, but since Davies draws particular attention to his status

as 'Bard of the Gwyneddigion Society' it may nonetheless be considered a bardic poem.

Gwyneddigion Society See Introduction, pp. 3, 4, 10–12.

41 *Mars* The god of war is presented as a warrior woman.

EVAN PRICHARD (Ieuan Lleyn / Bardd Bryncroes; 1769–1832)

Born in Tŷ-mawr, Bryncroes near Pwllheli on 23 December 1769, Evan Prichard was the grandson of Siarl Marc, one of the earliest converts to Methodism on the Llŷn Peninsula in the 1740s. His family was as poetic as it was Methodistical, since Prichard's maternal grandfather, Siarl Marc, and his mother, Mari Siarl, were both poets. Evan Prichard kept a school at Llangïan, and then Llanddeiniolen, and was particularly renowned as a teacher of mathematics and music. His parents emigrated to America in 1795, and around 1800 Prichard moved to England where he worked as an excise officer, probably at the recommendation of the Revd Peter Bayley Williams, an important cultural influence on him, who may have been responsible for encouraging his antiquarian pursuits. Between 1802 and 1809 he worked at Chester, Uttoxeter, Derby, Middlewich, Northwich and Norwich. He was dismissed in 1809 for irregularities, most probably drunkenness. Upon his return to Bryncroes in 1812, he again set up free schools, in the parishes of Aberdaron, Bryncroes and Rhiw, and was well respected as a schoolmaster. He corresponded with David Thomas and the Revd Peter Bayley Williams and earned a reputation as a good poet and knowledgeable antiquary. Prichard was much admired and is remembered more for his contribution to hymnology than his secular poetry, both strict- and free-metre. He competed in local eisteddfodau (Pwllheli 1792 and Penmorfa 1795), as well as in those of the broader Eisteddfod movement sponsored by the Gwyneddigion: he competed unsuccessfully on the alleged massacre of the bards by Edward I (Denbigh 1792) and on the four seasons (Bala 1792), and much later in the Regional Eisteddfodau at Denbigh in 1819 and 1828 (see NLW 444B). He was made a Bard in the Gorsedd of Dinorwig held by Edward Williams (Iolo Morganwg) in 1799. Stylistically, he followed the Welsh neoclassical model (see Introduction, pp. 4–5, 11). Like David Thomas, Prichard was conversant with English Augustan models: Thomas Gray, William Cowper, James Thomson and Alexander Pope. He emulated Cowper in 'Drych y Bugail da' (Mirror of the good Shepherd; NLW 444B) and also Gray's 'Bard' (NLW 444B). A selection of Prichard's poetry, *Caniadau Ieuan Lleyn* . . . (The Songs of Ieuan Lleyn . . .; 1878), was published posthumously by John Jones (Myrddin

Fardd). Prichard also edited the short-lived journal *Y Greal, neu'r Eurgrawn* (1800).

49. [The horrors of war]

Prichard's abhorrence at the execution of Louis XVI in January 1793 assists in the dating of this poem. The queen was not executed until 14 October 1793; however it is unclear whether Marie-Antoinette, 'gynnes frenhines fronheini' (warm tender-hearted queen, line 8), was still alive at the time of composition. These *englynion*, like no. 8 by William Jones of Llangadfan, may be a response to the subject set at the eisteddfod at Dolgellau in 1794 regarding the war. Compare with *englynion* to violence, *Caniadau Ieuan Lleyn . . .*, pp. 101–2.

*ANONYMOUS (*fl. *1790s)*

NLW 794A, 'Llyfr Cerddoriaeth Foulk Roberts' (The Music Book of Foulk Roberts), was collated about 1834 by Foulk Roberts (Eos Llyfnwy; 1774–1870) of Llanrug, a former pupil of John Williams (Ioan Rhagfyr). It is a collection of anthems, hymn tunes, carols by himself and other poets in his locality: Edward Jones of Dolydd Byrion, Cricieth; John Williams of Dolgellau; Hugh Jones of Llandwrog; J. Jones, Llanuwchllyn, and others. It is fair to assume that the anonymous poet of no. 51 was, similarly, from Caernarfonshire. The manuscript was purchased by the musician and Methodist minister, John Roberts (Ieuan Gwyllt; 1822–77), from Foulk Roberts's daughter.

51. On a day of fasting and prayer

In its manuscript source this poem follows a loyalist carol dated 1795, and so it may be inferred that this equally loyalist poem is contemporaneous with it. This timescale is supported by the narrative voice, which is that of a soldier.

13 *King Jabin* Either Jabin king of Hazor, who was defeated and killed by Joshua, Joshua 11: 1–11; or the Canaanite king from Hazor who oppressed the Israelites and whose army was defeated by Barak and Deborah, Judges 4. Both kings are considered mighty oppressors.

21 *Judith* According to the apocryphal Book of Judith, Judith charmed and decapitated Holofernes who had been sent by Nebuchadnezzar to punish the Jews. She is considered a personification of faithful Israel rather than a historical figure.

23 *Bethany* A village near Jerusalem, where Mary, Martha and Lazarus lived and where Jesus stayed when he visited Jerusalem. Jesus ascended to heaven near Bethany, Matthew 26: 6–13; Luke 10: 38–42; 24: 50; John 11; 12: 1–11.

25 *Elias* Elias or Elijah, a prophet of Israel during the reign of King Ahab, whom God rewarded for his faithfulness, 1 Kings 17–2 Kings 2; Malachi 4: 5–6; Luke 9: 28–31.

*W. DAVIS, Ogmore-by-sea (*fl. c.*1793)*

I have been unable to trace W. Davis of Ogmore-by-sea in Glamorgan. His poem was published in *Y Llinos* (The Linnet; 1827), edited by John Davies (Brychan; 1784?–1864), a self-educated poet.

52. A popish fast-day in the time of France's Revolution

This poem reflects the initial uncertainty surrounding the French Revolution and the way in which it was received by contemporaries. In lines 7–10, the poet expresses his fear that the French Revolution will go too far and that its influence will spread. W. Davis may have been a Dissenter. Compare with other poems for fast-days, nos. 11, 15, 28, 30, 38, 45, 47, 51.

*DAFYDD RISIART / DAVID RICHARD, Waun-lwyd (*fl. *1794–8)*

Little is known of Dafydd Risiart of Waun-lwyd, near Llandybïe in Carmarthenshire. In his history of the parish of Llandybïe, Gomer M. Roberts states that Risiart belonged to a talented local family, which spawned many a leader and preacher at the Independent cause in nearby Cross Inn. No. 54 was published in Mathew William's almanac for 1798. The initials 'D.R.' appended to the title suggest it belongs to Dafydd Risiart, whose earlier poem (no. 53) was published in John Harris's almanac for 1795. Despite, or because of, his Dissenting family background, Dafydd Risiart's surviving poems set him out as a loyalist (see Introduction, pp. 16–17, 25–6).

53. A new song on the present time

20 *the tower of Siloam* The New Testament tells of eighteen people killed when the tower of Siloam fell upon them. Although the victims were not sinners,

Jesus maintains that the unrepentant will be killed in the same way as these innocents, Luke 13: 1–5.

33–4 *spear turned into a scythe, / and all the swords into ploughshares* See no. 2, lines 54–6.

*ANONYMOUS (*fl. *1796)*

55. A verse on 'Belle Isle March' that shows the wonderful deliverance that the great King brought to our kingdom when the French sailed near Ireland. With their ships full of men and weapons, intent on destroying the country, a storm of great wind broke, which blew their ships in such a miraculous way that they were prevented from fulfilling their intent, and barely escaped with their lives

The French fleet's unsuccessful attempt to land at Bantry Bay, Ireland, in December 1796 was hampered by a series of terrible storms which scattered the fleet and made landing dangerous. Two free-metre ballads celebrate the occasion: this anonymous poem and another that is attributed Robert Morris (Robin Ddu Ystumdwy; 1767–1816); see p. 25. The lack of detail about the landing suggests that this anonymous poem is possibly unfinished. The unfavourable weather did no more than limit the French fleet's options and the landing failed as a result of human shortcomings. However, both surviving poems about the planned landing echo popular interpretation of the weather as God's instrument.

*ROWLAND JONES, Llanuwchllyn (*fl. *1798)*

Little is known of Rowland Jones. A Rowland Siôn, Pandy of Llanuwchllyn attended the Bala eisteddfod in 1740 (NLW 325E, p. 86; NLW 8345A). However, a postscript to the poem anthologized here notes Jones's address as 'Pen rhiw dwrch, Llanuwchllyn' near Bala in Merionethshire (NLW 6967B, p. 95). A holograph note by Jones in one of Edward Charles's manuscripts confirms this. In this note, Jones praises the Gwyneddigion Society's choice of subject for the Caerwys eisteddfod of 1798, 'Cariad i'n Gwlad' (Love of our Country), which was won by Robert Davies:

> Mae gennyf barch i'r Gwyneddigion, ac i eraill o ddoethion Cymru, am fabwysiadu'r fath destun cynhwysfawr i'w eisteddfod . . . (BL 14957, p. 28)
>
> (I respect the Gwyneddigion, and other wise men of Wales, for adopting such a comprehensive subject for their eisteddfod . . .)

NLW 8332E, p. 10, contains verses by Rowland Jones requesting a bottle of ink and is a good example of how poets often included poems in their correspondence.

*The Revd J. MORGAN (*fl. *1798)*

Jenkin Morgan (1762–1834), Independent minister of Pentre-tŷ-gwyn, Carmarthenshire, fits the geographic and chronological profile, yet no evidence survives to suggest that he was a poet (see Benjamin Williams, *Enwogion Ceredigion* (Caerfyrddin, 1869), p. 181). This poem is to be found amongst the papers of Daniel Evans (Dewi Dawel / Daniel Ddu o Geredigion; 1792–1846) of Cwm-du, Talyllychau in Carmarthenshire, who edited the first edition of David Davis of Castellhywel's collected verse, *Telyn Dewi*. Having attended the school of Eliezer Williams, he went up to Jesus College, Oxford, where he became a Fellow after gaining a Bachelor in Divinity. While he himself was ordained into the Established Church, his collection of material includes some poems of a radical bent: 'Cân Rhyddid' (The Song of Liberty), a Welsh translation of the 'Marseillaise'; a hymn on fraternity by Thomas Evans; a copy of 'Breiniau Dyn' (Rights of man, no. 18) by Edward Williams; and two verses of social satire by John Jones (Jac Glan-y-gors). It also includes an anti-Methodist squib.

*THOMAS FRANCIS, Newport (*fl. *1799)*

Thomas Francis was a minister at Fachongle, Pembrokeshire, who penned an anti-emigration ballad written at the turn of the nineteenth century entitled *Cân Newydd* (A New Song) in response to a wave of Baptist emigration from south-west Wales. As a Calvinist and predestinarian, he considered emigrants foolish and worldly for thinking that they could improve their condition by leaving Wales for America. His ballad is in dialogue form between 'Anesmwyth' (Uneasy), who represents prospective emigrants who see departure as an escape from famine, war and scarcity, and 'Esmwyth' (Comfortable) who represents those who are satisfied with their native land.

58. A song about the present war, by Thomas Francis, near Newport in Pembrokeshire

The poem was published in John Harris's almanac for the year 1799, and so it refers back to the events of 1798: July witnessed the Irish rebellion; in August Nelson ensured a British victory at the battle of Aboukir Bay, Egypt; Turkey declared war on France in September; Ferdinand of Naples made war with France in November and made a treatise with Britain in December. The song's loyalist message is appropriate for the mainly popular audience of the almanacs and some distinctive colloquial touches can be heard throughout: 'mi gota' (line 17), 'Hwn fildodd' (line 35), 'we'n ddiau' (line 45).

17 *the Book of Samuel* The story of David and Goliath is told in the Old Testament books associated with the great judge Samuel, 1 Samuel 16–1 Kings 2.

19, 21, 25 *David . . . and the giant* See no. 5, lines 35, 38, 40. That Britain should follow David's example by being obedient to God is the message of lines 57–60.

33 *the Book of Genesis* The first book of the Bible, which includes a narrative of the creation of the world and of humankind, of the origins of sin and God's promise of hope to mankind; see also no. 7, line 82.

34, 39 *Noah* When God sent a deluge to rid the world of evil and violence, He instructed Noah to build an ark so that he and his family would be saved. Afterwards, God promised Noah that He would never again send a flood to destroy the world, Genesis 6–9; 1 Peter 3: 20. This was the old covenant that God made with man and Christ was the new covenant.

43 *Lot* Abraham's nephew, Lot, accompanied Abraham from Harran to Canaan. According to the Book of Genesis, Lot settled in Sodom, a town which, along with Gomorrah, became notorious for its immorality. Despite his sinfulness, Lot was saved when Sodom was ruined. Genesis 11: 31–41; 13: 8–13; 16; 19.

44 *Sodom* See line 43.

49 *three lads whom I liked* See no. 5, lines 85–6.

*JOHN LLWYD, Corwen (*fl. *1799)*

59. A poem reflecting upon the book called Seren Tan Gwmmwl *(Clouded Star; 1795), that a poet from Wales sent to a friend in London*

John Llwyd seems oblivious to the friendship between Edward Charles, to whom he sent this poem, and the object of his loathing, John Jones. Jones and Charles hailed from the same area in Wales and were friends in London. Charles's personal copy of *Seren Tan Gwmmwl* is bound together with copies of *Y Geirgrawn*, where he published his attack on his friend's pamphlet.

5 *Siôn* Siôn is the familiar Welsh form of John, sometimes understood diminutively as Johnny.

7 *Glan-y-gors* John Jones (Jac Glan-y-gors; 1766–1821). Glan-y-gors is the name of the farmhouse near Cerrigydrudion in his native Denbighshire where Jones lived before moving to London in 1789. He kept a tavern, and was an active member of the London-based Welsh societies: he was secretary and official bard of the Gwyneddigion Society and was a founder member of the Cymreigyddion Society.

16 *A Mirror to the First Ages Drych y Prif Oesoedd* (A Mirror to the First Ages; 1716; second revised and enlarged edition, 1740) by the Anglican clergyman Theophilus Evans (1693–1767) is deemed one of the most popular history books in the Welsh language, running to five editions in the eighteenth century and sixteen during the nineteenth century. It was translated into English by George Roberts, *A View of the Primitive Ages . . .* (1834). It combined Welsh history and the history of Christianity in Wales in a narrative in which the Welsh are revered for their precocious Christianity and staunch adherence to Anglicanism, and in which the rise and fall of the Welsh nation depends on its obedience or disobedience to God, much like the biblical fate of God's chosen people. Evans effectively preaches that the duty of every good Welshman is to be faithful to the mother church. Evans asserted the authority and orthodoxy of the Established Church in all his religious and historical publications. He particularly despised Methodism and published an original treatise, *A History of Modern Enthusiasm from the Reformation to the Present Times* (1752), and translated several religious works. Does John Llwyd consider Evans's oeuvre heretical because it is a history book which includes several dramatic scenes of fiction, rather than the word of God?

See Gwyn Thomas, 'Two Prose Writers: Ellis Wynne and Theophilus Evans', in Branwen Jarvis (ed.), *A Guide to Welsh Literature c.1700–1800* (Cardiff, 2000), pp. 45–63.

22, 173 *Seren Tan Gwmmwl* (Clouded Star; 1795) by John Jones. Undoubtedly inspired by Thomas Paine (1737–1809), Jones presented a diatribe against kings, bishops, priests and the pope to a Welsh-speaking audience in his anti-establishment pamphlet. He undermines the Glorious Revolution of 1688 as well as the principle of hereditary monarchy and aristocracy. He also challenges the effectiveness of the House of Commons and its unfair system of electing Members of Parliament. He depicts a British society whose leaders operate in pure self-interest. Only at the end of his pamphlet does the meaning of the title become apparent, as Jones turns to idealize the free societies in America and post-Revolutionary France. The star is freedom and the cloud is military oppression (p. 30).

36 *Book of Proverbs* 'Make no friendship with an angry man; and with a furious man thou shalt not go: Lest thou learn his ways, and get a snare to thy soul.' Poverbs 22: 24–5.

37 *Korah* Together with Dathan and Abiram, Korah rebelled against Moses and Aaron. They were punished by God for their disobedience and ungodliness: the earth opened up and swallowed them, Numbers 16.

56 *the sign of the beast* See Revelation 13: 14; 19: 20.

79 *the Irish* Political and social tension in Ireland of the 1790s came to a head during spring and summer of 1798 with the disastrous rising of the United Irishmen, a society, heavily influenced by the French Revolution, that believed that a secular Irish republic could reconcile the country's Protestant and Catholic communities.

98 *Abraham* Abram became Abraham when God promised to make him the founder of the Hebrew nation, Genesis 12–25. Abraham is used here to uphold providential history and as a blueprint for exemplary faith in God.

102 *Jacob* The son of Isaac and Rebekah and grandson of Abraham, Jacob was patriarch of the Israelite nation. In a dream, God promised land to Jacob and his descendents, as well as a new name, Israel. His sons were the elders of the tribes of Israel, Genesis 25: 21–34; 27–35; 37: 1; 42–9.

108 *Saul* Saul was the first king of Israel. The people had asked the prophet Samuel for a king. God allowed their wishes and guided Samuel to anoint Saul, 1 Samuel 8–31.

124 *but for kings, there would be no war* War is a constant subtext in Jones's pamphlet, *Seren Tan Gwmmwl*, see notes to line 22, above. It was conceived as an alternative, and highly subversive, sermon for a fast-day (p. 7). His chosen 'text' for his fast-day sermon is 1 Samuel 8: 10–18, in which the people of Israel request a king and the prophet Samuel relays the Lord's warning to them about the tyrannous tendencies of earthly kings:

> Yn gyntaf, chwenychwn ddal ychydig sylw, gymaint o erchylltod a ddioddefodd dynolryw oherwydd brenhinoedd, er amser Nimrod, hyd amser Louis XVI o Ffrainc, yr hwn a gafodd dorri ei ben yr 21 o Ionawr 1793, ac o'i achos ef y mae myrddiwnau wedi colli eu bywyd, er hynny hyd y pryd hyn . . . Peth rhyfedd iawn na buasai rai o'r offeiriadau yma yn cymeryd y rhagddywededig eiriau am ddull brenin, yn destun i'w pregeth ar y diwrnod ympryd diweddar, neu'n hytrach diwrnod gweddïo gyda'r brenin; oherwydd nid oes, yn fy marn i, ddim mwy eglur na goleu i'w gael mewn llyfrau am ddull a chyrhaeddiad, ymchwyddiad ac ymddygiad brenin tuag at ei ddeiliaid; ond gwir yw'r hen ddihareb, 'Nid rhyfedd dim a gwybod yr achos'. Gan hynny, rhowch gennad im ddal sylw, pa beth oedd ac ydyw'r achos na chymerai ryw offeiriadyn y geiriau uchod yn destun i'w bregeth? (*Seren Tan Gwmmwl*; 1795, pp. 3, 7.)
>
> (Firstly, I would like to pay attention to how much terror mankind has suffered because of kings, since the time of Nimrod, to the time of Louis XVI of France, who had his head cut off on 21 January 1793, and on whose account myriads have lost their lives, since then until the present time . . . It is a very strange thing that some of these priests would not take the aforementioned words about a king's manner as a subject for their sermon on the recent fast-day, or rather a day of prayer with the king; because there is not, in my opinion, anything clearer or lighter to be had in books about the manner and achievement, hauteur and behaviour of a king towards his subjects; but the old saying is true, 'Nothing is strange if the cause is known'. Therefore, allow me to draw attention to what was, and what is, the reason why some petty priest would not take the words, above, as a subject for his sermon?)

Rather than give a straight exegesis of the text, he proceeds to explain why it would not be chosen by a priest on such an occasion: all kings are tyrants, and bishops and priests are nothing but hirelings, acting out of self-interest. The present war is the king's war, and not that of the people or God. He questions the whole concept of monarchy and a king's authority to go to war on a whim.

He also opposes the additional taxation that comes in the wake of war, and criticizes lords who support the war, again out of self-interest. Compare with Edward Williams's attitude in his poems, no. 17, lines 9–10; no. 24, lines 31–42, 157–68; no. 25.

133–6 *Nebuchadnezzar* King of Babylon who attacked and destroyed Jerusalem in 597 BC in order to quash the rebellion of King Johaiakim. While Daniel was in Babylon, following the destruction of Jerusalem, he interpreted Nebuchadnezzar's dreams, including one in which the king was turned into a beast, Daniel 4. The king was punished by God for his pride, but he praised God once his sanity was restored, 2 Kings 24–5; 2 Chronicles 36; Jeremiah 21: 2–52: 30.

153 *the Book of Prophets* The last books of Old Testament (Isaiah to Malachi) form a subsection known as the Prophets.

160 *the worthy Lamb* Jesus, also known as the Lamb of God on account of the Atonement, mentioned by Llwyd in lines 161–4. For the Atonement see no. 7, line 82.

165 *deist* See no. 41, line 401. 'Deist' is used here as a term of abuse to describe John Jones since, in the years following the French Revolution, largely in the wake of Thomas Paine's two-part *Age of Reason* (1794–6), deism became associated with free-thought and thus with atheism, or 'infidelism'. Paine's defence of deism became a key text in popular radical free-thought of his day. Jones's actual religious beliefs are not known, but in a letter to William Owen Pughe, 10 July 1799, Edward Williams relays the opinion of Edward 'Ginshop' Jones which seems to suggest that the charge was aimed at Jones merely on the basis of his Painite associations: 'Huw Maurice, Glan y Gors [John Jones], Sierlyn [Edward Charles], &c. are talked of here as being three of the rankest infidels of all the Gwyneddigion, who are all of them considered as ten thousand times worse than Tom Paine' (*CIM*, II: 508, p. 197). In a satirical song about the Unitarian Edward Williams, the Anglican Tory David Thomas claimed that Iolo was even more immoral than 'two of the main deists' ('dau o'r deistiaid pennaf'): Spinoza and Voltaire. He also described Voltaire as 'a devilishly deistical gentleman from France' ('gŵr bonheddig deistaidd ddiawledig o Ffrainc', NLW 4442B, p. 7ii).

169 *archangel Michael* Michael is mentioned in apocalyptic texts, Jude 1: 9 and Revelation 12: 7.

174 *Toriad y Dydd* (The Break of Day; 1797) reprises the Painite critique of hereditary privilege in law and government and the way in which the authority

accorded to tradition militates against the natural rights of man. War, tithes, and taxes are also addressed, as is suffrage.

180 *Day of Judgement* See no. 18, line 50.

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